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LETTERS OF AN ALTRURIAN TRAVELLER.

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A BIT OF ALTRURIA IN NEW YORK.

III.

New York, October 24, 1893.

WELL, my dear Cyril, I have returned to this Babylon, you see, from my fortnight's stay in that vision of Altruria at the great Fair in Chicago. I can, perhaps, give you some notion of the effect with me by saying that it is as if I were newly exiled and were exposing myself a second time to the shock of American conditions, stripped of the false hopes and romantic expectations which,

in some sort, softened the impression at first. I knew what I had to look forward to when my eyes lost the last glimpse of the Fair City, and I confess that I had not much heart for it. If it had only been to arrive here, and at once take ship for home, I could have borne it; but I had denied myself this, in the interest of the studies of plutocratic civilization which I wish to make, and this purpose could not support me under the burden that weighed my spirits down. I had seen what might be, in the Fair City, and now I was to see



again what the Americans say must be, in New York, and I shrank not only from the moral, but the physical ugliness of the thing.

But, in fact, do not the two kinds of ugliness go together? I asked myself the question as I looked about me in the ridiculous sleeping-car I had taken passage in from Chicago. Money had been lavished upon its appointments, as if it had been designed for the state progress of some barbarous prince through his dominions, instead of the conveyance of simple republican citizens from one place to another, on business. It was as expensively upholstered as the bad taste of its designer could contrive, and a rich carpet under foot caught and kept whatever disease-germs were thrown off by the slumbering occupants in their long journey; on the floor, at every seat, a silver-plated spittoon ministered to the filthy national habit. The interior was of costly foreign wood, which was everywhere covered with a foolish and meaningless carving; mirrors framed into the panels reflected the spendthrift absurdity through the whole length of the saloon. Of course, this waste in the equipment and decoration of the car meant the exclusion of the poorer sort of travellers, who were obliged to sit up all night in the day-cars, when

they might have been lodged, for a fifth of what I paid, in a sleeping-car much more tasteful, wholesome and secure than mine, which was destined, sooner or later, in the furious risks of American travel, to be whirled over the side of an embankment, or plunged through a broken bridge, or telescoped in a collision, or piled in a heap of shattered and ruined splendors like its own, and consumed in a holocaust to the American god Hustle.

For not only are the comforts of travel here made so costly that none but the very well-to-do can afford them, but the service of the insufficiently manned trains and lines is overworked and underpaid. Even the poor negroes who make up the beds in the sleepers are scrimped of half a living by the companies which declare handsome dividends, and leave them to the charity of the fleeced and imperilled passengers. The Americans are peculiarly proud of their sleeping-car system, though I can hardly believe that when he is pinned into a broken seat, the most infatuated American can get much pleasure, while the flames advance swiftly upon him, out of the carving of the woodwork, or even the brass capitals of the onyx columns supporting nothing at either end of the car-roof. But until he is placed in some such predicament, the American

hears with acquiescence, if not complacency, of the railroad slaughters which have brought the mortality of travel to and from the Fair during the past month up to a frightful sum. Naturally, if he does not mind the reports of these disasters, where his own name may any day appear in the list of killed or wounded, he is not vividly concerned in the fate of the thirty thousand trainmen who are annually mangled or massacred. He regards these dire statistics, apparently, as another proof of the immense activity of his country, and he does not stop, as he is hurled precariously over its continental spaces, and shot out of his train at his journey's end, from two to six hours late, to consider whether a public management of public affairs is not as well in economics as in politics.

I was fortunate in my journey to New York; I arrived only two hours behind time, and I arrived safe and sound. The Americans are quite satisfied with the large average of people who arrive safe and sound, in spite of the large numbers who do neither; and from time to time their newspapers print exultant articles to show how many get home in the full enjoyment of life and limb. I do not see that they celebrate so often the seasonable arrival of the surviving travellers, and, in fact, my experience of railroads in Amer-

ica is that the trains seldom bring me to my journey's end at the appointed hour. On each great through-road there is one very rapid train, which has precedence of all other travel and traffic, and which does arrive at the hour fixed; but the other trains, swift or slow, seem to come lagging in at all sorts of intervals after their schedule-time. If I instance my experience and observation of this fact, my friends are inclined to doubt it; and if I insist upon matching it with their own, they allege the irregularity of the government trains in Germany, without seeming to know more about them than they know of their own trains. They at once begin to talk largely of the celerity and frequency of these, and to express their wonder that the companies should come so near keeping their word to the public as they sometimes do.

However, I was thankful for my safety and my soundness, when I found myself again in New York, though I felt so loth to be here. If I could fitly have done so I would very willingly have turned and



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taken the next train back to Chicago, since I must not take the next steamer on to Altruria. But if I had gone back, it could only have been for a fortnight more, since at the end of the month now so far spent, they must begin to destroy the beauty they have created in the Fair City there. I tried to console myself with this fact, but the sense of an irreparable loss, of banishment, of bereavement, remained with me for days, and is only now beginning to wear itself away into a kind of impersonal sorrow, and to blend with the bruise of my encounter with the brute ugliness of this place, which is none the less brute, because it is so often kindly. It is like the ugliness of some great unwieldy monster, which looks so helpless and so appealing, that you cannot quite abhor it, but experience a sort of compassion for its unloveliness. I had thought of it in that way at a distance, but when I came to see it again, I found that, even in this aspect it was hard to bear. So I came up from the station to this hotel where I am now lodged, and where my windows overlook the long reaches of the beautiful Central Park at such a height that unless I drop my glance, none of the shapeless bulks of the city

intrude themselves between me and the effect of a vast forest. My hotel is itself one of the most preposterous of the structures which disfigure the city, if a city without a sky-line can be said to be disfigured by any particular structure. With several others as vast or as high, it forms a sort of gateway to the Park, from whose leafy depths, these edifices swagging upward unnumbered stories, look like detached cliffs in some broken and jagged mountain range. They are built with savage disregard to one another, or to the other buildings about them, and with no purpose, apparently, but to get the most money out of the narrowest space of ground. Any objective sense of them is to the last degree painful, as any objective sense of the American life is, in its inequality and disproportion; but subjectively they are not so bad as that is, not so bad from the inside. At great cost they offer you an incomparable animal comfort, and they realize for the average American an ideal of princely magnificence, such as he has been instructed by all his traditions to regard as the chief good of success.

But for me the best thing about my hotel is that I can leave it when I will





and descend to the level of the street below, where I can at once lose myself in woods as sweet and friendly as our groves at home, and wander through their aisles unmolested by the crowds that make them their resort so harmlessly that even the sylvan life there is unafraid. This morning, as I sat on a bench in one of the most frequented walks, I could almost have touched the sparrows on the sprays about me; a squirrel foraging for nuts, climbed on my knees, as if to explore my pockets. Of course, there is a policeman at every turn to see that no wrong is done these pretty creatures, and that no sort of trespass is committed by any in the domain of all; but I like to think that the security and immunity of the Park is proof of something besides the vigilance of its guardians; that it is a hint of a growing sense in the Americans that what is common is the personal charge of everyone in the community.

In the absence of the private interest here, I get back again to the Fair City, and the yet fairer cities of our own Altruria; and I hope that, if you cannot quite excuse myself-indulgence, in placing myself near the Park, you will at least be

able to account for it. You must remember the perpetual homesickness gnawing at my heart, and you must realize how doubly strange an Altrurian finds himself in any country of the plutocratic world; and then, I think, you will understand why I spend, and even waste, so much of my time lingering in this lovely place. As I turn from my page and look out upon it, I see the domes and spires of its foliage beginning to feel the autumn and taking on those wonderful sunset tints of the American year in its decline; when I stray through its pleasant paths, I feel the pathos of the tender October air; but, better than these sensuous delights, in everything of it and in it, I imagine a prophecy of the truer state which I believe America is destined yet to see established. It cannot be that the countless thousands who continually visit it, and share equally in its beauty, can all come away insensible of the meaning of it; here and there someone must ask himself, and then ask others, why the whole of life should not be as generous and as just as this part of it; why he should not have a country as palpably his own as the Central Park is, where his ownership excludes the ownership of no other.



Some workman out of work, as he trudges aimlessly through its paths, must wonder why the city cannot minister to his need as well as his pleasure, and not hold aloof from him till he is thrown a pauper on its fitful charities. If it can give him this magnificent garden for his forced leisure, why cannot it give him a shop where he can earn his bread?

I may be mistaken. His thoughts may never take this turn at all. The poor are slaves of habit, they bear what they have borne, they suffer on from generation to generation, and seem to look for nothing different. But this is what I think for the poor people in the Park, not alone for the workman recently out of work, but for the workman so long out of it that he has rotted into one of the sodden tramps whom I meet now and then, looking like some forlorn wild beast, in the light of the autumnal leaves. That is the great trouble, here, my dear Cyril: you cannot anywhere get away from the misery of life. You would think that the rich for their own sakes

would wish to see conditions bettered so that they might not be confronted at every turn by the mere loathliness of poverty. But they likewise are the slaves of habit, and go the way the rich have gone since the beginning of time in those unhappy countries where there are rich and poor. Sometimes I think that as Shakespeare says of the living and the dead, the rich and the poor here are "but as pictures" to one another, without vital reality. It is only a luckless exile from Altruria like myself who sees them in their dreadful verity, and has a living sense of them; and I, too, lose this at times.

Sometimes I am glad to lose it, and this is why I would rather walk in the pathways of the Park than in the streets of the city, for the contrasts here are not so frequent, if they are glaring still. I do get away from them now and then, for a moment or two, and give myself wholly up to the delight of the place. It has been treated with an artistic sense which finds its best expression here, as with us, in the service of the community, but I do not think the Americans understand this, the civic spirit is so weak in them yet; and I doubt if the artists themselves are conscious of it, they are so rarely given the chance to serve the community. But somehow, when this chance offers, it finds the right man to profit by it, as in the

system of parks at Chicago, the gardened spaces at Washington, and the Central Park in New York. Some of the decorative features here are bad, the sculpture is often foolish or worse, and the architecture is the outgrowth of a mood, where it is not merely peurile. The footways have been asphalted, and this is out of keeping with the rustic character of the place, but the whole design, and much of the detail in the treatment of the landscape, bears the stamp of a kindly and poetic genius. The Park is in nowise taken away from nature, but is rendered back to her, when all has been done to beautify





it, an American woodland, breaking into meadows, here and there, and brightened with pools and ponds lurking among rude masses of rock, and gleaming between leafy knolls and grassy levels. It stretches and widens away, mile after mile, in the heart of the city, a memory of the land as it was before the havoc of the city began, and giving to the city-prisoned poor an image of what the free country still is, everywhere. It is all penetrated by well-kept drives and paths; and it is in these paths that I find my pleasure. They are very simple woodland paths but for the asphalt; though here and there an effect of art is studied with charming felicity; once I mounted some steps graded in the rock, and came upon a plinth supporting the bust of a poet, as I might have done in our gardens at home. But there is otherwise very little effect of gardening except near the large fountain by the principal lake where there is some flare of flowers on the sloping lawns. I send

reeds, so that you do not much notice the bronze angel atop, who seems to be holding her skirt to one side and picking her steps, and to be rather afraid of falling into the water. There is, in fact, only one thoroughly good piece of sculpture in the Park, which I was glad to find in sympathy with the primeval suggestiveness of the landscape gardening: an American Indian hunting with his dog, as the Indians must have hunted through the wilds here before the white men came.

This group is always a great pleasure to me, from whatever point I come upon it, or catch a glimpse of it; and I like to go and find the dog's prototype in the wolves at the menagerie here which the city offers free to the wonder of the crowds constantly thronging its grounds and houses. The captive brutes seem to be of that solidarity of good fellowship which unites all the frequenters of the Park; the tigers and the stupidly majestic lions have an air different to me, at least, from tigers



you a photograph of this point, and you will see the excess of the viaduct, with its sweeping stairways, and carved free-stone massiveness; — but it is charming in a way, too, and the basin of the fountain is full of lotoses and papyrus

and lions shown for profit. Among the milder sorts, I do not care so much for the wallowing hippopotamuses, and the lumbering elephants, and the supercilious camels which one sees in menageries everywhere, as for those types which represent

a period as extinct as that of the American pioneers: I have rather a preference for going and musing upon the ragged bison pair as they stand with their livid mouths open at the pale of their paddock, expecting the children's peanuts, and unconscious of their importance as survivors of the untold millions of their kind, which a quarter of a century ago blackened the western plains for miles and miles. There

certain days of the week. I like to watch them, and so do great numbers of other frequenters of the Park, apparently; and when I have walked far up beyond the reservoirs of city-water, which serve the purpose of natural lakes in the landscape, I like to come upon that expanse in the heart of the woods where the tennis-players have stretched their nets over a score of courts, and the art stu-



are now only some forty or fifty left; for of all the forces of the plutocratic conditions, so few are conservative that the American buffalo is as rare as the old-fashioned American mechanic, proud of his independence, and glorying in his citizenship.

In some other enclosures are pairs of the beautiful native deer, which I wish might be enlarged to the whole extent of the Park, as we have them in our Regional parks at home. But I can only imagine them on the great sweeps of grass, which recall the savannahs and prairies, though there is a very satisfactory flock of sheep which nibbles the herbage there, when these spaces are not thrown open to the ball-players who are allowed on

dents have set up their easels on the edges of the lawns, for what effect of the autumnal foliage they have the luck or the skill to get. It is all very sweet and friendly, and in keeping with the purpose of the Park, and its frank and simple treatment throughout.

From an Altrurian point of view I think this treatment is best for the greatest number of those who visit the place, and for whom the aspect of simple nature is the thing to be desired. Their pleasure in it, as far as the children are concerned, is visible and audible enough, but I like, as I stroll along, to note the quiet comfort which the elder people take in this domain of theirs, as they sit on the benches in the woodland

ways, or under the arching trees of the Mall, unmolested by the company of some of the worst of all the bad statues in the plutocratic world. They are mostly foreigners, I believe, but I find every now and then an American among them, who has released himself, or has been forced by want of work, to share their leisure for the time; I fancy he has always a bad conscience, if he is taking the time off, for there is a continual pressure of duty here, to add dollar to dollar, and provide for the future as well as the present need. The foreigner, who has been bred up without the American's hope of advancement, has not his anxiety, and is a happier man, so far as that goes; but the Park imparts something of its peace to every one, even to some of the people who drive, and form a spectacle for those who walk.

For me they all unite to form a spectacle I never cease to marvel at, with a perpetual hunger of conjecture as to what they really think of one another. Apparently, they are all, whether they walk or whether they drive, willing collectively, if not individually, to go on forever in the economy which perpetuates their inequality, and makes a mock of the polity which

assures them their liberty. I cannot get used to the difference which money creates among men here, and whenever I take my eyes from it the thing ceases to be credible; yet this difference is what the vast majority of Americans have agreed to accept forever as right and justice. If I were to go and sit beside some poor man in the Park, and ask him why a man no better than he was driving before him in a luxurious carriage, he would say that the other man had the money to do it; and he would really think he had given me a reason; the man in the carriage himself could not regard the answer as more full and final than the man on the bench. They have both been reared in the belief that it is a sufficient answer, and they would both regard me with the same misgiving, if I ventured to say that it was not a reason; for if their positions were to be at once reversed, they would both acquiesce in the moral outlawry of their inequality. The man on foot would think it had simply come his turn to drive in a carriage and the man whom he ousted would think it was rather hard luck, but he would realize that it was what, at the bottom of his heart, he had always expected.





I have sometimes ventured to address a man walking or sitting by my side, if he appeared more than commonly intelligent, in the hope of getting at some personal philosophy, instead of this conventional acceptance of the situation, but I have only had short or suspicious answers, or a bewildered stare for my pains. Only once have I happened to find any one who questioned the situation from a standpoint outside of it, and that was a shabbily dressed man whom I overheard talking to a poor woman in one of those pleasant arbors which crown certain points of rising ground in the Park. She had a paper bundle on the seat beside her, and she looked like some workingwoman out of place, with that hapless, wistful air, which such people often have. Her poor little hands, which lay in her lap, were stiffened and hardened with work, but they were clean, except for the black of the nails, and she was very decently clad in garments beginning to fray into rags; she had a good, kind, faithful face, and she listened without rancor to the man as he unfolded the truth to her concerning the

conditions in which they lived, if it may be called living. It was the wisdom of the poor, hopeless, joyless, as it now and then makes itself heard in the process of the years and ages in the plutocratic world, and then sinks again into silence. He showed her how she had no permanent place in the economy, not because she had momentarily lost work, but because in the nature of things as the Americans have them, it could only be a question of time when she must be thrown out of any place she found. He blamed no one; he only blamed the conditions, and with far more leniency than you or I should. I do not know whether his wisdom made the friendless women happier, but I could not gainsay it, when he saw me listening, and asked me, "Isn't that the truth?" I left him talking sadly on, and I never saw him again. He looked very threadbare, but he too was cleanly and decent in his dress, and not at all of that type of agitators of whom the Americans have made an effigy like nothing I have ever found here, as if merely for the childish pleasure of reviling it.



The whole incident was infinitely pathetic to me; and yet I warn you, my dear Cyril, that you must not romance the poor, here, or imagine that they are morally better than the rich; you must not fancy that a poor man, when he ceases to be a poor man, would be kinder for having been poor. He would perhaps oftener, and certainly more logically, be unkind, for there would be mixed with his vanity of possession a quality of cruel fear, an apprehension of loss, which the man who had always been rich would not feel. The self-made man in America, when he has made himself of money, seems to have been deformed by his original destitution, and I think that if I were in need I would rather take my chance of pity from the man who had never been poor. Of course, this is generalization, and there are instances to the contrary, which at once occur to me. But what is absolutely true, is that plutocratic prosperity, the selfish joy of having, at the necessary cost of those who cannot have, is blighted by the feeling of insecurity, which every man here has in his secret soul, and which the man who has known want must have in greater measure than the man who has never known want.

There is, indeed, no security for wealth, which the Americans think the chief good

of life, in the system that warrants it. When a man has gathered his millions, he cannot be reduced to want, probably; but while he is amassing them, while he is in the midst of the fight, or the game, as most men are here, there are ninety-five chances out of a hundred that he will be beaten. Perhaps it is best so, and I should be glad it was so, if I could be sure that the common danger bred a common kindness between the rich and the poor here, but it seems not to do so. As far as I can see, the rule of chance, which they all live under, does nothing more than reduce them to a community of anxieties.

To the eye of the stranger they have the monotony of the sea, where some tenth wave runs a little higher than the rest, but sinks at last, or breaks upon the rocks or sands, as inevitably as the other nine. Their inequality is without picturesqueness and without distinction. The people in the carriages are better dressed than those on foot, especially the women; but otherwise they do not greatly differ from the most of these. The spectacle of the driving in the Park has none of that dignity which, our emissaries tell us, characterizes such spectacles in European capitals. This may be because many people of the finest social quality are still



in the country, or it may be because the differences growing out of money can never have the effect of those growing out of birth; that a plutocracy can never have the last wicked grace of an aristocracy. It would be impossible, for instance, to weave any romance about the figures you see in the carriages here; they do not even suggest the poetry of ages of prescriptive wrong; they are of today, and there is no guessing whether they will be of tomorrow or not.

In Europe, this sort of tragicomedy is at least well played; but in America, you always have the feeling that the performance is that of second-rate amateurs, who, if they would really live out the life implied by America, would be the superiors of the whole world. I have, my dear Cyril, not a very keen sense of humor, as you know; but even I am sometimes moved to laughter by some of the things I see among them. Or, you perhaps think that I ought to be awed by the sight of a little, lavishly dressed lady, lolling in the corner of a ponderous landau, with the effect of holding fast lest she should be shaken out of it, while two powerful horses, in jingling, silver-plated harness, with the due equipment of coach-

man and footman, seated on their bright-buttoned overcoats on the box together, get her majestically over the ground at a slow trot. This is what I sometimes see, with not so much reverence as I feel for the simple mother pushing her baby-carriage on the asphalt beside me and doubtless envying the wonderful creature in the landau. Sometimes it is a fat old man in the landau; or a husband and wife, not speaking; or a pair of grim old ladies, who look as if they had lived so long aloof from their unluckier sisters that they could not be too severe with the mere sight of them. Generally speaking, the people in the carriages do not seem any happier for being there, though I have sometimes seen a jolly party of strangers in a public carriage, drawn by those broken-kneed horses which seem peculiarly devoted to this service.

The best place to see the driving is at a point where the different driveways converge, not far from the Egyptian obelisk which the Khedive gave the Americans some years ago, and which they have set up here in one of the finest eminences of the Park. He had of course no moral right to rob his miserable land of any one of its characteristic monuments, but I do





not know that it is not as well in New York as in Alexandria. If its heart of aged stone could feel the terrible continuity of conditions in the world outside of Altruria, it must be aware of the essential unity of the civilizations beside the Nile and beside the Hudson; and if Cleopatra's needle had really an eye to see, it must perceive that there is nothing truly civic in either. As the great tide of dissatisfied and weary wealth rolls by its base here, in the fantastic variety of its equipages, does it discern so much difference between their occupants and the occupants of the chariots that swept beneath it in the capital of the Ptolemies two thousand years ago? I can imagine it at times winking such an eye and cocking in derision the gilded cap with which the New Yorkers have lately crowned it. They pass it in all kinds of vehicles, and there are all kinds of people in them, though there are sometimes no people at all, as when the servants have been sent out to exercise the horses, for nobody's good or pleasure, and in the spirit of that atrocious waste which runs through the whole plutocratic life. I have now and then seen a gentleman driving a four-in-hand, with every-

thing to minister to his vanity in the exact imitation of a nobleman driving a four-in-hand over English roads, and with no one to be drawn by his crop-tailed bays or blacks, except himself and the solemn-looking groom on his perch; I have wondered how much more nearly equal they were in their aspirations and instincts than either of them imagined. A gentleman driving a pair, abreast or tandem, with a groom on the rumble, for no purpose except to express his quality, is a common sight enough; and sometimes you see a lady illustrating her consequence in like manner. A lady driving, while a gentleman occupies the seat behind her, is a sight which always affects me like the sight of a man taking a woman's arm, in walking, as the man of an underbred sort is apt to do here.

Horse-looking women, who are, to ladies at least, what horse-looking men are to gentlemen, drive together; often they are really ladies, and sometimes they are nice young girls, out for an innocent dash and chat. They are all very much and very unimpressively dressed, whether they sit in state behind the regulation coachman and footman, or handle the

reins themselves. Now and then you see a lady with a dog on the seat beside her, for an airing, but not often a child; once or twice I have seen one with a large spaniel seated comfortably in front of her, and I have asked myself what would happen if, instead of the dog, she had taken into her carriage some pale woman or weary old man, such as I sometimes see gazing patiently after her. The thing would be possible in Altruria; but I assure you, my dear Cyril, it would be altogether impossible in America. I should be the first to feel the want of keeping in it; for, however recent wealth may be here, it has equipped itself with all the apparatus of long inherited riches, which it is as strongly bound to maintain intact as if it were really old and hereditary—perhaps more strongly. I must say that, mostly, its owners look very tired of it, or of something, in public, and that the American plutocrats, if they have not the

distinction of an aristocracy, have at least the ennui.

But these stylish turnouts form only a part of the spectacle in the Park drive-ways, though they form, perhaps, the larger part. Bicyclers weave their dangerous and devious way everywhere through the roads, and seem to be forbidden the bridle-paths, where from point to point you catch a glimpse of the riders. There are boys and girls in village carts, the happiest of all the people you see; and there are cheap-looking buggies, like those you meet in the country here, with each a young man and young girl in them, as if they had come in from some remote suburb; turnouts shabbier yet, with poor old horses, poke about with some elderly pair, like a farmer and his wife. There are family carryalls, with friendly looking families, old and young, getting the good of the Park together in a long, leisurely jog; and open buggies with yellow wheels and raf-





fish men in them behind their wide-spread trotters; or with some sharp-faced young fellow getting all the speed out of a lively span that the mounted policemen, stationed at intervals along the driveways, will allow. The finer vehicles are of all types, patterned like everything else that is fine in America, upon something fine in Europe; but just now a very high-backed phaeton appears to be most in favor; and in fact I get a great deal of pleasure out of these myself, as I do not have to sit stiffly up in them. They make me think somehow of those eighteenth-century English novels, which you and I used to delight in so much, and which filled us with a romantic curiosity concerning the times when young ladies like Evelina drove out in phaetons, and were the passionate pursuit of Lord Orville and Sir Clement Wilmoughbys.

You will be curious to know how far the Americans pub-

licly carry their travesty of the European aristocratic life; and here I am somewhat at a loss, for I only know that life from the relations of our emissaries, and from the glimpses I had of it in my brief sojourn in England on my way here. But I should





say, from what I have seen of the driving in the Park, where I suppose I have not yet seen the parody at its height, it does not err on the side of excess. The equipages, when they are fine, are rather simple; and the liveries are such as express a proprietary grandeur in coat buttons, silver or gilt, and in a darker or lighter drab of the cloth the servants wear; they are often in brown or dark green. Now and then you see the tightly cased legs and top boots and cockaded hat of a groom, but this is oftenest on a four-in-hand coach, or the rumble of a tandem cart; the soul of the free-born republican is rarely bowed before it on the box of a family carriage. I have seen nothing like an attempt at family colors in the trappings of the coachman and horses.

Yes, I should say that the imitation was quite within the bounds of good taste. The bad taste is in the wish to imitate Europe at all; but with the abundance of money, the imitation is simply inevitable. As I have told you before, and I cannot insist too much upon the fact, there is no American life for wealth; there is no native formula for the expression of social superiority; because America, like Altruria, means equality if it means any-

thing, in the last analysis. But without economic equality there can be no social equality, and, finally, there can be no political equality; for money corrupts the franchise, the legislature and the judiciary here, just as it used to do with us in the old days before the Evolution. Of all the American fatuities, none seems to me more deplorable than the pretension that with their conditions it can ever be otherwise, or that simple manhood can assert itself successfully in the face of such power as money wields over the very soul of man. At best, the common man can only break from time to time, into insolent defiance, pending his chance to make himself an uncommon man with money. In all this show here on the Park driveways, you get no effect so vivid as the effect of sterility in that liberty without equality which seems to satisfy the Americans. A man may come into the Park with any sort of vehicle, so that it is not for the carriage of merchandise, and he is free to spoil what might be a fine effect with the intrusion of whatever squalor of turnout he will. He has as much right there as any one, but the right to be shabby in the presence of people who are fine is not one that we should envy him. I do not think

that he can be comfortable in it, for the superiority around him puts him to shame, as it puts the poor man to shame here at every turn in life, though some Americans, with an impudence that is pitiable, will tell you that it does not put him to shame; that he feels himself as good as any one. They are always talking about human nature and what it is, and what it is not; but they try in their blind worship of inequality, to refuse the first and simplest knowledge of human nature, which testifies of itself in every throb of their own hearts, as they try even to refuse a knowledge of the Divine nature, when they attribute to the Father of all a design in the injustice they have themselves created.

To me the lesson of Central Park is that where it is used in the spirit of fraternity and equality, the pleasure in it is pure and fine, and that its frequenters have for the moment a hint of the beauty which might be perpetually in their lives; but

where it is invaded by the plutocratic motives of the strife that raves all round it in the city outside, its joys are fouled with contempt and envy, the worst passions that tear the human heart. Ninety-nine Americans out of a hundred, have never seen a man in livery; they have never dreamt of such a display as this in the Park; the sight of it would be as strange to them as it would be to all the Altrurians. Yet with their conditions, I fear that at sight of it, ninety-nine Americans out of every hundred, would lust for their turn of the wheel, their throw of the dice, so that they might succeed to a place in it, and flaunt their luxury in the face of poverty, and abash humility with their pride. They would not feel, as we should, the essential immorality of its deformity; they would not perceive that its ludicrous disproportion was the outward expression of an inward ugliness.

A. HOMOS.



DEW.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

FORGED in the night, a silver shield,—
Glistens at dawn the dewy field,
To parry every golden dart
Aimed by the Sun at Earth's glad heart.



A REVIVAL OF THE PANTOMIME.

BY T. C. CRAWFORD.

PANTOMIME in this country has heretofore been associated with the spectacle which accompanies the fairy story of Columbine, wooed by the two lovers, Harlequin and the clown. This form of theatrical amusement is generally given at Christmas time, and is an excuse for the most varied forms of entertainment. It is generally a medley of the variety theater, the broad burlesque, and the ballet of the opera. It gives great pleasure to the children, and is to them an actual embodiment of the fairy stories, in which their lively imaginations find so much fascination. The older children find too in this kind of spectacle, nearly as much pleasure as the little people.

While this form of amusement has been classed as pantomime it really does not deserve the name. The principal characters in what is generally called the Christmas pantomime

never speak to be sure, but the incidents are traditional ones, and the things to be explained by the gestures of the actors are understood because they are in keeping with a story known to everyone, while the illustrations of these incidents are so broad that even the smallest baby has no difficulty in understanding them. The stumbling over a pin, the capsizing of a bucket of water suspended over a door, the collapse of an apparently solid wall against which the clown trustingly leans, do not require much tax upon the intellect to understand.

The jokes of the clown, the tricks of the harlequin, and the excessive activity of Mr. Pantaloon are varied so constantly with the incidents of the variety theater, that the dialogue without words is never fatiguing. The silent colloquies between the actors last but for a few moments at best, while there is a continued hurry of color and



movement which keeps the audience pleasedly attentive.

The experiment of producing an actual comedy by pantomimic gestures, has never but once been tried in this country before the arrival of the French players brought here by the London impresario, Mr. Edwin Cleary, and who have produced at Daly's theater *l'Enfant Prodigue*. This play as produced should have a most marked effect upon the stage of this country. In the art displayed, in the refinement of portraiture, and the discipline of highly cultivated talent, the students of our stage should find most valuable lessons. Here is a story, enchanting in its simplicity, with a bright vein of comedy and pathos intermingled, which is as sharply accentuated at every point and turn as if spoken words were used to portray its incidents. There are only six people upon the stage during the whole of the performance of two hours. There are never more than three people on the stage at any one time, and yet the interest is sustained, and the attention of the audience never flags in following the beautiful movement of the artistically developed story. The delicacy and the refinement of these foreign artists and their methods make a subtle and undeniable appeal to what is best and highest in human nature, and they thrill with admiration the developed senses of the most highly cultivated. One might ask: How can a story that is not hackneyed be told by mere gestures and facial expression alone? It would be difficult to explain in written words how it is done. It is sufficient to say, emphatically, that it is done and that no one, however dull or unappreciative, could fail to follow the thread of the story or fail to have his attention captivated by the play as given by these French players. To be sure, the silent story of the stage is very much aided by the artful and descriptive music which accompanies the piece of Monsieur Carré. The music constantly supports and explains the action



of the players. The pianist, Monsieur Aimé Lachaumée, a first-prize pupil of the Paris conservatory, makes the seventh member of this compact and artistic organization. His work entitles him to rank as the peer of those who are more conspicuous on the stage.

Naturally, in the production of the comedy running through so long a period, there is a variation in the action of the players at different representations. M. Lachaumée, who plays without notes, follows the movements of the artists on the stage and varies the shading of his music so as to keep in perfect harmony with the action which is before him. The leader of the orchestra keeps his eyes upon the pianist, and thereby keeps in accord with him. The music is never conspicuous and never seeks to overshadow the players. It is an undertone of explanation which broadens the shadows, accentuates the strokes, and heightens the colors of the pictures, as they are presented by the pantomime players.

Those who are interested in tracing the history of any art which pleases, will find that pantomime comes from the Latin races. For its highest develop-





ment, the Anglo-Saxon character is too stolid and unyielding, lacking the subtleness and the grace necessary to portray emotion or action by the language of gestures alone. The North American Indian has a sign language which is in itself graceful and effective; but it follows the lines of a rigid code and corresponds more to the arbitrary signs of the deaf and dumb alphabet than to the actual art of pantomime.

In its early history, pantomime was the term employed to designate the person who portrayed action without spoken words. The actors were themselves pantomimes. The earliest records show that the pantomimes were developed in the theatrical schools of early Rome. They added to the difficulties of their art by masking their faces. They

generally related, by action and gesture, the story of some mythological allegory which was familiar to the people. This art was carried to such a high degree that the pantomimes, who were always men, became the most highly favored heroes of public admiration. So profuse was the adulation heaped upon them, that laws were passed forbidding nobles of certain rank to associate with them, because this association turned the heads of the artists and, in the opinion of the rulers of that day, gave their art an undue importance. Wealthy people were also forbidden to make too lavish presents to this class. So great was the rage for the art of pantomime, however, that some of the greatest dignitaries of Rome studied the principles of its artistic action. History records that the great Emperor Nero, upon several occasions, appeared as a pantomime. As time went on, women were added to the ranks of this class of actors. The faces were still masked; but as the art of graceful gesture advanced, the bodies of the actors became less and less clothed, and this led, in time, to great criticism and opposition from the Church. The modern ballet was undoubtedly developed from the masked figures of the

pantomimes of early Rome. The first record of Pantalone and Arlecchino comes from Italy.

The French have dubbed the clown of the early spectacle Pierrot (the Sparrow), and as Pierrot he is the favorite of every French child. He is the conspicuous figure in all of the French stories for children. He is always dressed in white, representing the innocence of youth, while his face is whitened like the traditional clown's. Monsieur Courtès, who plays the leading part of the comedy as produced in this country, retains

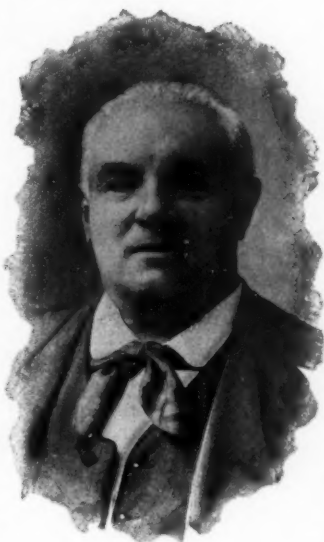


MME. EUGENIE BADE

the make-up of the traditional Pierrot. Mademoiselle Pilar-Morin, who plays the character of Pierrot, junior, also wears the clown's make-up, but with a delicacy not in keeping with the ordinary clown, and with a dress which fits the real story of the comedy. It adds to the unique character of the performance and heightens its artistic peculiarity, to see the two Pierrots, made up as clowns, playing parts in a modern comedy, where the other artists wear the costumes of a modern play. One reason given for this feature is that such a method makes a connection between the traditional panto-

mime and this modern use of it. In ordinary hands it would very much increase the difficulties of such presentation. The public has always associated the make-up of the clown with broad burlesque and rather coarse fun. Under the white mask in this play, pathos, dignity, outraged honor—in fact, the widest range of difficult emotions—are given with a character which compels the most profound admiration. One forgets directly to associate the make-up with the previous ideas belonging to it. Pierrots become a race apart, but, at the same time, possessing all the human possibilities.

I do not propose to give here any summary of the story told by these players, or to analyze with any minuteness the fine points of their acting. I wish to call attention to the lesson which can be learned from this representation by the actors of our stage. If our artists were as conscientious in the study of the possibilities of facial expression, of refinement of gestures and had as an artistic appreciation of a situation, how strongly fortified would be their spoken words when associated with such aids. Our stage has been coarsened during the last few years by the deluge of burlesques and so-called farce comedies. An era of music hall



M. COURTÈS.

madness has come to further engulf the legitimate stage. There should be a place for the greatest variety, but for many years real artistic effort and serious study have not met with the profitable results which can alone encourage their continuance. The visit therefore of this French company should have a most marked effect. These six artists are real missionaries and judging by the high appreciation with which their work has been followed and by the unanimous approval of all of the critics, a great benefit should result to the American stage.

M. Courtès, the Pierrot senior, is one of the great comedians of Paris. While on the stage he never makes an unconsidered movement. He never forgets for a single instant his part. It is a pleasure to watch the work of such an artist. The infinite care, the attention to even the shadow of every detail afford a constant study for the spectator. There is nothing better in any



comedy than the gusto displayed by him at the evening meal in the first act. One becomes furiously hungry in watching him as he plays the part of a gourmand. Who could imagine, too, without seeing M. Courtès, that the entire contents of a newspaper could be read by signs and fully understood by the audience. By this I mean a French newspaper. To anyone familiar with the make-up of a French newspaper M. Courtès' silent reading is like the large letters of a child's primer, so plain is it made. What a contrast between this jovial, gay, appetizing

scene of the meal of the first act and the corresponding evening one in the closing act! Here, Pierrot, senior, broken by the shame of his son's disgrace and loss, chokes with grief, and, while keeping up a resolute countenance to his faithful wife, sitting opposite, can only force down with painful slowness the smallest morsels. It seems almost impossible that M. Courtès can, under the greased paint of his white mask, render such widely diverting emotions of comedy and pathos required by



M. AIME LACHAUMÉE.

his part. He, too, plays, as did the pantomimes of early days, practically under a mask, and yet the spectators are thrilled with the keenest delight by his skilful portrayal of every action of the play.

The second great part is that of Pierrot, junior, played by Mademoiselle Pilar-Morin. This young Spanish girl, with French training, plays in this rôle the first part which she has not created herself; but it is practically a creation of her own, on account of the originality of her genius and the audacity of her artistic rendering of the part. She, too, plays under the difficulty of a mask of white paint; but from the first to the last no one can mistake her meaning. Her eyes are wonderful in their capacity for expression, while every movement is graceful and apparently unstudied. The comedy of the love-sickness of the first part, the gracefulness of the catching of the fly in the second act, the strength and dignity of her closing scene in the second act, when Pierrot, junior, finds himself deserted by Phrynette, are

always greeted with warm outbursts of applause, while the tender pathos of the third act, culminating in the beautiful picture at the climax, when Pierrot recovers his lost honor through his father's forgiveness, calls for the most sincere admiration. The transition of Pierrot, poor, dejected, cold and hungry, into a son, proud, noble and hopeful, comes like a flash. The music, which through the entire act has been melancholy and sad, following every



MLLE. PILAR-MORIN.

shade of the domestic drama with the tenderest sympathy, now gives way for so stirring a martial air that the excited imagination hears through its notes the tramp of the passing regiment. This sound brings to the mind of the unhappy Pierrot the possibility of regaining his honor; in the rapidity of the decision and the melting of the heart of the obdurate father the climax suddenly develops. Pierrot, junior, who is slight of figure, and in the humiliating part of the return home is round-shouldered and bent, now straightens up and appears to grow at least a foot under the stimulus of recovered hope and in the warmth of parental tenderness. It is a striking and fitting close to the play, which abounds in beautiful pictures. This, the most beautiful of all, brings tears to the eyes of those who are at all sympathetic.

Madame Bade, who takes the part of the wife of one Pierrot and the mother of the other, is a model of refinement and gentle methods. There is no forced note in her playing. She is sweet, gentle, and always strong. A more perfect picture of a good wife and mother could not be found on any stage. There is no great opportunity for Madame Bade to show her great qualities as an artist to those who need broad effects or to those who have not seen her in more important rôles in Paris. But in the subtle rendering of her part, in her delineation of character, and her unflinching attention to every detail



of the picture, she shows her rank and character as an artist.

Mademoiselle Reine-Roy plays the part of Phrynette as only an actress of the highest talent could play it. It is a most difficult part. The slightest exaggeration would make it vulgar and unendurable. She avoids all diffi-



culties by spirituelle gaiety of manner and the brisk, business-like energy with which she sweeps through the part. She never shocks even the most sensitive in the audience, and she fits so completely into the harmony of the story that the immorality of her part is almost lost sight of.

M. Dalleu, who plays the part of the baron and appears only during the latter part of the second act, acts his rôle with a humor and a skill which add greatly to the effectiveness of the picture. Like the others, he never loses the sense of proportion and shows the same delicacy and refinement, although playing the part of a professional clubman in search of gallant adventures. Mr. Cleary has changed the make-up of this part. The baron is En-



glish in the comedy, and as the part was originally produced in Paris, the make-up of the Englishman of the French stage was used. An Englishman on the French stage has always red-blonde side-whiskers, invariably wears black-rimmed eye-glasses, sports large plaid trousers, a huge gray frock-coat, a double-waisted waist-coat, a flowing cravat, and wears either a white pith-helmet or a high white hat. Mr. Cleary sketched the make-up of a real London clubman, and this has been studiously followed by the French actor, and the result is a naturalness and a truthfulness which make a satisfactory picture.

Mr. Buckland, the young American who plays the part of the negro servant of Phrynette, has caught the spirit of the French artists and shows himself to be

a most apt pupil of their methods.

I do not know how long this company of agreeable people will remain in this country for the purpose of exhibiting these pictures of pantomimic art. They will remain, I am informed, at least a year, and the leading cities of the interior will probably have an opportunity of seeing their work. Mr. Cleary, who has brought them here, has confidence that the artistic temperament of this country will appreciate the skill and talent selected by him from the great theaters of Paris after many months of study. Each member of this company is at home a celebrity. Their welcome thus far has been hearty and cordial, which leads one to hope for the most beneficial results from the exposition of so much artistic skill and training.



IMMANENCE.

BY RICHARD HOVEY.

ENTHRONED beyond the World although He sit,
Still is the World in Him and He in It;
The selfsame God in yonder sunset glows
That kindled in the lords of Holy Writ.



QUAINT CUSTOMS OF AN ISLAND CAPITAL.

BY WILHELMINA CADY-SCOTT.

AN Englishman or American living in Palermo for any length of time, is constantly surprised, shocked or amused, in turn, with the odd customs of its inhabitants, so different, in many respects, from those of their compatriots in northern and middle Italy.

First, comes the insular pride, always to be found, more or less vigorously accentuated, in island dwellers the world over; but the love of country becomes here a veritable fanaticism, a cult, which is so narrow in its expression as to deny almost the existence of any good thing outside of *la bella Sicilia*. Palermo, therefore, is to all true Sicilians the hub of the universe, and one frequently hears the remark: "Everything can be found in Palermo!" Now, the truth is, the continentals (as those coming from the mainland are called) often bemoan the lack of what, to them, seem the comforts and

even necessities of life, in this fair city, which nestles so lovingly in her beautiful "golden shell." Monte Pellegrino (on whose summit stands the little sanctuary dedicated to St. Rosalie, and from whose semaphoric station all ships coming into port are signalled) rises on her left; on the right is Capo Zafarana, and between these two headlands the deep-blue waters of the Mediterranean lave her feet, as they form a magic mirror, into which she smiles at the bright reflection of her varied charms.

Nature in the beginning, and art continuously from that time forth, have been lavish in the bestowal of gifts, as the Moorish, Arabic and many other styles of architecture prove. A few practical facts concerning the place and its people, as they appear today, will be of interest, perhaps, to the reader.

The apartment-houses are provided with

neither fire-places nor stoves, because "Palermo is never cold," whereas, on account of its porcelain-tiled floors, faultily set window-frames, and badly hung doors, with the snow sometimes lying on Monte Cuccia and the neighboring hills, one shivers in the frosty air, despite all the furs and flannels in which one may envelop oneself. Then, too, the municipal authorities place so heavy a tax upon comestibles, that the cost of many articles

prised, upon arrival here, if fortunate enough to come in contact with the F. F. V.'s of the place, whose cordiality and hospitality are so truly expressive of the warm heart of the islander. This, at least, was my good fortune, and the geniality of many pleasant acquaintances formed here has served to soften a number of impressions which would otherwise have rendered my sojourn in Palermo less enjoyable. This refers to matters social, be it understood. All domestic affairs, when one is not fortunate enough to have foreign or continental servants, are a source of unending discomfort, owing to the fact that the Sicilian lower class is ignorant, and consequently (as is the case the world over) correspondingly full of pretensions. A nurse willing to be seen on the street with children is an anomaly. The maids will not go out alone, and when they have their outings, or attend mass, they are either accompanied by another domestic, or some relative. All demand, from strangers at least, very high wages, and are willing to do little or nothing in return for the money received.



INTERIOR OF THE PALATINE CHAPEL.

exceeds by far the staple prices elsewhere. Rents are high, and thus, when either an army officer or government employé is ordered to Palermo, between the distance from one's friends, the trying sixteen or eighteen hours' sea-voyage, and the rather difficult character of the people, such an order is regarded in the light of an edict for exile.

However, one is often agreeably sur-

The wines here are very "heady," so that little can be taken, and the bread, such as the natives eat (the higher as well as the lower classes), is made almost without yeast, so that all strangers use French or Roman bread, as the other is too "substantial" for the northern palate. The cakes and sweets are so rich and heavy that a colonel commanding a regiment here, laughingly suggested that the best

use to which Sicilian confectionary could be put would be to employ it in time of war for loading the cannon.

In Sicilian households, salaries are rather high, because the servants are expected to furnish the greater part of their own food, and therefore, after dinner, for instance, the servant (sometimes the lady of the house) places the remains of the roast, or any other possible nucleus for the morrow's breakfast, safely under key before the family leave the dining-room.

Within the four walls of their domiciles, the Sicilians appear in very negligé costumes, as a rule; but in public, be it on the street, or at any entertainment, there are no people, perhaps, who devote so much time to their toilette, the outward adornment of the person being attended to with almost religious fervor. Everything for appearance! The old adage, "Much smoke and little roast!" is their northern compatriot's byword for them. The men imitate the English and, as a rule, dress fairly well, although in the middle-class the Anglo-mania sometimes leads the stern sex into certain extravagancies (owing to their false interpretation of styles) which are really laughable. Masons and carpenters generally go to

their work in white shirts and good clothes, which they take off until their day's labor is ended, when they again assume their "purple and fine linen," for their return home, as it would never do to be seen on the street in working-garb! The women of the middle and lower classes delight in the most vivid hues. One often sees them during the winter dressed in sky-blue, brilliant green, pink and white even, while as for red, the reddest of all the different shades of this striking color is the universal favorite for children and grown people. The ladies have their gowns from Naples, Turin, or some city on the mainland, sometimes from Paris—so are, of course, beyond criticism.

In Palermo, a family without a carriage is looked down upon almost with scorn; but, then, any kind of vehicle which will hold from two to four persons, beside the coachman, regardless of its style, shape or antiquity, or even the quality of the horse or horses which draw it, answers for the purpose of figuring on the fashionable promenade. The really fine carriages can be counted on one's fingers, and belong to the aristocracy, while many either content themselves by going halves (or



PORTA FELICE.

even thirds) with some relatives or friends in the ownership of an equipage, or are satisfied with exceedingly plain fare, in order to save enough from their limited income to own, alone, this much-prized article of luxury. Many are the laughable tales recounted of the joint ownership of these carriages, which are provided with special doors, bearing the coats-of-arms of their several proprietors, said doors being taken off and put on to the vehicle according to the family who may have the right to its use on a particular day.

While on the subject of carriages, several very odd customs may be mentioned. After a physician's first visit to a family, his coachman presents himself the following day, and demands a franc as his fee for having driven his master there. Patience! If the matter ended here . . . but, alas! every time the doctor is called in for a different member of the household, the coachman appears for his franc. Nor does the fact that perhaps everyone in the family has paid his or her tribute suffice. Should a new malady render the medical advisor's presence necessary, the coachman counts the call as the first visit of a new series, and the franc must again be forthcoming.

Here are two more examples of the pre-

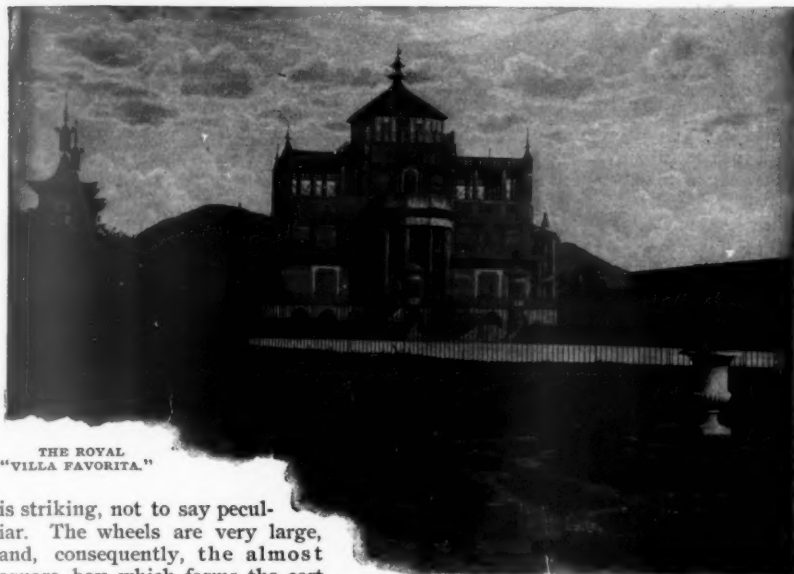
tensions of the Palermo coachman. When there is a funeral in the family of any friend or relative of his master, he insists upon pulling down the blinds of the carriage, and taking part, as a mourner, in the procession to the grave. If he drives two horses, he makes his appearance, the day after the interment, at the house of mourning, and demands from the bereaved family ten francs for having followed the cortège. Should he have only one horse, his grasping spirit contents itself with five francs for the trouble to which he has been put.

The other instance: A stranger visiting Palermo was offered, by a resident friend, the use of his carriage for an afternoon drive. The invitation was accepted with thanks. The next day he received a visit from the coachman, who claimed ten francs as his due for having driven the gentleman about. The sum demanded was paid, of course; but the victim of this peculiar Sicilian usage remarked that he would have spent less had he hired his own conveyance.

The Sicilian carts are very extraordinary affairs. Usually they are two-wheeled vehicles, painted yellow, on which vivid background are depicted, in the most brilliant hues, scenes from the Bible and history. The effect, as may be imagined,



THE CLOISTER AT MONREALE.



THE ROYAL
"VILLA FAVORITA."

is striking, not to say peculiar. The wheels are very large, and, consequently, the almost square box which forms the cart is raised high from the ground, and the framework upon which it rests is carved and decorated until the whole becomes an ambulatory work of art. The harness is also an extremely grand affair, composed of leather and red stuff, which is thickly studded with brass nails, bits of looking-glass, and hung with bells, so that the entire equipage is really very costly and, consequently, the pride of its fortunate owner. These carts carry loads of every description. When used as a means of conveyance, chairs or boards are placed therein, and the gay-hearted, laughing peasants take their pleasure-drives or make a trip to some neighboring fair.

The most important of these fairs is the famous Easter one, held for three days near the harbor, in booths especially erected for the occasion, and whither flock the paterfamilias of every social grade, with their little ones, who come away laden with balloons, trumpets and every imaginable kind of plaything.

The ladies of Palermo rarely undertake a shopping expedition on foot. They drive to the shop-door, from which a clerk emerges, laden down with all kinds of articles the fair customer may wish to examine before purchasing. It is said that,

years ago, when the custom was absolute (at present, one occasionally sees a gentlewoman enter an establishment and make her selections from the counter), the wise and beautiful Queen Margaret (that paragon of womanly excellence, who unites in her fair person every good gift, from a noble intellect to that exquisite gentleness and tact which wins her the adoration of her people and the admiration of the world), wishing to give the proud dames of the Sicilian capital a salutary lesson, drove from shop to shop, and, despite the obsequiousness of the merchants, insisted upon leaving her carriage and making her choice of the articles she desired away from the eyes of the curious always gathered on the sidewalks. Her example, however, was not followed, so deeply-rooted were the prejudices of the people here in this matter. Even at the present day, one often sees a carriage drawn up before Giuli (the confectioner), and the ladies therein placidly eating their ices, in the presence of the passers-by.

The celebration of secular or religious festivals is rather odd. All the windows of the pastry-cooks, confectioners, bric-à-brac and toy shops, are especially decked out and adorned on the first of November, for All-Saints and All-Souls, as they

would be, in any other quarter of the globe, for Christmas or New Year's. In answer to my inquiries as to the meaning of this phenomenon, I was informed that this was really the holiday season in Sicily, when children are taught that the dead return to hide their gifts, which those they have left behind must seek for. They say it is to rob death of its terrors for the little ones.

On the "name's day" (not birthday) of the different members of the family, there is always some little fête to celebrate it. On that of the lady of the house, it is the custom to prepare a tea table, and all her friends are expected to call and offer their best wishes to the Catherine, Eleonora, Mary, as the case may be, whose patron saint was born on that date.

Another curious sight is that of two men, or a man and a woman, with mandolin and guitar, or guitar and violin, who wander from door to door, singing, to the accompaniment of these instruments, biblical stories set to music in honor of the different church festivals, the poor people, especially, paying a trifling sum to these vagrant minstrels, who stop each day during the novenary preceding Christ-

mas, for instance, at the dwellings of their various patrons, to fiddle, strum and, with strong nasal accent, shout out the several parts of the history relating to the fête to be celebrated. This music is at times very lively.

The principal festival of the year is for Saint Rosalie, the patron saint of Palermo, when her statue is carried in procession through the streets, and three days are given up to illuminations, fireworks and like festivities, in her honor.

Another striking religious pageant takes place on Good Friday, when, from a small church on Piazza Vittoria, next the barracks of the bersaglieri, there issues an enormous casket, made of glass and gilt, in which reposes, on a satin bed, the nude body of Christ. This casket is borne on the shoulders of men, and followed by different confraternities with their badges and banners, women and small children (the latter dressed to represent angels, virgins, nuns, etc.), carrying flowers and lighted tapers, while bands of music play selections appropriate to the occasion. Following at a respectful distance (other confraternities, women and children filling up the intervening space) is an immense framework of wood, upon which kneels the figure of the Madonna, clothed in white, with a long, black velvet mantle falling from her head for yards behind her. She is adorned with jewels, and holds in her clasped hands a lace handkerchief, which swings backward and forward in the most ludicrous manner at every jolt which the poor effigy receives from those stumbling along under the terrible weight of the statue and its cumbersome setting. The procession starts out between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, and only returns to the church late in the evening, after its various peregrinations, with lighted candles set around the casket and in an arch under which the Madonna is kneeling.

Toward the end of June, the marine promenade is illuminated with electric lights; the municipal and regimental bands, in turn, play every evening, from nine until eleven, and the "high life" in carriages, of course, the middle class and populace on foot, gather there to enjoy the sea breezes, gossip with friends, and eat ices or drink beer at the different cafés scattered along the fashionable



AN ANCIENT MOSQUE. NOW CHURCH OF ST. JOHN OF THE HERMITS.

drive. The swells sip their sherbets, and daintily take their ices in their carriages, while the pedestrians find places on the chairs or at small tables, which fill the immensely wide sidewalk. This great rendez-vous is kept up until the first of October, when the electric lights are removed, and the *Foro Italico* (as the promenade is called), with its few gas lamps scattered along the sidewalk and sea-wall, is only frequented by some idle strollers, who wish to enjoy a whiff of salt air, regardless of the lack of all the varied attractions which make the summer evenings there one of the spectacles never to be witnessed away from Palermo.

The fashionable drive during the winter season is in the *Via Macqueda*, down past the English gardens to the *Favorita Villa*, and back to the *Four Corners*, the point at which the two principal thoroughfares of the city (the *Corso*, running from *Porta Nuova* to *Porta Felice* on the marine promenade, and *Via Macqueda*, traversing the town from *Porta Termini* to the *Via della Libertà*) meet, and cross each other. On *Via della Libertà* are the finest modern residences and villas of the Sicilian capital.

Down in the new part of the town is the pretty little Anglican church, built by two English families residing here, and not far therefrom rise the walls of the famous *Teatro Massimo*, which the *Palermians* have been vainly striving, for years, to erect as a monument to their own greatness. It stands, in its unfinished state, like a colossal sign-post, to warn the passers-by of the folly of allowing one's aspirations to outrun one's purse.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE PORTA NUOVA.

The largest theater in use is the *Politeama*, which is opened for every kind of entertainment, from a circus to grand opera. There are also the *Bellini* and *Mengano*, where comedies and light operas are given. The *Bellini* is quite the resort for "society," as excellent lyric and dramatic companies sing and recite there, although it is much smaller than the *Garibaldi* theater, as the *Politeama* is sometimes called.

In the way of entertainments should be mentioned the "Saturdays," which are the four Saturday evenings in August, when the quaint old garden at the end of the marine promenade, known as the *Villa Giulia*, is illuminated, and, with music and gossip, becomes a gathering-place for all classes of society, who can afford to pay the modest entrance fee. This park (next to which is the Botanical garden, noted for its avenue of palms) is open to the public every day; but no dogs or baby carriages are allowed within its august precincts. Here there was formerly a fine collection of animals, birds

and fowls, which today has dwindled down to a few cages, containing some rare breeds of birds and fowls, with a couple of enclosures for some dejected-looking quadrupeds, which have all the appearance of wishing they were out of it.

Among the churches are the Matrice, or Cathedral, in which are the tombs of Sicilian kings and queens, and the statue of the city's patron saint—Saint Rosalie; the Martorana, and St. John, both of which are old mosques, and the beautiful Palatine chapel belonging to the royal palace.

In touching upon these sacred edifices, another Palermitan usage comes to mind: On Holy Thursday no private carriage is seen in the streets. On that day, men, women and children, from the prince to the peasant (the servants all being set at liberty), dressed in black, or at least in somber colors, visit the sepulchers in as many churches as their time will allow. There is a museum, of course, but space does not permit of its description here.

One of the prettiest gardens in Palermo is in the Piazza Marina, just off the Corso, within five minutes' walk of Porta Felice. Beyond Porta Nuova, at the other end of the Corso, is the Corso Calatafiori, which leads direct to the little town of Monreale, built on a hillside, where stands the famous dome and monastery, whose beautiful cloister is world-renowned. Half-way up this Corso is a road which branches off to the right and goes to the ancient Capuchin monastery, with its historical galleries filled with the skeletons and caskets containing the remains of former

monks; on the left is Via Cuba, a short street filled with newly-erected houses, which ends on the parade-ground, where the troops are drilled at early morning.

There are three or four very fine hotels for the accommodation of the winter guests who wish to pass the cold months in a southern climate. The hotels, of course, are well-heated. People who are at the hotels, and only here from late fall until the spring, are enthusiastic about the place. We, who must perforce occupy apartments, and in keeping house come

in contact, more or less, with the lower classes, in the shape of tradespeople, etc., see the other side of the picture and envy our more fortunate friends who can fold their tents and quietly steal away whenever the spirit moves them.

The market-people are thoroughly imbued with the idea that the house-keepers are their natural prey, and act accordingly.

One of the chief characteristics, upon which the true Sicilian prides himself, is "*omertà*," which might be interpreted as something like manliness, but hardly in our acceptation of the word. For instance, there may be a street fray, in which the knife,



ONE OF THE FOUR CORNERS.

dagger and revolver play an active part, and, in most cases, the victim or victims (if still alive), or their companions, will refuse to divulge the name of the would-be assassins, from what is termed a spirit of "*omertà*." Real manliness has nothing whatsoever to do with it, though. It is the victim's own overwhelming fear of revenge. Cowardice is the root of all evil here. The rich land-owner and the poor



THE CATHEDRAL, WITH FAÇADE OF ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE.

peasant protect the brigand or outlaw from justice, provided they themselves be left in peace, and, consequently, the government, through its agents, is often unable to punish the lawbreakers, because the latter is carefully concealed by some person occupying an exalted position, who gives him a helping hand in exchange for immunity from personal injury!

The Mafia is too widely known as an organization, to need discussion here; so I will only relate an amusing incident, as illustrating its system of working:

A few years since, the son of one of its members was drafted as a conscript, and, fearing to leave his fatherland, begged the wife of a superior officer to intercede in his favor, so that he might be assigned to the artillery regiment stationed here, which is composed almost exclusively of Sicilians. The kind-hearted lady in question, wishing to help a poor soldier, wrote to some officer in charge of these matters, asking him to further the conscript's request. Then the matter passed from her mind. One day, some time after, she was informed by the orderly that there were some men waiting to see her at the door. She naturally said

to the soldier: "Go and see what they wish." He returned from his errand, declaring that the persons wished to see the signora in person. Rather startled at such a call, she slipped out on the court, where she was greeted enthusiastically by a number of peasants, one of whom, acting as spokesman, told her they had come in a body to thank her for the kindness she had shown the conscript, and to assure her that, in case of a revolution, or any uprising in Palermo, she, with her family, need have no fear, as, in consideration of what she had done for one of their number, the Mafia would take her under its protection and insure her safety.

Another striking Sicilian characteristic is their overwhelming weakness for a title. Princes, dukes, marquis, counts and barons are legion, and a person who is not at least a cavaliere by birth (not by decoration from the Italian government, so exceedingly lavish in the bestowal of this honor) is quite beneath one's notice. Of course, money comes after nobility, and, in some cases, before this accident of birth; as, for instance, the millions of Florio, the great wine merchant and

owner of several lines of navigation, which may be said to rule Palermo.

In the Capuchin chapel is the statue of a Madonna who is supposed to work miracles. There is also in Palermo another small church, dedicated to "the souls of decapitated bodies," crowded on Mondays and Fridays with devotees who gather there to place on its altar votive offerings of every description, from an ounce of oil, to burn in the lamps, to wax-tapers weighing many kilograms, flowers, crutches which have been abandoned, and waxen representations of different members of the human frame, that have been healed through the intercession of these headless trunks, in whose power the people here have such unbounded faith that they recur to them for aid in every emergency of their daily life.

At evening, one often sees well-dressed men returning home from the city, carrying a good-sized hand-bag, as if just back from a railway journey. On remarking to some one that there seemed to be a large number of commercial travellers living outside the gate, I was informed that these bags were filled with food, as the head of the house, who generally makes special purchases on the market-place,

would never allow himself to be seen with bundles of any kind.

The people are passionately fond of music and usually have a good ear, as the remarkable way in which little children will carry a tune can testify. It is wonderful to hear them sing selections from operas, or the latest popular air, without missing a note. As to pianofortes, they are a regular epidemic, to which everyone who can possibly save money enough for the purchase of this harmonious piece of furniture, falls victim. Yet, despite all this, the lines, "Music hath charms, etc.," do not seem to apply to this fair clime, for I doubt, when their passions are thoroughly aroused, if even a celestial choir would suffice to make them desist from a so-called vendetta.

Anyone reading this sketch of Sicilian ways and manners may be led to exclaim: "Is there really nothing good in the country?" To which I can only reply, after an experience of three years: There will be, in time, when progress and education (which have already begun to make themselves felt within the last ten or fifteen years) shall have replaced the ignorance, bigotry and egotism which run riot in this portion of a land so richly endowed by nature and by art.



THE MARINE PROMENADE.



LONG-DISTANCE RIDING.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. A.



HE long distance race between officers of the German and Austrian armies, last year, aroused no little criticism, on both sides of the Atlantic, because of the number of horses reported injured or ruined and the methods alleged to have been used to get all there was out of the animal before he dropped by the roadside, and now another ripple that may swell into a wave of popular protest is already going forth and hampering, if, indeed, it should not overwhelm, the proposed cowboy run from Chadron to Chicago—more than double the Berlin-Vienna course of the foreign horsemen of 1892.

Time was in America when nothing less than four-mile heats would satisfy the lovers of thoroughbred horseflesh,

and the veterans still prate of the days of Lexington and Lecompte and the glories of the old Metairie. It was the privilege, yet hardly the pleasure, of the writer to witness the last great four-mile heats ridden over the Metairie in New Orleans; after seeing the breakdown of Conductor and the pitiable condition of such beautiful racers as Anna B. and Madame Dudley after their fight to a finish of sixteen measured miles, he was thankful, indeed, that it was the last. Racing of that character seems but a peg or two above cock or dog-fighting. Contests for supremacy that result in collapse are, or should be, things of the past, and it is one of the glories of the American cavalry that, however often it may have been called upon to make long-distance rides—frequently, indeed, to the rescue of beleaguered and imperilled humanity—the trooper and his mount have generally come in at the home stretch fit for business and full of fight.

It is the purpose of this article, not so

much to harp upon the cruelty or uselessness of the other system, as to illustrate, however faintly, the better points of our own. It may, at some far distant period, have been necessary for a courier to ride four hundred miles at top-speed on a single horse, but it is not likely to occur again. How many miles a light, athletic rider could cover in a



GERMAN HUSSAR, LONG-DISTANCE RIDING.

day, changing mounts every five or ten miles, was a problem our pony express solved in the days before the Union Pacific was built. How fast a single courier could bear dispatches to distant commands, through storm and darkness, over river and mountain, changing horses only when by luck or accident he came upon fresh mounts, had many a famous illustration during the war of the Rebellion and our Indian campaigns of the western frontier. But the problem which is most worthy the thoughtful consideration of the cavalry leader is that in which, given a certain force of mounted troops at a certain station, he must decide how best to march it so that it may most speedily reach a threatened point and bring every possible man and horse into action.

Illustrations of long-distance racing are few in our annals. Illustrations of rapid and scientific marches are many. These were long-distance cavalry rides in the best sense of the term—dashes to the rescue of comrades surrounded by Indians, of detachments besieged, sometimes of captured women; sometimes a rapid rush to head off and overthrow a hostile force. In each and every one of these cases the problem was not only to make the most of every minute, to get to the scene of action in the shortest possible time, but to bring thither the bulk of the command fit for anything it might find at the finish. Compared with a problem of this character, the question of how to train or shoe or ride a single horse so that he may carry his rider over a given distance in the shortest time, sinks into insignificance.

Many are the records of cavalry dashes on sudden orders, mostly, however, for distances easily compassed within a single

day; but there are two marches that for cool calculation, brilliant and scientific handling, have no superiors in our annals, and both of these were made by the same soldier, with practically the same command. In July, 1876, General Wesley Merritt, U.S.A., then colonel, commanding the Fifth cavalry, led a march that outwitted and amazed the finest fighters

of the plains and drove the hostile Cheyennes in full force back to their agency, when in the midst of their career to join the array of Sitting Bull. In October, 1879, General Merritt led a battalion of the same regiment on a still more famous march—that to the relief of Captain Payne's command, surrounded and besieged by hostile Indians in the wilds of Colorado.

To follow the first march on the maps of the day would be a difficult matter, because the nomenclature of the maze of little streams flowing into the South Cheyenne, south and southwest of the Black Hills of Dakota, is utterly changed: Horse Head and Indian creek, for instance, seem to have exchanged places; and the five or six tributaries which go to make up the rather sizable stream known now as Hat creek, bore as many titles during the Sioux war of 1876 as we had scouts—the array of Sage, Box Elder, Cottonwood, Willow, Beaver and Dry creeks was confusing to the last degree. The Indian name for one of these streams, however, was the Sioux equivalent for "War Bonnet," and it was surmised, at the time, that the frontiersmen had shortened that into "Hat," as equally suggestive and less bothersome. But the War Bonnet as given on the maps of today is not the War Bonnet of the fight of July, 1876, but lies at least thirty or forty miles south of the scene.

In that eventful summer, the great agency of the Ogallalas, Red Cloud's band of Sioux, was near Fort Robinson, on the White river, while Spotted Tail—head of the Brulés—was among the hills to the east, some thirty miles away. Sitting Bull, with six thousand warriors at

his back, was up in the grand range of country lying just north of the Big Horn mountains, where the commands of Crook, Terry and Gibbon were concentrating around him when the Fifth cavalry were sent up from Kansas to help out. Passing around the high bluffs north of White river, near Fort Robinson, a broad trail led from the Indian reservation northwestward across the intervening streams, traversed the valley of the Cheyenne a little east of the forks then known as the Mini Pusa (Dry Fork) and South Branch, and thence northwestward, past Pumpkin Buttes, to the Powder and Tongue river valleys. Over this trail, day after day, swarms of Indians were slipping away to join Sitting Bull, and the first orders of the Fifth cavalry were to march, by way of Fort Laramie, Rawhide Butte and Old Woman's Fork, to the valley of the South Cheyenne, keeping well to the west of this trail until we got to the timbered bottom of the main stream, and there to lurk in readiness to beat back any war parties and break up the traffic.

The advance guard reached the valley and found the trail early on Sunday morning, the 25th of June—just as Custer, with his fated column, was riding in to the at-

tack on Sitting Bull's villages on the Greasy Grass (Little Horn), far to the northwest. Two or three lively chases sufficed to assure the Indians at the reservation that another route would be preferable, and they quit coming our way. Then the regiment was recalled, and, halting at an infantry-guarded palisade on the Black Hills road, about seventy miles from Fort Laramie and near the spring at the head of what was then called Sage creek, we heard, on the morning of July 7th, the direful news of the Custer massacre. On Wednesday, July 12th, under orders from General Sheridan, the Fifth cavalry started for Fort Laramie to refit, and then, by way of Fetterman and old Fort Reno, to go to reinforce General Crook. Camping at Cardinal's Chair that night, and under the lee of Rawhide Butte the next, we mounted on the morning of the 14th, expecting to go in to Laramie in one long march, and were surprised when headed eastward instead and led on down the Rawhide, which soon bore away to the south-east. Towards noon, General Merritt ordered halt and unsaddle at the crossing of the road from Laramie to the Indian reservation, and that "something



A HALF HOUR'S HALT.

was up" every man divined when "C" troop was sent away with orders to march to the Niobrara crossing, twenty-five miles away to the northward, and just so many nearer the agency where Major Jordan, commanding the infantry guard, had observed signs of mischief among the big villages of the southern Cheyennes. It was no quarrel of theirs; but the fearful success of Sitting Bull had so inflamed their savage nature that it proved impossible to hold them longer in check.

Promptly, Jordan got word cross country to Merritt, and the latter, seeing at once the gravity of the situation, instead of quitting the field, as his original orders required, "closed in," as his soldier conscience dictated. On Saturday, July 15th, just at noon, and in a whirl of dust, came a courier from the agency, sixty miles to the northeast. "Eight hundred hostile Cheyennes, fully equipped for the war-path, start at once to join Sitting Bull," was the word, and here was the situation in a nutshell. Riding away northwestward, these savage horsemen, probably the best in the world, would have a start of sixty miles, if Merritt pushed on to the agency and thence attempted pursuit. He did nothing of the kind. Their scouts and spies had seen him safely out of the Cheyenne valley and over the Niobrara, and reported him off for Laramie and out of the way. Therefore they could feel measurably secure. That the white chief could double on his tracks and throw himself across their path before they could reach the timber fringe of the Cheyenne, never occurred to them for a minute—yet that was just exactly what Merritt planned and did, and he had just seven troops, of

about fifty men each, to back him. Always calm and methodical, he started on this soldierly mission with the same precision he would have displayed on a practice march. To meet and drive back these scientific fighters he must not only ride clear around them,—compass the entire arc, while they were traversing but a portion of chord,—must not only do it undiscovered, but must so do it as to bring every horse and man to the battle front, for, at his very best, they would outnumber him two to one.

It was just noon when the news came. Leaving a small guard with the wagons and ordering the quartermaster to follow, Merritt struck camp, sounded "boots and saddles," and by 1 P.M. we were marching back, along the Rawhide, in easy column of twos and at quiet walk, not more than three and three-quarters to four miles an hour. Fourteen miles up-stream and again under the lee of the sturdy old landmark, Rawhide Peak, we halted half an hour, watered in the clear brook, let the horses "pick a bit" at the Buffalo grass, then mounted again and followed our leaders, northwestward now, around the peak. By 5 P.M. we were heading square to the north, occasionally quickening the pace a trifle, but never so as to worry the rear of the column, always the sensitive part of a cavalry command. Darkness and we came down together on the broad valley of the Niobrara at just 10 o'clock. "Halt and unsaddle!" was the word, under the high buttes north of the Running Water (Niobrara), only thirty-five miles by the way we came; but horses had to eat to live, and we had nothing but grass to offer them, and not too much of that.

At midnight the wagons caught up. Three hours later, under the twinkling stars, every man was astir, the horses getting a good feed of oats from the wagons, the bipeds a hearty breakfast of bacon and coffee. Then "mount and away," still northward, still far to the west of the reservation, and, with the dawn, Merritt, on his big, swift gray, was making the pace for the column as we wound up the steep ascent to the divide between the Niobrara and Cheyenne basins. At this stage of the game we were fifty and the Cheyennes some twenty-five miles from the point where the Black Hills road,



A HALT FOR LUNCH.



A NIBBLE ON THE MARCH.

veering around now to the northeast, crossed almost at right angles the Indian trail from the reservation and the camps of Sitting Bull. Up, to the eastward, over the broad lands of the Sioux, rose the sun, as the long column came winding over the tumbling range, and on we pressed, hour after hour, until at 11 o'clock we halted, unsaddled and picketed around the palisade guard of the spring. Here men and horses had substantial lunch, and then came the longest stretch of all. Following close by the Black Hills road, east-north-east, over a rolling, treeless prairie, Merritt led the column, four and a half miles an hour now, at the very least, with only brief and occasional halts. A more rapid pace could hardly be ventured, because of the great dust clouds sure to hover over the column.

At sunset, far ahead, with the tumbling masses of the Southern Hills bearing almost eastward now, we sighted the winding fringe of green that told of cottonwoods along a stream, and the scouts, well out on our eastward flank, reported the Indian trail in view, with not an Indian on it. At 8 P.M., silent, dust-covered, but with every horse and man "on deck," Merritt ordered the unsaddling of his seven troops among the bends of the swirling stream, square across the Indian front—with the Cheyennes not ten miles away. Eighty-five miles had we come in thirty-one hours, without break or mishap, and every man feeling as full of vim as they who sang—

With squadrons square, we'll all be there,
To meet the foe in the morning.

Daybreak and the Cheyennes appeared together, and then came their turn for the

"back track"—the most astonishing lot of painted warriors it was ever my lot to see. It was in the first clash of outposts that their young chief, Yellow Hand, bit the dust, a victim to the superior prowess of our unequalled chief of scouts, Buffalo Bill—but that's an old story. So, too, for that matter, is that of the march; but it is one both Indian and trooper had reason to remember, and it was in the consequent race to the reservation only that the Cheyennes came out ahead.

Merritt's march to the relief of Payne's command should have a chapter of its own, and a worthier chronicler. Three troops of cavalry sent to the relief of an Indian agent were "corralled" on the Milk river, near Yellow Jacket pass of the Danforth range, in the northern part of what is now Garfield county, Colorado. Major Thornburg and several men were killed, dozens more were seriously and painfully wounded; almost all the horses were shot; escape was impossible. A daring courier had managed to slip out before the Indians fully encircled them, and after a desperate ride to Rawlins, on the Union Pacific road, one hundred and sixty miles away, wired the news. Captain Dodge, of the Ninth cavalry, scouting through the Park country, got wind of the disaster, made a famous and plucky ride with his "buffalo soldiers" and got safely in to share the fortunes and strengthen the hearts of the besieged, speedily having all his horses shot. These poor brutes could not burrow, as did their masters, making trenches in the sand and breastworks of the bacon. The sufferings of the four troops were severe, but nothing compared with the fate in store for them should relief fail.

On the morning of October 1st, a telegram reached General Merritt at Fort D. A. Russell, three miles out from Cheyenne. It was from department headquarters, briefly telling of the situation and ordering him to go at once, with every available man. He had only four troops left—"A," "B," "I" and "M," of the Fifth cavalry. At 1 o'clock away they marched, leaving scores of weeping wives and children, many of them in sore distress over the news already received. A special train was sent by the railway company to

transport the force from Cheyenne to Rawlins, where they arrived early on the morning of October 2d, detaining in the darkness. Then came the busy work of unloading supplies, forage and ammunition. A few brief hours of preparation and such sleep as the men could snatch, and at 11 A.M., on the 2d, Merritt's force was ready. With the same calm deliberation as before, he began his march over the rough and desolate country south of Rawlins, halting for brief rest of five or ten minutes at a time in cool cavalry style, but never unsaddling until within half an hour of midnight, when, with forty miles to their credit, the four troops bivouacked on Cow creek, close to the Colorado line. At eight the next morning, after feeding, watering and such grooming as could be done in the field, after substantial breakfast for one and all, the column marched again deliberately southward, through wild beauties of scenery they could not stop to admire. All day, from noon to near midnight, with but brief respite, on they steadily went, reaching camp on Fortification creek, in northern Colorado, having made fifty miles over mountain trails from their morning start.

Then came October 4th—the same deliberate preparation and start, no hurry, worry or fretting of horse or man, and this for good and sufficient cause. Seventy miles away lay their imperilled comrades, and Merritt meant to reach them before the rising of another sun. All day long, all the sharp October night, halting only for a few minutes rest—for the merest bite and sup,—the four dusty troops jogged on over a winding, rugged, rocky trail; Merritt often, as was his way, dismounting to lead, always "towing" his horse up or down a steep acclivity, every man, of course, following his lead; and at last, just before dawn, they reached the dim, shadowy valley in which, said their guide, their beleaguered comrades were by this time either dead or eagerly watching and waiting. Ever since the Sioux campaign of 1876, when, over a trackless prairie and in pitchy darkness, Payne's troop had been guided to the camp of its mates by the sounding of "officers' call," that signal had become a Fifth cavalry tradition. Knowing his colonel well—knowing that he would spare no effort to come to his aid—and believing it just barely

possible that by the dawn of October 5th he would be within hailing distance, Payne and his comrades, fevered with wounds, thirst and the strain and suspense and peril of their week of siege, lay in their improvised trenches, eagerly, prayerfully waiting, like the besieged force at Lucknow.

O, they listened, dumb and breathless,
And they caught the sound at last,
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee
Rose and fell the piper's blast.

Then, indeed, was there wild burst of thanksgiving, in echo to the trumpet notes, soft and low, faint and far, yet telling infallibly of the march of Merritt and "the coming of the clans."

One hundred and sixty miles had the column covered since leaving the railway at noon on October 2d, and every man was ready for action when they reached the scene. Two horses had gone down with blind staggers on the march; one died from exhaustion before, and one after, reaching Milk river, and these were the only casualties resulting from that long-distance ride.

Another famous ride, on a somewhat smaller scale, but one of the traditions of the old army, was that made by Lieutenant Samuel D. Sturgis, of the First dragoons, when, in January, 1855, a party of Mescalero Apache Indians raided within twenty miles of Santa Fé, killing several settlers and running off some sixty head of mules. Sturgis, with only fifteen men, was sent in pursuit when the Indians had about eighteen hours' start. He and his party followed for sixty hours, overtaking the Indians at a distance of one hundred and seventy-five miles from Santa Fé, and in the fight that ensued killed three of the Indians, wounded several, recovered all the mules, except one or two that the Indians had eaten. They utilized every moment of light, and only halted when the pitchy darkness compelled them to rest until there was sufficient light to follow the trail. It won for Sturgis the thanks of the legislature of New Mexico.

As for individual rides, or long dashes with despatches or orders, incidents are almost too numerous to mention. One of the best on record was the exploit of Captain Charles F. Roe, now commander of Troop "A," National Guard of the State

of New York, but at the time a lieutenant of the First United States cavalry, stationed at Camp Harney, Oregon. It was along in the summer of 1869. An outbreak among the Indians near Fort Bidwell, California, was imminent, and the general commanding the department desired to send an officer whom the Indians knew and trusted, to counsel peace and patience. This was the commanding officer of Camp Warner, Oregon, an isolated station far over among the lava beds. The quickest way to reach him was by courier, and a dust-covered trooper rode into old Camp Harney, with orders for Major Otis to send the despatches he bore, with all speed, on to Warner—150 miles away, over desert and mountain. Major Otis was troubled; but his adjutant put an end to the worry. Lieutenant Roe said he could get that despatch over those one hundred and fifty miles as quick as anybody—and on him fell the responsibility. Taking only a sergeant and one private, with two days' cooked rations (hardtack and bacon) in their haversacks, Roe and his comrades started. His orders were to get to Warner as quickly as possible, "without regard to horseflesh."

It was just eight when they jogged out of Camp Harney. The first twenty-five miles lay along the valley of Silver creek. Then came fifty miles, or more, of sage brush and alkali. Once clear of the garrison, Roe struck a trot and, maintaining this gait wherever possible, went on all night long, until 5 A.M., when he halted, unsaddled, and fed from the nosebags, in the middle of the desert. A tin mug of coffee and a bit of bacon was enough for him and his men. At six, they were away again, with the worst stretch of all ahead. No human habitation within fifty miles; the sand fetlock-deep; Warner Lake water densely alkaline, burning the

skin from lips and mouth. Yet on they went, seven miles an hour, and rode into Camp Warner just at tattoo—8 P.M.—having made the one hundred and fifty miles in twenty-four hours; actual riding time, twenty-two and one-half hours. So far from being used up, Lieutenant Roe went on with Captain Hall, the commanding officer referred to, leaving his horses to rest at Warner and turn out for inspection next morning in prime condition.

This ride was made without previous special training of either horse or man—



CHARLES F. ROE MAKING HIS FAMOUS RIDE TO CAMP WARNER.

almost continuously at the "jog trot," through a desolate country, and just twelve hours quicker than experts at Camp Harney thought it possible to cover the distance and land the party, riders and mounts, fit for another brush the next day.

Another plucky ride was that of Lieutenant James F. Bell, now adjutant of the Seventh cavalry, through the Bad Lands of Dakota. Going into Medora, a little town at the crossing of the Little Missouri by the Northern Pacific railway, he found important despatches for his brother

officer, Lieutenant Garlington, then in the field, and, all alone, Bell rode away from Medora at sunrise on an August morning, covered fifty to fifty-five miles through the roughest country in the Northwest by noon, got a fresh mount in in Captain Varnum's camp, and just after sunset reached Garlington. The distance covered was at least one hundred miles, and the gait was trot or gallop all the way.

The records of the cavalry regiments on duty in Arizona or Wyoming during the Indian campaigns of the last twenty years furnish numerous instances of long rides of this character.

The annals of the great war have many more—perhaps the most remarkable being that of Henry Kyd Douglas, now Adjutant-General of Maryland, but at the time a young officer selected to bear despatches for Stonewall Jackson, through pitchy darkness, over river and mountain, from Harrisonburg in the Shenandoah valley, around Massanutten mountain, over the Blue Ridge through Swift Run gap, then by way of Stannardsville, Madison Court-House, Culpeper, and Brandy Station, to General Ewell, then "in the field." Douglas started just after sun-

down of an April evening, and in a pouring rain splashed through mud and mire and the blackness of Erebus over the mountain trail; exchanged his gallant blooded mare for a big, raw-boned racer some forty miles from the starting-point; used up mount No. 2 in a fifteen-mile spurt to Madison C. H., where he swapped him for a little gray which stumbled in the mire and darkness after a run of barely a mile, and could not be induced to rise. The magic of Jackson's name won him mount No. 4, who carried him nine miles and gave place to a gaunt roan. The next stage was the eleven-mile dash to Culpeper, where, in the faint, cold glimmer of dawn, the young officer reached General Dick Taylor, who steered him on to Brandy Station and beyond. Just twenty hours from the start, Douglas found General Ewell and delivered his rain-soaked despatches. He had covered the entire distance of one hundred and five miles in less than twenty hours, and the worst eighty miles of it in less than ten. Delays, due to loss of the road in one place and of the little gray in another, had made havoc with the record, after an admirable start. Douglas used five horses in all, Bell two, Roe only one.



SHORT NIGHT'S REST ON A LONG MARCH IN THE BAD LANDS.

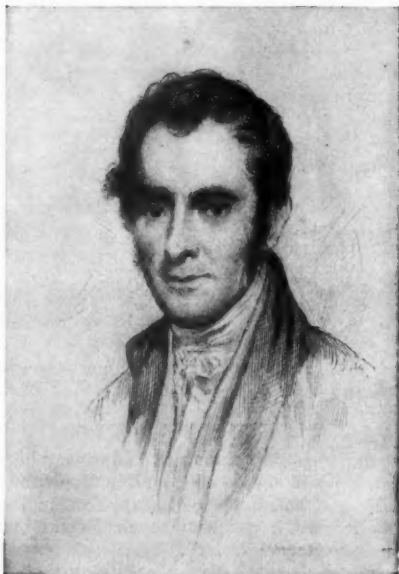
WHITTIER DESULTORIA.

BY CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

SOME time after the publication of "In School Days"—a favorite with all who know Whittier's work—a gentleman called upon him, who, after the usual preliminaries, made known the object of his visit. "Tell me, sir," said he, "how did you happen to know my history?" "Thy history, friend?" exclaimed the poet, in wide-eyed surprise; "I know nothing of thy history." "How can it be?" returned the stranger. "What you relate in the poem, 'In School Days,' is exactly true of myself; and every year I visit the grave of my little schoolmate, over whom 'the grass has, for forty years, been growing!'" This was, indeed, a strange happening. The poem has its origin, I believe, in an incident of the poet's own school-life.

Seldom have I known anyone who better relished jokes and humorous anecdotes than Mr. Whittier; and he told them with that peculiar zest and sparkle which so delights the hearer. Both in letters and conversation, he would often use a term or tone with most amusing effect. In a letter of late November, 1878, he says: "As I look out today on the snow-covered landscape, a letter from a California friend lies before me; and I think longingly of the warm skies, the flowers and orange-groves of San Diego and Los Angeles. Oh, that the Mayflower had drifted around Cape Horn and *dumped* us down on the Pacific coast!"

Having mentioned to the poet the chary attitude of a noted woman, in reference to my use of her poems in a compilation, his next letter brought this: "It was a very small matter to be snubbed by—but I dare say thee have forgotten her by this time. Of course, Dr. Holmes and I don't object to thy *browsing* in our woods, to thy heart's content."

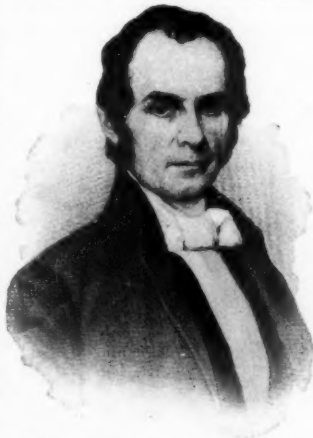


ETCHED BY S. A. SCHOFF FROM A PAINTING BY BASS OTIS, 1836-7.

On another occasion, I had told Mr. Whittier how much had been got, at a fair, from the sale of a bit of his self-penned verse, simply framed. "I am glad," he answers, "that my autograph did so well for the fund; but I am rather sorry for the poor victim who purchased it. Is thy own conscience quite clear in the matter?"

In 1884, having regretted what my birthday made me, the poet answered: "Only think how young thee are, compared with me! At forty-six, I was only a boy!"

Like all famous persons, the poet had often to look in the paper, to find out the facts of his own life. I had once been describing a sermon on lying, whose finale had much pleased me by its unintentional irony. Mr. Whittier replies: "Thy preacher's 'ironical lie' must have



FROM AN ENGRAVING BY J. A. J. WILCOX AFTER A PAINTING BY A. G. HOYT, 1846.



FROM AN ETCHING BY S. A. SCHOFF.

been irresistibly amusing. I dare say his sermon was a good one; and, in despite of his charitable doubt of its application to his hearers, it probably touched some of their consciences. . . . I enclose a specimen of a class of lies which thy clergyman did not mention—newspaper reporters and paragraph-hunters have no scruples. I dread to open a paper, for fear of seeing my name connected with some annoying fabrication." The clipping in question, now lost, represented, if I remember, Whittier and Thackeray riding together in a London cab, and having some odd discussion. As Whittier was never in London, and never met Thackeray, how anyone could have invented the interview so seriously described, baffles the understanding.

In an Amesbury letter, of April, 1883, is this passage: "On the whole, I was not sorry to leave Boston. I could not get about much there, and I was beset by so many strangers with their albums and their curiosity to see what a Quaker poet is like. The quiet of this place is refreshing, and I shall remain here for some time, perhaps through this month."

In regard to a noted

English poet's book, is the following: "There is real poetry in it, but rather too much of love and despair. . . . As Lowell says:

'Men do not know how much strength is in *poise*,
That he goes the farthest, who goes far enough.'"

"How charming Longfellow's poem on the gift of a pen, in the last Harper's Magazine!" exclaims Whittier, in a letter of December, 1879. "There is a charm of inimitable grace about it."

At the close of a letter of 1884: "What do thee read nowadays? I have enjoyed the new 'Life of Gray' very much. Professor Gosse, the author, called on me the other day—a bright, modest young man, handsome and genial. I am now looking over Melville's 'Search in the Lower Delta.'"

This is a natural outburst in a letter of February, 1885: "How sad is General Gordon's death at Khartoom! And yet how noble! 'Our one hero' as Lord Roseberry calls him. My sympathies are strong with England in her time of trial—Anglo-Saxon blood will tell."

In another letter, referring to Miss Havergal, he terms her "that beautiful light, too early quenched."

In December, 1883, this is the postscript of a message: "Did thee hear Matthew Arnold in Cambridge? I was in Boston for two days, a fortnight ago, and dined with him. He is an able, but very positive Englishman."

Here is a word about two places, in diametric contrast to each other. Of New York: "I imagine thee will like it as

well as Cambridge, or even better; there are so many men and women there of literary taste; and to see New York now is to see the world." Of the quiet little village of Rock Bottom, not far from Sudbury, I had been speaking; save for the manufacturing, its primitive aspect gives me a thought of Concord. Mr. Whittier had not been there, but writes: "Rock Bottom, I believe, means a fine stream



FROM AN ENGRAVING BY J. J. CADE.

with a rocky bottom. Of all sweet sounds, that of water is to me the sweetest. I know of nothing more deliciously restful than the liquid voice of brooks, or the low, soft lapse of the small waves of our country ponds on their pebbly margins."

September of 1884, found the poet just returned from one of his favorite and most health-restoring resorts, the Asquam Lakes. "I have been more than usually ill this summer, and have had no day," he writes, "since my return, free from visitors, most of whom I could not avoid seeing. Some of my schoolmates of fifty-five years ago were here to recall the old days; and some of my anti-slavery friends of forty years ago in Philadelphia; and now the English visitors from Montreal are calling on me, each with his or her scientific or other hobby. I am very weary, and shall go to Amesbury as soon as I am able." It was not an uncommon thing, moreover, for the mail to bring at once a dozen or a score of letters, many of them from strangers, and making all kinds of requests. Manuscripts, too, were inflicted in goodly measure; and, with Mr. Whittier's willing heart and courteous nature joined to a system, overworn by mental work and burdened with pain much of the time, to refuse requests or maintain silence must have been as disagreeable as it was necessary.

In a letter of 1883, occurs this paragraph: "It was a very good thing in the Longfellow family to give the land for the memorial statue. I suppose Story will be the sculptor." Alas! ten years have gone by and neither Story nor any other sculptor has had any order for the poet's statue, although the sum of \$50,000 has been raised. The ground having been given so long ago, and the very first steps toward a memorial not having yet been taken, the matter, it would seem, ought to be looked into. Supineness so gross as this is a blot on Cambridge honor. After Longfellow's death his brother-singer wrote: "A mighty loss to us all. But his beautiful life has been well rounded, and his great fame is secure."

In June of 1882, Mr. Whittier says: "If I feel well enough I shall go to Newtonville, to Mrs. Claflin's reception to Harriet Beecher Stowe, on her seventieth birthday (anniversary) the 14th instant. I was associate editor of the National Era at

Washington, in which her 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' first appeared." It was for that paper, by the way, that "Maud Muller" was written, two facts that of themselves—though many more of less note might be added—would give that publication a distinction unequalled among newspapers. The word *Muller* should rhyme with *duller*; there has been so often the mistake of pronouncing it like the German Müller that I state this on the poet's written authority.

An Amesbury letter of early January, 1881, has these two passages: "Thermometer at zero this morning, and sleigh-bells ringing. From the hills here, Mt. Washington shows its white peaks in the clear, frosty air, more than one hundred miles away."

"I heard a story of two little girls in Wells, Maine, who, at the approach of winter, and just as the snow begins to fall, kneel down and kiss the earth and bid it good-by! I wonder what put it into their little heads?"

What a natural clinging to the memory of his boyhood's fireside is this: "We have no neighbors to run in of an evening in the old unconventional way. I have ample time to think, but that, I fear, is not very profitable."

At another time: "Winter lies white and cold about us; crows and snow-birds are the only living things outside, except an occasional glimpse of a gray squirrel. There is a tame one in my room that searches my pockets for chestnuts, and sometimes leaps on my desk and adds more disorder to my disorderly papers."

In 1886: "The bitter 'cold waves' are about as much as my human nature can bear. But on the whole I am thankful that otherwise I am as comfortable as I have any right to expect. When one is so near fourscore, it is folly to complain because he cannot enjoy sleigh rides, or join the Appalachian club climbing mountains."

After the long, trying winters, Mr. Whittier was one of the most jubilant at the signs of coming spring; not less as poet, of course, than as invalid: "Winter has let go his grip at last, and spring is here. The grass was never so green before, and the birds are busy in the orchards getting ready for the grand festival of bloom."

At Oak Knoll, Danvers, where the poet spent a large part of his time with his cousins—whose hospitality I gratefully remember—there are thirty varieties of trees, and these present, of course, beautiful and manifold shapes and shades, especially in the splendor of autumn. On one occasion the poet wrote: "Our lawn is a blaze of color today. The various kinds of oaks, beeches, maples, walnuts, ashes, tulip trees and sassafras are at their very best. October thus far has been rarely beautiful, and we are yet to have our Indian summer." What subtle comfort the poet takes in the thought of this last clause. Referring to that delightful season elsewhere, he says: "Thy last note was dated on one of those delicious days which belong to the summer of All Saints, or St. Martin's summer, as the French call it. I have sent to Howells a poem written on one of those days of rare beauty."

Few authors have been so comparatively indifferent to fame as Whittier: there was undoubtedly a time, however, when he felt the injustice of tardy recognition. On one occasion, having recounted a literary unpleasantness of my own, he replied, shortly, with an account of one of his in the early days of authorship, and added: "It is best, when one feels as I did, to keep still, or put one's head in the cupboard, and speak there." It happened well, no doubt, that the letter meant only for private reading got into the paper. That was a much better place than the cupboard for receiving what the young poet had to say. Whether in prose or verse, he wielded a pen that hit the mark; and, perhaps, the frank and truth-sharp utterance of his convictions was just what the crisis needed, to show critics his true place.

Mr. Whittier was himself notably fear-

less and self-reliant, in regard to his literary opinions, as well as all others. He was not afraid of being the first to commend what he liked, and did not wait to hear what others thought, before venturing on its praise. Best of all, he stood by what he said, and was as ready to write it as to speak it, ever willing that whatever he spoke should be used in printed criticism.

I had been writing to Mr. Whittier about the Flower Mission, and the chances it offers for giving a word of help, solace and sympathy. He replies: "The beautiful Flower Mission, I can well believe, must be a pleasant service, and if one can

feel able to say the needed words of faith and hope to the sick and suffering, it must be a blessed privilege also. I often find myself unable to do this, when I see the need of it, and would gladly do it, if I could find words, and courage to speak them." Ah! what beautiful, consoling, strengthening songs he sang, though! A wonderful mission was his to the human brotherhood: the church, the home, the closet, the hospital, the prison—all these have known, and will know through all



FROM AN ENGRAVING BY J. A. J. WILCOX AFTER
A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1885.

time, the blessing of his gift.

In a summer letter, a pretty turn is given to a poetic question from the Land of Roses: "Omar Khayyam, the Persian poet, asks: 'Where leaves the rose of yesterday?' I can tell him that the roses of day *before* yesterday are making my room beautiful as the gardens of Shiraz."

A few months ago, various poets were asked to send in the names of their favorite flowers. It may interest many to know what Mr. Whittier said of two. The lily-of-the-valley he called "the holiest flower that blossoms;" and, judging from the poem given in the frontispiece, which has never been printed, he shared the almost universal feeling regarding the rose.

Our Lady of the James

BY MARION HARLAND.

JOHN SMITH, captain, knight and explorer, in pushing his canoe through the tortuous creeks of the Chickahominy swamp, fell into an ambush of three hundred Indians. After a desperate defense he was taken prisoner by Opechancanough, and carried, for trial for killing two aborigines, before the Emperor Powhatan, Opechancanough's mightier brother.

At each stopping place in the journey toward the imperial residence at Werowocomoco—"the chief place of council"—as Smith narrates with grim humor, he "expected to be executed at some one of the fires he saw blazing all about them in the woods." "So fat they fed mee that I much doubted they intended to have sacrificed mee to a superior power they worship."

He was still under thirty years of age, well-built and martial in carriage. The full moustache outlined a firm mouth; his mien was frank, his eyes were fearless and pleasant. Stories of his prowess and of his arts of pleasing had preceded him.

"Here" (at Werowocomoco) "two hundred grim courtiers stood wondering at him as he had been a monster; till Powhatan and his train had put themselves in their greatest braveries. Before a fire, upon a seat like a bedsted, he sat covered with a great robe, made of Rarowcun"



(raccoon) "skinnies and all the tayles hanging by. On either hand did sit a young wench of sixteen or eighteen yeares, and along on each side the house two rows of men, and behind them as many women, with all their heads and shoulders painted red, many of their heads bedecked with the white downe of birds; but everyone with something; and a great chaine of white beads about their necks.

"At his" (Smith's) "entrance before the King all the people gave a great shout. The Queene of Appamatuck was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another brought him a bunch of

feathers instead of a Towell to dry them. Having feasted him after their best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held, but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan, then as many as could layd hands on him, dragged him to them, and thereon laid his head, and being ready with their clubs to beate out his brains, Pocahontas, the King's dearest daughter, when no entreaty could prevaile, got his head in her armes, and laid her own upon his to save him from death, whereat the Emperor was contented he should live to make him hatchets and her bells, beads and copper. For they thought him as

who kept him, the knightly soldier had made her his friend. She had pleaded for him before the hour set for the trial. It was not the sudden caprice of a spoiled child that cast her between the club and the head embraced in her arms. Still less was it—as a legion of romanticists have insinuated or asserted—a transport of self-devotion of like strain with that which in the heart of a Tartar princess had, five years before, ameliorated Smith's slavery in "the cuntry of Tartaria." The Indian girl was but twelve years old when she thus recklessly risked her life. That she was regarded as a child by her grimly-indulgent parent is patent from the union of Smith's office as armorer to his majesty with that of trinket-maker to the little princess.

For a month—perhaps six weeks—Smith lived in constant association with his despotic host, and the little brunette whom he was ordered to amuse. The influence of this period and the subsequent intimacy to which it led, upon her character and career can hardly be exaggerated. She had inherited, with her father's imperiousness, the intellect that made him emperor, while his brothers were but

kings, and Werowocomoco the place to which the tribes came up for judgment. The supposed artificer selected to fashion tinkling ornaments to please the fancy of the "salvage" maiden was soldier, traveller, dramatist, historian and diplomatist. From the aborigines of the Virginia, whose interests he calls "my wife, my children, my hawks, hounds, my cards, my dice, in totall, my best content," he learned their dialects, social, warlike and religious customs. In acquiring her mother-tongue, he taught his to Pocahontas.

One of his note-books contains a glossary of Indian words and phrases, with this superscription: "Because many doe desire to know the manner of their" (the Indians') "language, I have inserted these few words." The longest sentence has, for a sensitive imagination, a story between the lines. Being translated, it



well of all occupations as themselves. For the King himself will make his owne robes, shooes, bowes, arrowes, pots; plant, hunt or doe anything so well as the rest."

"When no entreaty could prevaile," implies a prologue almost as dramatic as the act itself. Powhatan had divers wives, twenty sons and ten daughters. Whether by beauty and sprightliness, or by force of the dauntless spirit that bespoke her in every inch of her slight body, his child in temper and in will, Pocahontas had a hold upon his savage nature that no other creature ever gained. In captivity that had many opportunities of familiar discourse with those

means: "Bid Pocahontas bring hither two little baskets, and I will give her white beads to make her a Chaine."

The touch of affectionate playfulness is exquisite, in connection with the circumstances under which it is likely that the phrase was constructed. If he were in love with his benefactress, it was as a bearded man of the world, whose trade was war, might love a winsome plaything. It is far more reasonable to suppose that she drew from him the earliest aspirations that led to her conversion to Christianity. "What," he asks of his fellow-adventurers in the New World, can a man with faith in religion do more agreeable to God than to seek to convert these poor savages to Christ and humanity?"

He was the model, without fear and without reproach, upon which the child, intelligent beyond her years, meeting him at the most impressionable period of her life, fashioned her ideas of his people. They were to her as gods. Under her tutor, heart, mind and ambition took on a new complexion.

There is no other reasonable explanation of the loyalty to the English colonists that became a passion with her, earning for her the name of "the dear and blessed Pocahontas."

Smith's uneasiness in his honorable captivity, and his efforts to return to the settlement, would exonerate him from the suspicion of any entanglement of the affections in his present abode. Powhatan offered him a principality, if he would cast in his fortunes with the tribe. Smith's reply was to entreat a safe conduct to Jamestown. In his "General History" he recapitulates what he had written to the queen consort in 1616, namely, that Pocahontas "not only hazarded the beating out of her owne brains to save mine, but so prevailed with her father that I was safely conducted to Jamestown." As the adopted son of the mightiest chieftain upon the river that had borne his name, Smith could make her his wife. If he rejoined his English

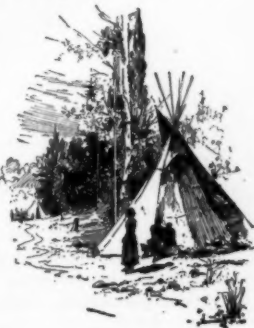


comrades, the chances were all against his wedding an illiterate pagan. She was shrewd, naturally self-willed and of strong affections. Yet, through her intercession Smith was returned to his people.

Starvation was staring the settlers in the face when, one winter day, a train of red men emerged from the forest and approached the fort. A little in advance of the "Indian file" was a lithe figure, wrapped in a robe of doeskin, lined and edged with pigeon-down. As a king's daughter, she wore a white heron's feather in her black hair; wrists and ankles were banded with coral. A queen in miniature, she came with gifts of corn and game, in quantities that quieted the rising panic. "Ever once in four or five days," the "wild train," thus laden, visited the settlement "until the peril of famine was past." Under Smith's presidency, Jamestown became a village of nearly five hundred inhabitants, with twenty-four cannon and abundant store of muskets. A church took the place of the log-hut in which divine service had been held; boys and girls frolicked in the street, without fear of tomahawk or war-whoop. A welcome and frequent playfellow of these was "a well-featured young girl," fleet of foot, black-eyed and brown-skinned.

"Jamestown, with her wild train, she has frequently visited as her father's habitation."

The wily old emperor did not scruple to play upon the president's gratitude to his youthful preserver when it suited his policy. Some depredations had been committed upon the settlers, Powhatan presuming upon the fact stated by a malcontent, that "the command from England was strait not to offend them" — the "salvages."



Smith, aroused by Indian insolence, seized the evil-doers, brought them to Jamestown, and threatened to shoot them. Whereupon Powhatan sent, first, ambassadors, then "his dearest daughter Pocahontas, with assurances of his love forever." In full understanding of the value of such pledges Smith delivered the prisoners to Pocahontas, "for whose sake only, he fained to save their lives."

submitted to a coronation under the style of "Powhatan I.," and became a nominal vassal of the English crown. He would not, however, go to Jamestown to receive diadem and vestments.

The old warrior was growing surly as well as "sour." He would be put through the ceremony at his own chief place of council, or go uncrowned.

On the evening preceding the coronation the English kindled their watch-fire in an open field, near to Werowocomoco, and Smith was sitting soberly before it upon a mat, when such unearthly and "hydeous noise and shreeking" issued from the woods as drove the men to arms, and to the arrest of two or three old Indians who were loitering near, with the intention of holding them as hostages. Forthwith there glided out of the forest the familiar and beloved form of Pocahontas, offering herself as surety for the peaceable designs of her confederates—"willing him to kill her if any hurt was intended."

The "anticke" that followed was a "Mascarado" so uncouth that we are glad the narration does not intimate her active participation therein, albeit it is spoken of as an entertainment contrived by "Pocahontas and her women." That which seemed grotesque

and even "infernal" to the phlegmatic Englishman who tells the tale, was unquestionably a solemn pageant in the eyes of the princess and her aids, and arranged with infinite pains to do honor to their guests. Whatever may have been Powhatan's sentiments as to the pompous farce in which he bore reluctant part, his daughter apparently an-



THE PORTRAITURE OF CAPTAYNE JOHN SMITH ADMIRAL OF NEW ENGLAND.

Strachys speaks of her in connection with this transaction as "a child of tenne yeares." This would be in the summer or early autumn of 1608, when she was about thirteen.

Later, in the same year, Powhatan was crowned by order of James I. Out of "complemental courtesy" the emperor of "Attanougeskomouch, *als* Virginia,"

ticipated his coronation as another link allying hers with the superior race beyond the great sea. In reality, the affair was a burlesque throughout. Pocahontas, gazing from the grinning faces of the white spectators and the uncomprehending solidity of her countrymen to her father's lowering brow, must have suffered a sharp reaction from the light-hearted hilarity of yesternight.

What the Englishmen themselves marvelled at as her "extraordinary affection" for them was in no wise weakened by the rapid change in her father's attitude toward them. Within three months he invited Smith to visit him, and when he appeared at Werowocomoco with eighteen attendants, received him so cavalierly that the astute soldier felt himself to be upon ground as treacherous as the ice through which he had broken to gain the shore.

"Seeing this Salvage but trifle the time to cut his throat," he sent word to the man left with the boat to land. As the Indians closed about him, "with his pistoll, sword and target hee made such a passage among the naked Devils that at his first shoot" they fled precipitately in all directions.

The little band of white men encamped upon the frozen shore and were preparing their evening meal, when a visitor announced herself.

I cannot resist the temptation to borrow again, and liberally, from the time-stained leaves reprinted from the London edition of 1629.

"Pocahontas, his" (Powhatan's) "dearest jewell and daughter, in that dark night came through the irksome woods, and told our Captaine great cheare should be sent us by-and-by; but Powhatan, and all the power he coulde make, would after come kill us all, if they that brought it could not kill us with our owne weapons when wee were at supper. Therefore, if we

would live, she wished us presently to be gone. Such things as she delighted in, he would have given her; but with the teares running downe her cheekes, she said she durst not be seene to have any; for if Powhatan should know it, she were but dead. And soe she ran away by herselfe as she came."

We linger over the picture dashed upon



POCAHONTAS AS SHE APPEARED IN LONDON.

the canvas by a hand untaught in artistic effects, until our own eyes are "watered." The child—not yet fourteen years old—a baby in simplicity, but a woman in depth of devotion to her friends; brave to recklessness, holding her life as nothing by comparison with her loyalty, but breaking into childlike weeping when she tried to speak of the change in him whose "dear-

est jewel" she had been; romantic invention pales by the side of this ever-true relation of love and fidelity.

All came to pass as she had warned Smith; his coolness and courage prevented the catastrophe planned by the cunning chieftain; he and his men reached Jamestown in safety, and Our Lady of the James appeared no more in the streets or houses of the village during the space of two years. We hear of no other interview between her and the hero of her childish imaginings until the meeting between them in an English drawing-room seven years later.

Not many months after Smith's visit to Powhatan, the former met with the accident that obliged him to return to England for surgical aid. A contemporary thus refutes the scandal that preceded Smith to London, to the purport that he "would fain have made himself a king by marrying Pocahontas, Powhatan's daughter."

"Very oft she came to our fort with what she could get for Captain Smith, that ever loved and used all the country well, and she so well requited it that when her father intended to have surprised him, she, by stealth, in the dark night, came through the wild woods and told him of it. If he would, he might have married her."

There were reasons many and stringent for her disappearance from the theater of colonial history.

"No sooner had the salvages understood that Smith was gone, but they all revolted and did spoil and murder all they encountered."

Ratcliffe, Smith's successor, visited Powhatan with "thirtie others as careless as himself," and was killed with all his party except one man, who escaped, and a boy, whose life Pocahontas saved. "This boy lived many yeares after by her meanes among the Patawomekes" (Potomacs).

Jamestown was rehabilitated by Lord De la Warr, he building upon the foundations laid by Smith's travail of soul and body. De la Warr was succeeded by Sir Thomas Dale—"a man of great knowledge in divinity, and of a good conscience in all things."



The "Nonparella of Virginia," during these changes, had left

her father's house, and gone to sojourn with friends of hers in the Potomac tribe. Coupling the circumstance with the adoption of the lad whose life she had saved by the same friendly people, we attach much significance to the remark that she "thought herself unknowne" in that region. She was, apparently, in refuge, and, as she supposed, incognita. The secret of her nocturnal expedition had been betrayed to her father. That he wreaked his wrath upon her until existence with him became unsupportable is well-nigh certain. She had found comparative peace in an asylum in the wigwam of one Japazaws, "an old acquaintance of Captain Smith's, and exceedingly friendly to the English."

Captain Samuel Argall, a semi-privateersman, was sent up the Potomac for



corn by the governor of Virginia, and, upon the principle of natural selection, "entered into a great acquaintance with Japazaws." Shortly before Argall left Jamestown the Indians had made a raid upon the environs of the fort, carrying off not only "swords, peeces, toole, &c.," but several men. In the course of a friendly gossip with Japazaws, Argall learned that a daughter of the truculent emperor—Pocahontas or Matoax by name—was the guest of the Indian's squaw.

Negotiations ensued, in which Indian principles of loyalty to friends, protection of the helpless, and hospitality to the innocent stranger within his lodge, were weighed against a burnished copper kettle, flashed by Argall before the gloating eyes of the noble Potomac.

Japazaws went home and beat his wife until she agreed to feign an intense desire to go on board this particular English vessel. Her lord consented presently to let

her visit it provided Pocahontas would go with her.

The coarse plot was coarsely and cruelly carried out.

"Japazaws and his wife, with the Kettle and other toys, went merrily on shore and shee to Jamestown."

Tricked, betrayed and trapped, she gave way to a paroxysm of wounded feeling, outraged dignity and generous indignation, which Argall's smooth pleas of military necessity and the good she might do to both English and Indians, had "pacified" only in part when she landed at Jamestown.

Sir Thomas Dale's message to Powhatan, that "his daughter Pocahontas he loved so dearly must be ransomed with" the white prisoners and stolen property, "troubled him much, because he loved both his daughter and our commodities well." Nevertheless, it was three months before he vouchsafed any reply whatever, or took any notice of the humiliating intelligence.

He never regained the ground thus lost in his daughter's affections. With pride equal to his own, she brooded over the public insult offered her by his silence and seeming indifference. She was branded as an outcast from her father's heart and tribe. But for the kindness of the aliens he hated, she would be homeless and friendless. The bruised heart, still palpitating with the pain of her Potomac host's treachery, accounted as worthless by him who had given her being, was tremblingly susceptible to the touch of sympathy. The people of Jamestown received her with affectionate hospitality. The long-repressed craving for refinement and knowledge of the great, beautiful world, the echoes from which had first thrilled her untaught soul during the golden month passed in her forest home by the superb stranger with the kind eyes and winning smile, was now to be gratified. She descried in her present environment the realization of the ambitions awakened by Smith's talk and teachings, and by the con-



versations between him and George Percy and other compeers, to which she had lent rapt attention. Her dream-world had become the actual and present.

They made a pet of the lonely-hearted hostage in the "best society" of the town. She was nearly eighteen years old, with soft, wistful eyes, delicately-

arched brows, a mouth at once proud and tender, slender hands and feet, not tall, but straight as a birch-sapling, and with a sort of imperious grace of carriage that rebuked familiarity. Where she loved, she was docile; what Smith alludes to as her "so great a spirit" leaped to arms when need was of courage.

She went willingly enough with Sir Thomas Dale, the next spring, when he sailed up the York river to treat with or to fight Powhatan, as might seem best after their arrival at "his chiefe habitation." After a good deal of temporizing, a little skirmishing and some rapine on the part of the visitors, the worthy baronet proposed an interview between the emperor and his daughter. Instead of coming himself to the rendezvous, Powhatan sent two of his sons, under flag of truce. The young princes, comely, manly fellows, embraced their sister fondly, rejoiced in her health and good looks, and engaged to do their best to persuade their father to redeem her. At hearing the mention of his name she demeaned herself with a hauteur it is a pity the obstinate old heathen was not there to see. In bitterly-decisive words she made answer to her brothers' soothing assurances:

"If my father had loved me, he would not value me less than old swords, pieces and axes; wherefore I will still dwell with the Englishmen, who do love me."

The weaning





was complete. To her brothers she spoke privately of one Englishman whose love differed in quality and degree from the rest, and the rumor of this was quickly bruited at Jamestown and in Werowocomoco, giving profound satisfaction in both places. John Rolfe, "an honest gentleman and of good behaviour," was fairly educated, a stanch churchman of a most missionary spirit, a well-to-do widower, and a protégé of Sir Thomas Dale. If, after perusing the open letter to his patron, announcing his disposition and intention in the matter of this alliance, the additional epithet "a pious prig" do not escape the reader, it will be because *fin de siècle* taste prompts a stronger. After an introduction resonant with pietistic twang, he leans laboriously upon the pith of his communication:

"Let therefore this, my well-advised protestations, which here I make before God and my own conscience, be a sufficient witness at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all living hearts shall be opened, to condemn me herein, if my deepest interests and purpose be not to strive with all my powers of body and minde in the undertaking of so great a matter, for the good of this plantation, for the honor of our cuntry, for the glory of God, for my own salvation and for the converting to the true knowledge of God and Jesus Christ, an unbelieving creature; viz.: Pokahontas. To whom my hartie and best thoughts are, and have a long time bin so intangled and intrhalled in so intricate a labyrinth that I was even awearied to unwind myself thereout. . . .

"To you, therefore (most noble sir), the patron and father of us in this cuntry, doe I utter the effects of this my settled and long-continued affection (which hath made a mighty warre in my meditations), and here I do truly relate to what issue this dangerous combat is come untoe, wherein I have not only examined but



thoroughly tried and pared my thoughts, even to the quicke, before I could finde any fit, wholesome and apt applications to cure so dangerous an ulcer."

He probes still further into the "grounds and principall agitations which thus provoke me to be in love with one whose education has been rude, her manners barbarous, her generation accursed, and so discrepant in all nurtreture from myself that often-times, with fear and trembling, I have ended my private controversie with this: 'Surely these are wicked instigations hatched by him who seeketh and delighteth in man's destruction.' . . .

"Besides the many passions and sufferings which I have daily, hourly—yea, in my sleepe endured, even awaking me to astonishment, taxing me with remissness and carelessness, refusing and neglecting to performe the duties of a good Christian, pulling me by the eare, and crying 'Why dost thou not indeavor to make her a Christian?'

"And if this be, as undoubtedly this is, the service Jesus Christ requireth of his best servant, wo unto him that hath these instruments of pietie put into his hands and wilfully despiseth to work with them. Likewise, adding hereunto her great appearance of love to me, her desire to be taught and instructed in the knowledge of God, her capableness of understanding, her aptness and willingness to receive anie good impression, and also the spirit-uall, besides her own incitements thereunto stirring me up.

"What shall I doe? Shall I be of so untoward a disposition as to refuse to leade the blind into the right way? Shall I be so unnaturall as not to give breade to the hungrie?"

To this end had the brave, passionate, loyal dreamer come! In the perspective gained by two and three-quarter centuries, we easily trace the stages of the match-making. Rolfe, commonplace, sanctimonious and shrewd, on the lookout for a second wife and awake to the advantages of wedding a princess, even if she be a savage; the unsophisticated child of nature, with a head full of overwrought





fancies, ready to believe every English cavalier a demi-god; the conscientious governor, keen alike for Christian neophytes, and for a respite from wars and rumors of wars, which a union between prominent representatives of the two races would bring about—it was a clever sum in the “rule of three,” skilfully worked out that winter of 1612-13.

So they took her back to Jamestown, and baptized her at the font in the church built by Lord de la Warr, christening her “Rebecca.” Under this name they wedded her to John Rolfe, one April day. The tower still stands in which hung the two bells that rang out joyfully as bride and groom passed through the narrow archway.

The marriage cemented a lasting peace between the two nations. Powhatan, true to his purpose of holding no personal communication with the aliens, never visited his “jewel,” either in Jamestown or at her husband’s plantation of Varina, near Dutch Gap, on James river; but he sent friendly messages, from time to time, to “his daughter and unknown sonne,” and would know “how they lived, loved and liked.”

“She lives civilly and lovingly with her husband, and, I trust, will increase in goodness, as the knowledge of God in-

creaseth in her,” writes Sir Thomas Dale, in 1616. “She will go to England with me, and were it but the gaining of this one soul, I will think my time, toil and present time well spent.”

With this transatlantic voyage begins the last chapter in the checkered life of Our Lady of the James. She, her husband and her little son, “which she loved most dearly,” in company with the conscientious governor, landed in Plymouth, England, June 12, 1616. Six months later we hear of her as the object of much and admiring interest in fashionable circles. She had been presented at court, and, under the unremitting tutelage of “Master John Rolfe and his friends,” had learned to “speake such English as might well bee understood, and was become very formall and civill, after our English manner.” Alas, for the poor, transplanted wild flower!

The only portrait taken of her, and given with this sketch, bears the date of this year. In some such garb as we see in it (barring the tall hat) she might have been arrayed when John Smith, now admiral of New England, and on the eve of



a third voyage to America, called to see her, at Branford, near London, accompanied by several of his friends. Smith approached her respectfully, accosting her as "Lady Rebecca." After one swift look, she turned aside and buried her face in her hands, "without anie word," and, it would seem, withdrew from his immediate presence. As is sadly meet, we leave her old friend to tell the story:

"In that humour, her husband, with divers others, we all left her two or three houres, repenting myselfe to have writ she could speake English. But not long after, she began to talke, and remembered mee well what courtesies shee had done, saying: 'You did promise Powhatan what was yours should bee his, and he the like to you. You called him 'father,' being in his land a stranger, and by the same reason soe must I doe you.'

"Which, though I would have excused, I durst not allow of that title, because she was a king's daughter."

Reading the above, we call to mind that foolish King James—forgetful or ignorant of Powhatan's twenty sons and ten daughters, had expressed a fear lest, in the event of Pocahontas's succession to her father's throne, the kingdom of Virginia would "be vested in Mr. Rolfe's posterity." It behooved Smith, in recollection of the malicious reports relative to his own pretensions in that direction, to accentuate the distance between his estate and that of the Lady Rebecca.

What a tumult of emotions must have held the young hostess dumb during the long interval, so embarrassing to husband and guests! Smith, withheld by prudence and the etiquette he understood better than she—despite Master Rolfe's drilling—from approaching her, longed to say to her in her native tongue what he would not have others hear. He could, he felt, have won her from her seemingly inclement "humour," if only he had not boasted of her proficiency in English. And he must again stab the faithful heart by refusing the token of his remembrance



of their former intimacy. We can imagine that he listened, embarrassed, with down-dropt lids, as she gained in steadfast composure.

"With a well-set countenance, she said: 'Were you not afraid to come into my father's Countrie, and caused feare in him and all his people (but me), and feare you here I should call

you fater (i. e., here you are afraid to have me call you fater). I tell you then I will, and you shall call me childe, and so I will bee forever and ever your Countrieman. They did tell us alwaies you were dead, and I knew no other till I came to Plimoth; yet Powhatan did command Vitamatomakkin (one of Powhatan's council, who accompanied her to England) to seeke you, and know the truth—because your Countriemen will lie much.'"

The sigh of disillusion is in every sentence; the last is a sharp cry of pain. Who had deceived her? and why? Had Rolfe's "solicitude and passion" and the proselyting diplomacy of his lord and patron conspired to get her ideal Englishman off the stage of her imagination, that the widower might have a clear field? Conjecture cannot but be busy here—and, after all, confess itself conjecture still.

There is little more to tell. "Formall and civill" in outward seeming, she was at heart homesick. The winter tried her semi-tropical constitution severely; she fell ill with rapid consumption; preparations were hastily made for her return to Virginia—somewhat oddly, in Captain Argall's vessel. On the day before the good ship "George" was to sail, the Lady Rebecca died suddenly.

"It pleased God, at Gravesend, to take this young lady to his mercie, where shee made not more sorrow for her unexpected death than joy to the beholders to heare and see her make so religious and godly an end." Thus the chapter, signed "Samuel Argall, John Rolfe."

Tradition has it that she died sitting in an easy-chair, by an open window, her eyes fixed wistfully upon the western ocean.

"Her little child, Thomas Rolfe, was left at Plymouth, with Sir Lewis Stukly, that desired the keeping of it." She was but twenty-two years old. Travelled and erudite Purchas writes of her last days:

"She did not only accustom herself to civilitie, but still carried herself as the daughter of a King, and was accordingly respected not only by the Company which allowed provision for herself and son; but of divers particular persons of honour in their hopeful zeal for her to advance Christianity. I was present when my honorable and reverend patron, the Lord Bishop of London, Dr. King, entertained her with festival, and state and pomp beyond what I have seen in his great hospitalitie afforded to other ladies. At her return towards Virginia, she came to Gravesend to her end and grave."

Hon. William Wirt Henry, whose Life and Letters of Patrick Henry rank him among the most accomplished historiographers of our country, has paid a more eloquent tribute to Our Lady of the James:

"Pocahontas, who, born the daughter of a savage king, was endowed with all the graces which became a Christian princess; who was the first of her people to embrace Christianity, and to unite in marriage with the English race; who, like a guardian angel, watched over and preserved the infant colony which has developed into a great people, among whom her own descendants have ever been conspicuous for true nobility; and whose name will be honored while this great people occupy the land upon which she so signally aided in establishing them."



OLD TOWER OF JAMESTOWN CHURCH IN WHICH POCAHONTAS WAS MARRIED.



THE WEDDING AT CAPRI.

A PENTECOSTAL TALE.

BY PAUL HEYSE.

WE had allowed ourselves to be detained too long by the charm of the Neapolitan spring. Now we had to take our leave if we were to meet our friends in Rome. We had not the heart, however, to start northward without greeting once more our beloved Capri, which, wrapped in its blue veil, had daily been beckoning to us.

The golden sun poured its splendor over the Saturday of Pentecost when we boarded the little steamer at Santa Lucia which was to carry us across to "the steep coast of the rock-bound isle. It seemed to us as if we had never seen the air which bathes these blessed shores tremble in such festal radiance and the little towns which dot the bay toward Sorrento shimmer forth so brightly out of the pale green of olive and orange groves. And now to behold our island in its violet-tinged vapor—*è una magia* even the captain of the ship said, though it must have been many hundred times that the same spectacle had greeted his eyes.

The first class passengers became ill at ease on the benches under the great canvas awning. One after another, they made their way to the fore-deck; and even the old Scotchman with the two reddish-blond daughters, who at the most beautiful spots was deeply absorbed in his guide-book, closed the red volume and selected a point of vantage on the forward part of the ship,

whence he could, without the tutelage of his "Murray," enjoy the wonders of earth and sky.

I was just about to follow his laudable example, when my wife called my attention to a queer couple—an old lady and a young man—who were absolutely oblivious of everything, appearing to be too earnestly occupied with their own affairs to pay any heed to the glory around them.

The stout little lady was sitting, all crooked up, her chin resting upon her bosom, and her form enveloped in the folds of an old-fashioned silk cloak. In her lap lay a travelling bag. So still was she sitting that one would have supposed that she was asleep, if she had not, from time to time, by a groan or a sigh, given evidence of being awake. She appeared to be listening quite intently to what her young companion was saying to her in an anxious, half-audible tone. The great black straw hat which she wore askew on her gray head, afforded us only a partial view of her broad, old face, which shyly and disgustedly shielded itself against the sunshine, like an owl that by chance had strayed into the daylight. The young man at her side was strikingly handsome—a fine, fresh face, about which his brown hair fluttered under a black artist hat; his slender form faultlessly arrayed in a brand new modish summer suit. At the first glance I was prepossessed in

his favor by the faithful solicitude with which he devoted himself to the old woman, upon whom his importunate argument seemed to make no impression whatever.

We were just about to pass them by and leave them to their fate, when the stout lady accidentally raised her head, inspected us with a quick glance, and made a motion of surprise, as if she was delighted to see us. I, too, was struggling with the impression that her face was not quite strange to me. My wife whispered in my ear a name which had a familiar sound, and then approached the old lady, who, with some embarrassment, rose to return her greeting.

"We know each other by sight, at least," said my wife; "but as we are compatriots, and meet thus in a foreign land, permit me to ask you whether I can be of any service to you. Perhaps I might offer you some eau de Cologne—"

"You are very kind, gracious lady," the old matron replied; "but that which oppresses my heart cannot be relieved by perfumery. If you wish to know why I am in such a bad humor,—well, ask him—it's his fault that his mother has such a great sorrow in her old age. It is, indeed, a true word, that children cause the greatest suffering. Before they get into the world, they wring our bodies, and afterwards they wring our hearts. Permit me to introduce to you my son—artist by profession. You know the lady and gentleman, Leopold. I regret that we meet under such sad circumstances—"

"But, mother!" the young man exclaimed, blushing to the edge of his hair.

"Well, why shouldn't I say it, Poldy?" continued his mother, who, in the meanwhile, had been sighing vehemently. "You will make it public yourself, in a few days, and must then put up with whatever people will say about it. For you must know, gracious lady, we are going to a wedding. If my good husband were

yet alive, he would never allow it; but a poor, lonesome widow—and of male relatives whom the boy would respect I have none; and then he is of age, too—twenty-three, already—and has the effrontery to write to his mother: 'If you do not give your consent to my marriage with Angiolina, I will blow my brains out!' And hot-headed as he is,—yes, that you are, Poldy, even though, in other respects, you have always been a good son. And then he would not have anything to do with his father's business, but insisted upon taking up art. My husband, as you perhaps know, was the proprietor of a great brewery. I have had to sell that now,—well, all that I have had to put up with! It is no great miracle if a young man is led astray and becomes a painter in Munich. The gay life, and the roaming, and the models, and all that,—well, I have not been able to prevent him; and then he has talent, too, the gentleman in the *Neueste Nachrichten* said, at the time when he had his first picture on exhibition in the Art Union. But why can't he, like so many others, paint his pictures quietly in Munich, and marry a nice girl, and not—such a—such a—"



"APPEARING TO BE EARNESTLY OCCUPIED WITH THEIR OWN AFFAIRS."

She could not find the right word. She observed how the face of her dear son darkened, and that he was on the point of remonstrating against any offensive characterization of his fiancée.

"Well, well, Poldy, I've said nothing," the old woman made haste to assure him. "Your Angiolina may, for aught I know, be a perfect paragon of beauty and excellence; and that she does not bring you a red cent—well, that I can overlook. I have enough, thank God, to place you in a position where you won't have to look out for the pennies. But such a foreign creature, who can't speak a word of German and has no idea of housekeeping,—who will always want to be lying in the sun, or to be singing and dancing,—and then they say that all Italian women have such a lot of vermin, if you will pardon the expression—"

"How often am I to tell you, mother," the son interrupted, "that you are all wrong about that! I am myself to blame," he continued, addressing us, "for my mother's notion that all Italian women spend their days rattling their castanets and dancing the tarantella. The first picture I sold represented such a scene. But when you have made the acquaintance of my Angiolina, mother—"

"A lovely acquaintance, Poldy! What are we two to say to each other? Her pretty face I have already seen in your sketch-book; and her family I am not particularly anxious to know. You acknowledged yourself that they would not do us any credit if they were to visit us in Munich. Oh, and then our family,—you know, gracious lady, how highly my husband was esteemed,—and my sainted father was court messenger, and H.R.H., Prince Leopold, was sponsor to my son. He might have made the very best of matches; and now he brings what is not much better than a gypsy into my house, and his old mother, who can't endure railroads and is always deathly ill on the water, has got to travel a long distance to meet such a bride."

"But the ocean is calm as a mirror," ejaculated the son. "Two hours more, and it will be all over. And then, when you see how perfectly clean your future daughter-in-law is, and how rejoiced she is at your arrival—"

"I fancy she will be more likely to

rejoice in your bridal present. For she has herself requested it," the old lady went on, as she produced a silk-lined leather-case from her travelling-bag, and opened it. "There, you may see it! Isn't it a beautiful bracelet? Exactly such an one she wanted—with rubies. Oh, those Italian women! They are as crazy after finery as magpies,—and my Poldy, of course, had to rush at once to the most expensive store in Rome, and buy it for her. It isn't the money I regret,—you may believe me when I say it—but for such a—such a—"

The son shook his head vehemently, and, while my wife took a seat next to the sorrowing woman, he walked up and down on the deck with me, in great agitation.

"You may well believe it: My mother, she is the best woman in the world," he began, "but quite of the old style. She had never been out of Munich, except a single time,—as far as the Achensee. When I wrote to her that she must come to Rome—for there I was to meet her, and thence I intended to bring her to Capri to see her daughter-in-law at least once before she bestowed her blessing upon her—well, then she was quite beside herself about everything—the long journey, the sudden engagement—and with 'such an one.'" (He tried to laugh at the quotation, but did not quite succeed.) "Do you know, I believe she had already picked out another bride for me, some goldfish, probably, from among her friends or relations. But I am resolved to obey only my own heart; and of my art there would soon be an end, if I were to marry in such Philistine fashion. You will understand that, surely. And finally, as my mother's one care is that I shall be happy—"

"And are you so perfectly convinced on that point?"

"Oh, as regards that" (he cast an enthusiastic glance out over the ocean, toward the siren's isle, the silhouette of which traced itself in its unforgettably beautiful contour against the crystal sky), "as regards that, you will yourself see and judge, and then you will also be able to speak with her, which, unhappily, my good mother cannot do. In two months I have certainly had time to make her acquaintance. Oh, you may believe me,

I was not frivolous enough to take counsel only of my eyes, which, to be sure, had never seen anything so beautiful in flesh and blood. No, I have daily sought opportunity to have long conversations with her. Behind the house of her parents there is a little garden, past which a little alley-way leads. There we chatted with each other over the wall, week after week; for, truth to tell, my wooing was confoundingly respectable. Only a single kiss did she grant me, when we became engaged. A courtship with window-climbing and kissing, as is the custom in our mountains, is out of the question here in Italy. They do not trust their own passionate blood; and they are afraid, if they only give the little finger, that all the rest will follow. But, even if I have no favors to boast, our long conversations afforded me a thorough insight into her sentiments and character."

I could not suppress a smile, when he thus ingenuously assured me that he was a profound connoisseur of the human heart, and had read the most secret thoughts of the little Capri girl, as in a confessional.

"Character—" I said, "well, of that, I suppose, she has, like most of her countrywomen, probably no lack; that is, if you mean thereby that she knows what she wants and steers straight for her goal. But sentiment (*Gemüth*) I should scarcely have thought of attributing to a Capri girl, and your Angiolina must be a real jewel, if she has been endowed with even a modest share of this divine gift."

He flushed again, not with embarrassment, but rather with resentment of my obnoxious doubt.

"I know that there is a prejudice abroad against southern girls," he remarked between his teeth, "and particularly against the girls of this island. Because they have self-respect, and do not immediately fall upon the neck of anyone who may be disposed to enact a romance with them, they have got a bad name as a sort of fishy race, who only speculate in profitable marriages. Well, if that were so, my Angiolina would not have needed two months to give me her 'Yes,' for I told her from the outset that my intentions were honorable. But she wanted to find out whether we were really suited for each other; for she was afraid that up in our Germany she might freeze to death, unless

our hearts kept each other warm,—no, really, she has an enormous deal of sentiment. And she is such a pure child of nature, entirely unspoiled by culture! You smile? You mean to say that it is no great merit to be unspoiled by culture when one has no culture. Anyway, she would make me no happier if she knew the year of Charlemagne's birth, and that Munich is not the capital of Turkey. Oh, when she looks at one with those large, glittering child-eyes of hers—but wait a minute, and I'll show you the picture I made of her, on the day of our betrothal, it is just three weeks ago. On the very next day I started to meet my mother, and, unhappily, that took more time than I had anticipated; for three weeks I have not heard a word from her. You know letter-writing is not the strong point of the Capri girls; they much prefer oral communication. But the greater will be her delight and surprise when today I shall cross her threshold with my mother."

He turned toward the bench upon which he had left his valise. But he was not to accomplish his feat of producing his sketch-book. During our conversation the face of the ocean had undergone a suspicious transformation; the smooth mirror was furrowed with deep rifts, in which the keel of our ship was toiling, while the motion of the screw, with its short, sharp pulsations, drove the cumbersome vessel now to one side and now to the other. The sun was shining as before, and the wind, which was so ungenially stirring up the sea, pervaded the hot noon-day with its cool breath. It was, however, no longer any pleasure to be tossed hither and thither over "the sacred brine" in this nut-shell of a boat. Round about us we noticed faces which grew pallid, heads which leaned out over the bulwarks, and young bridal couples, who for the first time parted, in order separately to abandon themselves to their fate.

"*Mare di sotto!*" said the captain, who was just passing by us, as again a hollow abyss yawned under our keel, and with a tremendous thud closed high on our bow.

It was no wonder that our countrywoman was among the first to succumb—she to whom even the Starnberg Lake, as she had declared, was not without terrors. No persuasions were required to induce her to follow her Poldy down into the

cabin, in order to escape the "horrible" sight of the foam-crested waves. The son seemed to be proof against seasickness. Lovers will notoriously pass unscathed through fire and water.

As, however, we arrived in the harbor of Sorrento, where some passengers disembarked, and others were taken on board, we saw, with astonishment, our young countryman again emerge with his mother. The old lady was deadly pale; her coiffure was a complete wreck, and the son was plunged in despair. We were informed that his mother's condition had become so serious that she was sure she would die if she continued the voyage. Here in Sorrento she was determined to remain, and never put her foot on such a death-trap of a ship again. If the girl cared to make the acquaintance of her mother-in-law, with the breath still in her body, she might come to Sorrento and see her. Any how, she had done too much honor to "such an one," who did not even know her paternoster in German, in travelling so far to meet her. We pacified the excited lady; assured her that everything would come out in accordance with her wishes; and that, in any case, she was wise in awaiting developments here in Sorrento, in the pleasant Hotel Victoria. We then parted hurriedly, whereupon the son whispered to us that he expected, if his mother recovered, to come after us in a boat this very evening, and he counted on our aid in inducing the young girl to make the trip to Sorrento. "Mare di sotto!"

We, too, were ere long to experience the meaning of this phrase.

As, at the end of two hours, we dropped anchor at the wharf of Capri, we had no desire for the acquaintance of beautiful Capri girls, but rather for a quiet bed of rest, where we might recover from the effects of the heavings and hurlings of the raging waves. That we found soon enough, for love and money, in an airy room in Hotel Quisisana; and presently, after a brief hour, felt ourselves in condition to take a walk through the lanes and alleyways of the old island nest, although we were yet obliged to turn our backs on the table which was spread in the dining-room.

There we found again our old Capri as we had left it, many years ago—the narrow, dirty lanes; the black caverns, on the

thresholds of which the women sat with their spinning-wheels, and the men with their tools; the world-renowned palm-tree looming out of Pagano's garden—the most frequently-painted tree in all Italy; the unkempt urchins, who importuned the stranger with their buffoonery and artistic mendicancy, (only they had learned a little more German since I saw them last, and some of them sang quite correctly our pretty song, "Muss i' denn, muss i' denn zum Städteli 'naus"); and over all this picturesquely enchanting humanity dirt and decay; then the steeply-beetling, silver-gray rocks, in whose rifts and chasms myrtle, laurel and oleander shrubs, the noblest weeds in the world, have been growing for centuries, in rank luxuriance. It would have been inexcusable to return again to the north without having feasted our hearts and senses on all this imperishable beauty. Today, moreover, an extra treat was reserved for us, the like of which, as regards brightness and mirth, we had never experienced.

We were just stepping out upon the market-place, from one of the narrow lanes, in order to return to our hotel, when we saw a dense crowd of people rushing along and a troop of children, which formed the vanguard, running and leaping, with screaming and cheering, in front of a little squad of musicians who were discoursing music upon a fiddle, two guitars and a clarinette. Behind these four, whose red faces and uncertain performance showed that they had already emptied many a bumper of red Capri wine, in honor of the occasion, came the bridal pair—and the queerest bridal pair I have ever beheld.

The young wife—for she had been married an hour ago, and was now making the round of the town, in order to afford her friends and neighbors the pleasure of seeing her, as we were kindly informed by one of the spectators—was a true child of Capri, very young, with a face of the purest lines, like a sculptured Madonna face; coal-black hair, simply parted in the middle; fine grayeyes, under long-fringed eye-lashes; ivory-tinted cheeks, suffused with a delicate flush, and the loveliest lips, of the color of pomegranates. In fact, she was a rare young beauty, and her figure, too, was full of grace. She was arrayed in a pale-blue dress of light

woolen stuff, which made her enchanting person appear like a promenading elder-tree. On her brow shimmered the orange-blossoms under the long, waving tulle veil; her hands were encased in gloves of pale-blue silk, and her small feet in satin shoes of the same color.

By the side of this little fairy princess, whose every feature betrayed the pleasure she took in her triumphal progress, the young bridegroom looked decidedly queer. He was a spare, scrawny-looking youth, with a yellowish, beardless face, which smiled with profound self-complacency, and now and then, by a strained elevation of the eyebrows, strove to assume an air of superior dignity. His new black suit slouched about his angular limbs; a scarlet necktie fluttered boldly about his lean neck; and the sun was reflected with dazzling effect in his high stove-pipe hat. Besides the orange twig in his button-hole, he carried in his left hand a nosegay, which he frequently lifted to his nose, and with his right hand, which was covered with lemon-colored gloves, he daintily held aloft two of his wife's pale-blue fingers, as if he desired to present her to the public. "Look at her," he seemed to say, "the prettiest girl in Capri, and I am the lucky chap who has snatched her away under the nose of everybody!"

It was not to be denied that the conqueror seemed to be regarded with much respect. Nowhere was a single trace of mockery to be observed, nor did I hear any remark on the incongruous pair, or a regret that so beautiful a creature should have chosen so ridiculous a companion. The friendly Caprian who had volunteered the information that the two were already married, seemed, like the rest, to have no doubt that this marriage, too, had been made in heaven. It was a great piece of good fortune for the girl, he instructed us, to make such

a splendid match before she was seventeen years old. She was the daughter of a dealer in fruits, who had simply managed to scrape along, and she brought her husband no dowry, except her youth and beauty. Sor Aristide had, so to speak, taken her "*senza camicia*." He had arrived a fortnight ago from Rio de Janeiro, where he carried on a business in tropical fruits—*oranges, olives and figs*,—and that had made him awfully rich in a few years, and now he lacked nothing except a wife. But a transatlantic

woman he had no mind to marry. He wanted a girl from his own home, and immediately, on the very day of his landing, he had met his present wife, whom he had known in her childhood; and as



"THERE WE CHATTED WITH EACH OTHER OVER THE WALL."

he was in a great hurry, being unable to stay away long from his business, he had lost no time in arranging the affair. The day after tomorrow they were to start, by steamer, for their new home. All the young fellows envied him his choice, and the young girls envied her her husband. For he was very free-handed, and had given her the chain she wore about her neck, and the brooches, and the three rings which glittered on the outside of her silk gloves,—in fact, he had given her everything.

We took good care not to betray that we did not exactly agree with him in regarding the bride as one to be envied. For all that, it was to us very pretty to observe how she was saluted by everybody, as she passed along, pelted with flowers and confetti, preceded by the buzzing and jingling music,—for a couple of girls, who walked in the procession, were beating the time on tambourines—followed by the crowd of wedding-guests, and the violet canopy of the Caprian sky outspread over all. And even if her little doll-face had not been radiant with bridal bliss, melancholy it could certainly never have exhibited. For they are not sentimentally inclined, these southern women; and this little sixteen-year-old beauty probably knew well enough what she was about when "*senza camicia*" she found a bridegroom.

* * *

For a moment we thought of making inquiries regarding the bride of our young fellow-countryman. During the hurried leave-taking, we had, however, neglected to ascertain the name and dwelling of her parents; and to hunt up all the Angiolinas of the island, one by one, until we hit upon the right one, would have been rather too much of an undertaking. We, accordingly, returned to our hotel, sat down to a frugal meal, and then drove up the magnificent road to Anacapri, high above the level of the sea. There we revelled, until sunset, in enjoyment of the enchanting view toward Ischia, Naples, Vesuvius, and the lofty shore toward Punta di Sorrento. Up here a nobler race is found than in the villages of Capri, teeming with strangers, where old and young are trained to capture and prey upon the defenseless traveller. In a garden, which

we invaded, allured by the view, we were treated with graceful hospitality by the proprietress and her daughter, who offered us a plate full of oranges and bouquets of flowers, refusing all remuneration.

In the evening, when we were sitting on the garden terrace of our Quisisana, watching the stars, one after another, emerging from the purple firmament, and the sweet smell of orange-blossoms was wafted up on the sea breeze, it suddenly occurred to my wife how lovely it would be if the silent night were to throb with the music of guitars and the jingling of tambourines, and a fine young couple could be found to dance the tarantella.

"Do you know, I have never yet had a chance to see a real tarantella," she said; "for what I have seen at masquerades and in theaters was nothing but a feeble caricature."

"I doubt very much if the wild original will please you," I replied, laughing. "I have frequently seen it in former years, and it excelled more in wildness than in beauty and grace. For old hags and stout men frisked hither and thither, and leaped, with contorted limbs, like frogs gone mad. Perhaps we may have better luck this time."

We addressed ourselves to our landlady, who was sitting with her daughter under the arbor in the garden, enjoying the evening stillness. She shook her head. Usually, nothing was easier than to procure half a dozen young people and make them dance. But tonight everybody was at the wedding, and, if we wished to see the tarantella, we had better go there ourselves.

"But we are strangers," we declared; "we cannot invite ourselves, and mingle with the wedding-guests."

"Both Sor Aristide and his young wife will take it as a great honor; Anetta will show you the way. You will not regret it."

She called an elderly servant, who was busy watering the vegetable-beds close by, and we started forthwith for the bridal-house. It lay half-hidden in a narrow corner of a narrow lane, in which the rank smell of fish fried in oil, onions and gingerbread mingled with odors of a still more questionable kind. From afar it was easily distinguished from the neighboring

houses by its three illuminated windows, from which a tremendous noise of jingling and throbbing tambourines, shrieking fiddles and stamping feet, was pouring out.

A narrow staircase of stone, on the outside of the house, led from the street up to the second floor. On the floor below was the store in which the young bride had helped her parents in the sale of fruits and vegetables, until fate carried her away, to continue the paternal business on a grander scale beyond the ocean. At this hour, however, the store was closed, and the festival was raging in the upper rooms, which were as bare and unadorned as custom in this country prescribes. Not even the inevitable lithograph of Garibaldi and Victor Emanuel, or a chromo of the Virgin Mary, hung upon the dirty gray walls.

We had had some difficulty in making our way through the throng of children who were standing on the steps of the stairs, enchanted by the bright windows and the feverish music. On the topmost step stood some young fellows who seemed half to belong to the wedding company. Almost everyone of them wore a flower behind his ear or in the lapel of his jacket, and most of them were smoking long, black cigars and humming the tune of the dancing-music. As they saw us mount the steps, they respectfully made a way for us, and one of them called into the room, whereupon the music ceased, a lane was opened for our passage through the crowd, and the young bride came forward to greet us with hospitable gestures.

We had now a chance to observe her closely; her beauty appeared still more charming when we could leisurely admire her delicate complexion, and the gem-like sparkle of her large eyes. At the same time, we could not but wonder at the perfect coolness and indifference of this young face, which, while she spoke, preserved a perfect equanimity and was animated by no festive smile. Her attire, too, was irreproachable, as if it had come right out of the wardrobe—not a fold was ruffled; not a flower was missing from her bridal-wreath. She was a perfect picture—"fatto a pennello" (made with a paint-brush), as the old Caprian on the market-place had described her.

In spite of her sixteen years, she had

the perfect bearing of a young woman of the world. She would give us no chance to present our apologies for our uninvited intrusion, but led us through the respectfully staring company to the chairs standing up against the wall and reserved for the more distinguished guests. Here the bride's parents were sitting—the bridegroom had either lost his, or left them in America,—beside some near relatives, all in their ordinary clothes, and the men (with the exception of the bridegroom) in their shirt-sleeves. A young woman, an aunt of the bride, sat beside this young Philistine, holding a fat baby in her lap, whom she was, without the least embarrassment, suckling. Nor did she allow herself to be disturbed in her maternal function, when her niece led us up to her to be presented. The mother of the bride had instantly made room for my wife, so that she might sit next to the sposo (bridegroom), a questionable honor, by the way, as the young man was persistently silent, and only sat smiling before him with elevated eyebrows. More talkative his wife proved to be, when she had brought me to a seat at her side. I could not cease wondering at the cold-blooded cleverness with which this young creature conducted herself toward me, a perfect stranger: just like a queen of the ball, who grants an extra turn in the cotillon to a dancer with whom she is on easy terms. She declared that we had done her a particular honor in coming to her wedding. We were probably English or French. At the wedding of one of her friends an American family had been present, and they had been so charming. The young ladies had even danced the tarantella? No, that pleasure she would have to decline. She would utterly ruin her dress, and, moreover, her train was much too long. Later she would, perhaps, try a round dance, but not with her husband, because he couldn't dance. He was an uomo positivo—a practical man, but her cousin Carlino would be only too glad; but first of all, she must now present my wife to the sarta.

"The sarta—the dressmaker?"

"Yes, the one who had made her dress. It was cut according to the latest Parisian fashion, and it took only a week to get it ready. Was it not pretty and very becoming?"

She accepted my wife's compliment as

a matter of course, took us by the hand, and conducted us to a lean, elderly woman, who was sitting in a rigid attitude next to the suckling aunt, and who was undeniably treated by the whole circle with particular veneration. She was the only one besides the bride who was arrayed in festal garb; while all the rest had only added to their everyday toilets a little extra attention to their hair, and perhaps a bit of powder. But the dressmaker wore a large-checked cotton gown of very striking cut, and a broad chain—probably gilt brass—about her neck, and a black veil descending over her thin brown hair. She spoke little, but with great nicety, and had a bottle of wine and a glass standing, for her private delectation, on the vacant chair at her side. She looked at us with condescending composure as the bride introduced us.

She did not quite thaw out until we had complimented her on her professional skill. In the meanwhile the young fellows began to grow restless. The musicians who had their places near the door resumed their activity, and now a regular tarantella began to the tune: "*Gia la luna 'mmiezze mare,*" danced by several couples, but without the bacchanalian wildness and the repulsive gestures of old women and reeling drunkards which I had formerly witnessed.

The bride had again resumed her seat between my wife and me; the young husband was snapping his fingers and laughing in an imbecile fashion; his father-in-law had stolen into the adjoining room where some hoary worthies were having a little symposium, and smoking a horrible tobacco in their short pipes. In fact, the aspect of affairs was beginning to appear not wholly agreeable, when all of a sudden the dance and the music ceased, and from all the corners of the room a shower of flowers and confetti descended upon the bridal pair and the guests of honor. We grabbed what we could lay our hands on, and were about to surrender it to the bride. But instead of that we had to resign ourselves to a different proceeding. All that she could heap together with her small hands in the blue silk gloves she shook into the lap of my wife; while me she honored with a bouquet, which she pinned in my button-hole.

Presently, as the dancers had withdrawn to the stairway or the adjoining room, a

small, somewhat deformed man, with a smooth-shaven head and shrewd, sloping little eyes, advanced toward us, carrying in his left hand a plate with two full wine glasses. The right hand he placed with a pathetic gesture upon his breast, and began to recite a verse in which he greeted the strangers who by their presence had honored this bridal in terms of exaggerated veneration, reminding us of the fact that Germany and Italy had now concluded a faithful alliance, like this couple, wherefore he would call down the blessing of heaven upon both in equal measure; in token of which he would beg us to drink a glass with him. He then handed one of the glasses to my wife with an elegant bow, and touched his lips to the other, which he offered me, while all the bystanders broke into a stormy applause.

This little scene had been enacted with so much grace, and the verses, which were obviously improvised, had such a melodious ring, that a most cheerful humor took possession of us, and we could not suppress our admiration of the dignity with which these islanders conduct their festivities. There was not a trace of the rudeness and intemperance with which our German peasant weddings are celebrated; not a single drunken reveller broke in upon the dancing tune with screams and yells; and the bride's mother, who had retired into a corner and fallen asleep, snored so gently that no one was in the least incommoded thereby.

The music had just taken a fresh start with a strange dragging measure, which here is very popular, when we suddenly became aware of a loud quarrel which was in progress in the open stairway before the door. The vehement gestures of the young fellows seemed to indicate that some intruder was pressing forward, while the rest were trying to prevent his entrance. The noise became presently so loud that the musicians had to stop. And now a tall young fellow appeared on the threshold, and called to the bride, accompanying his unintelligible words with an eager beckoning movement of hands and eyes.

I noticed how her beautiful face suddenly grew pale, and lost its cool self-possession. Then she arose without hesitation, went toward the door, and disappeared for a moment in the crowd of the

young people outside. A death-like stillness reigned in the room. Everyone looked excitedly toward the dusky doorway, through which a subdued, agitated whispering reached us. Then the knot of shirt-sleeved fellows who had besieged the threshold stepped apart, and the bride appeared, dragging after her, by the hand, a figure in whom, with amazement, we recognized our hopeful countryman, the excellent Poldy.

The honest youth bore, to be sure, but a slight resemblance to the Poldy whose acquaintance we had made in the morning. His curly hair was tumbled, his hat he must have lost in the scuffle, his handsome face was pale as death, his eyes rolled wildly in his head, and seemed unable clearly to distinguish any object; at all events he glanced at us without any sign of recognition. Moreover, his whole frame was in a tremble, and he kept constantly moving his right clenched fist up and down, like a hammer with which he wanted to smash something or other. When he caught sight of the bridegroom—whose black coat with the bouquet of orange blossoms made him recognizable—he emitted a groan of rage from between his gnashing teeth, and made a motion as if to rush at him. His rival regarded him with a mystified air, opening his small eyes as widely as possible, and did not even rise from his chair as his wife brought this quarrelsome stranger toward him. Perhaps he knew that she had a firm hand and sufficiently cool blood to avert disaster.

And she did, indeed, take good care not to relax her hold upon the unbidden guest, but led him up to the dressmaker, who looked up without much surprise, and quietly put her wine glass, which she had just drained, back upon the chair. "Ecco," we heard the bride say with a calm voice, as if she were introducing an honored guest to her venerated friend, "here is Sor Leopoldo, of whom I told

you, Gigina, and this is our dressmaker, Sor Leopoldo, who was sponsor to mamma, and she will tell you why I did not wait for you, but took Sor Aristide. Didn't you yourself advise me to do it, Gigina? And you would have done the same thing yourself. I don't see why we shouldn't be friends, as before; and there is no sort of sense in talking about dying and killing."

"Oh, Angiolina," cried the deceived lover in despairing rage, "why have you done this to me? Did you not tell me only three weeks ago that you loved me, and would be my wife, . . . and now I come to bring you to my mother, oh, you false snake of a girl! Oh, perfidious one! Oh, donna senza fede, if I plunged a knife into your heart—"

"Zitto," the dressmaker ejaculated



THE BRIDAL PROCESSION.

suddenly, with her deep gruff voice, which came with a strange ring out of her lean chest: "What possesses you to come storming into a bridal house, and make such wild speeches? If you must know it, I did advise Angiolina not to wait for you; and you will have to settle the business with me; and I am not afraid of you, I can tell you that. I, too, have once been young, and pretty too, though not so pretty as Angiolina; and young men used to squint after me too; above all, the strangers, and particularly the artists. Then I got to know what sort of people they are, and those pittori—burlatori, artisti—nomini tristi! I will not stir up those old stories. But when Angiolina came to me and said, 'Gigina' she said, 'here Sor Aristide has come from beyond the sea; he has grown very rich there and he wants to marry me,' I answered: 'Take him, figlia mia, and God bless you.' 'But here is Sor Leopoldo too,' says she, 'who went away a week ago, and I gave him my word, and what shall I say to him, when he comes back,' says she. 'Well, dear, if he were a Milord,' says I, 'but a mere painter—and you know: pittori—burlatori—no, don't forfeit your happiness for such an one, figlia mia,' says I, 'and as for your wedding gown, I'll look out for that, even though the time is short,' says I. 'And you, Sor Leopoldo, you who are an artist, you can judge of that yourself. Doesn't she look as pretty as a doll in this toilet? and the people over there in America, how they will open their eyes, when they see what beautiful girls we have here at Capri, and what beautiful clothes they wear, and how they fit like a glove! It cost, indeed, ten lire a meter, but Sor Aristide can afford to pay for it. His fruit business, you may be sure, is more profitable than your daubings on canvas. Why, Angiolina would have been stark mad if she had waited for you.'

This admirable speech, which was delivered in a sufficiently audible tone to be heard by all in the room, seemed to meet with universal approbation. At all events I saw both old and young heads nod approvingly; and among them that of the fair faithless one; while the fortunate conqueror who had carried off the victor's prize elevated his eyebrows, gave a click with his tongue, and thereupon arose

to drink a glass with his eloquent spokeswoman.

Pitiable indeed did the spurned lover appear. All stared at him with obvious ill-will, as if the wrong were all on his side. Only the bridegroom advanced toward him as if to signify that he would be merciful rather than just, and would grant him an honorable retreat. I saw how a sudden glow of wrath flared out upon the youth's pale countenance, how he opened his lips and raised his clenched fist for a reply which would have had incalculable consequences, when I concluded it was high time for me to interfere. Quickly, I stepped up behind him, and put my hand on his shoulder.

He looked about with a furious glance, under the impression that someone was laying hands upon him with hostile intent. As he recognized me his hot excitement suddenly cooled, and he dropped his eyes in such helpless confusion that I felt heartily sorry for him.

"Compose yourself, dear friend," I said, "try and use your reason, and put the best face upon a bad situation. That you fell head over ears in love with this beautiful creature no one will find fault with. Even under this favored sky one will have to look long for a more perfect specimen of her kind, and I am convinced that Greek blood must flow in her veins, as one often finds over there at the Piana di Sorrento. But that should not prevent even a young artist from congratulating himself on having escaped the fate of being the husband of such a prodigy. You will remember that I was a trifle sceptical when you praised to me the sentiments of your beloved. Well, with your permission—as an old connoisseur of men and of Italy, you may believe me—she has no more sentiment in her whole charming person than the stone image of the Madonna over the church portal. And as for character—she has, no doubt, a very solid and practical one, exactly suited for America. She will make her Aristides exactly as happy with it as he ought to be and deserves to be; and she would have made you more miserable than you surely would ever deserve to be; and your good mother still more. She might not have been unfaithful to you—for that, this image without grace, however southern she may be, has too

little temperament. But even if this virtue would have sufficed to compensate you during a long life for all that with such a cold-blooded siren you would have missed—come, now, smooth out those wrinkles, make a virtue of necessity, and instead of making a tragedy of the affair, show that you know how to do justice to the humor of the situation."

The excited youth had at first listened to me somewhat dumfounded, and as in a dream. Gradually, however, a sense of the reality about him began to dawn in his ruthlessly roaming eyes; the feverish twitching of his features ceased; and when I had finished, he nodded his head thoughtfully a couple of times, looked first at his lost bride, then at his victorious rival, and suddenly a loud laugh burst from his breast, which hitherto had heaved so vehemently—a laugh, which, to be sure, was not particularly cheerful, but which, nevertheless, sounded better than his gnashing of teeth. He held out his hand to me, pressed it violently and said, "I thank you. You are perfectly right. I was an ass, a purblind ass. In the end, I should have become something still worse. But you will admit—"

What he intended to say I never learned. For in this instant he discovered my wife among the bystanders, blushed again slightly, but quickly recovering his composure, advanced politely toward her and asked how she was, as if nothing unusual had happened. She, adopting his light tone, inquired for his mother. Happily, the good lady was extremely well in her airy loggia in Sorrento, and would (I added mentally) no doubt rejoice to receive her son back without "such an one." Thereupon the excellent youth turned to his lost parents-in-law, who had been the only ones of the whole company that betrayed embarrassment.

The bride, however, came promptly to their rescue. She seized Poldy's hand, in her friendliest manner, and conducted him to a seat next to her husband, who made a polite bow and with a victor's magnanimity reached his hand to the conquered. Then she sat down at his other side; and the three young people now presented a picture of the most perfect harmony and cheerfulness. The third member of the union did, to be sure, nothing but laugh continually in a queer fashion; but the

young wife, whose face remained stony, chattered incessantly and did the honors of the feast irreproachably.

She had occupied her seat only a few minutes when the small, deformed man, the improvisatore, stepped up in front of the new "guest of honor" with two filled glasses upon a plate, and spoke his little piece in which, this time, art and the beauty of nature played the leading parts. He finished by proposing three cheers for the young painter, reaching him the glass, and asking him to do it justice. Our young friend arose, sent a challenging look out of his handsome, fiery eyes, and called out in good Italian: "Three cheers for the bridal pair, the worthy young bridegroom, and the fairest and truest of all the women of Italy! Let us drink a glass to their health and prosperity."

Thus he cried, drained his glass in one draught, and let it fall upon the floor, so that it broke in pieces. In the same moment the music struck up a wanton waltz. The youth who had been basely branded as a deceiver, though himself so flagrantly deceived, seized the young bride about the waist, lifted her up from her chair, and began to whirl her around in a ring like a madman.

It was very pretty to see how the pale-blue little form clung to the light summer coat of the slender youth; and every one of the spectators had to own that a handsomer couple was not easily found. Even the bridegroom, I fancied, could not quite dismiss this thought. He wrinkled his low forehead and forgot, for once, to snap the measure of the waltz with his fingers. But presently he looked on again in perfect composure—like all *beati possidentes*—whose pleasure is rather heightened by the envy of a discomfited rival.

No other couple joined in the dance. The girls stood with their partners as mere spectators and only quietly thumped their tambourines as an accompaniment. In ever accelerating measure the musicians fiddled and thrummed; ever more breathlessly the bride kept spinning around. Her wreath shed its blossoms; the needles which fastened her veil dropped out one by one.

"Basta! basta!" I heard her pant imploringly; but pitilessly her partner flew about with her in his frenzied whirl, until at last even the musicians got out of

breath and broke off with a violent fortissimo. Then the madman came to a sudden standstill in front of the bridegroom's chair. With a hoarse cry and a scornful glance he flung the half stunned

girl into the arms of her legitimate possessor, and with a loud, wild laugh broke through the dumfounded crowd, vanishing over the threshold into the night.



* * *

We felt, after this remarkable scene, that the dramatic interest of the evening, as far as we were concerned, was exhausted, and we seized the first opportunity, while the rest, with the greatest equanimity, were resuming their drinking and dancing, to take French leave.

My wife insisted, before going to bed, upon my making inquiries in regard to the condition of our young countryman. She was yet afraid that he might, when left to himself, do something desperate, after having before so many witnesses manifested such superhuman power of self-restraint. I knew that it had been his intention to take lodgings at Pagano's. There I accordingly called, and was informed that he had instantly rushed to his room, ordered a bottle of wine and some bread, and had thereupon gone quietly to sleep. There was, accordingly, no cause to worry on his account. When early the next day I repeated my inquiries, the poveretto, as the waiter called him, had already, an hour ago, started in a row-boat for Sorrento.

We had yet half a day at our disposal, as we intended to wait for the return trip of the steamer to Naples. This welcome respite we utilized most profitably in climbing about in the glorious pentecostal sunshine on the height of the villa of Tiberius and on the small beach below. In the midst of our delight in everything which our enraptured eyes absorbed, our thoughts still reverted to the little romance of yesterday. While with my wife pity for the poor disillusionized lover was the predominant sentiment (for, in the end, she thought, he could not have helped breathing a human soul into the little fish-blooded pixy), I found myself thinking with satisfaction of the relief which the good mother would experience at being spared the acquaintance of this half-savage daughter-in-law.

A lank, brown, fourteen-year-old slip of a street-lass carried, in the afternoon, our valises down to the steamboat landing, dexterously balancing her burden upon her head, while strands of her black hair hung down over her eyes and fore-

head. Like all the population of Capri and Anacapri, she was full of yesterday's drama; and although we informed her that we had witnessed it, she would not renounce the pleasure of relating to us the whole story, with characteristic embellishments. We might have made studies concerning the myth-making power of popular fancy. What, however, particularly impressed us was the perfectly sober view which had already found lodgment in this fourteen-year-old head.

It was very true, Nonnella remarked, that Sor Leopoldo was handsome and Sor Aristide ugly. For all that, he was the better match. And then Sor Leopoldo was a heretic, too, and a Lutheran (in which imputation she did the godson of His Royal Highness sore injustice), and then what would you have? It had gone to pieces—s'è scumpinato! However, the first bridegroom had conducted himself like a galantuomo—a perfect gentleman! Only fancy, signore, early this morning he sent Angiolina as a wedding present a magnificent bracelet, real gold, with

three big rubies, worth at the very least four hundred lire, if not five hundred. Sora Gigina, the dressmaker, had said so, and she knew. Yes, he was indeed a cara persona, that Sor Leopoldo. What a pity that such a thing should happen to him! But that was the way things went—it was Fate.

"A perfectly Turkish philosophy," observed my wife; "one could not be less sentimental at the Golden Horn than here at the glorious Gulf, where Tasso was born. Poor Poldy! He had to pay dearly for that lesson!"

"Don't waste too much pity on him," I replied. "He has gotten off far more cheaply than he would have done if he had himself clasped the bracelet about the arm of his pretty doll and introduced her to his good mamma as a daughter. I credit him with enough good sense in a fortnight or so to be conscious of an intense relief at the thought of the danger which he has escaped. Then he will say: 'Thank God! S'è scumpinato!'"

BUT ALSO —.

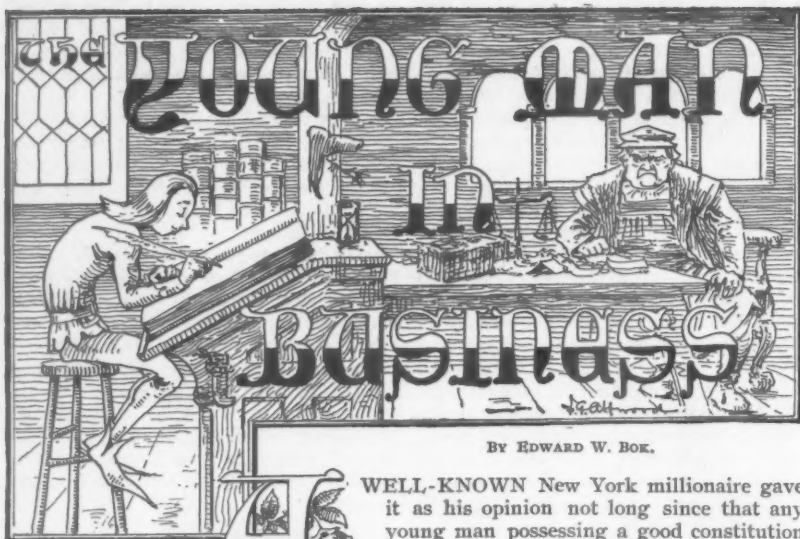
BY HUNTER MACCULLOCH.

Not only wishes he possessed
Unconscious health,
Wherewith by fortune blessed—
But also
Wealth.

Not only after riches strives
Each waking hour,
And wins, since fate contrives—
But also
Power.

Not only yearns the joys to know,
As life goes past,
Which wealth and power bestow—
But also
Caste.

Not only health, wealth, power, and caste
Came at a breath;
Not only these, at last,
But also
Death.



BY EDWARD W. BOK.



A WELL-KNOWN New York millionaire gave it as his opinion not long since that any young man possessing a good constitution and a fair degree of intelligence, might acquire riches. The statement was criticised—literally picked to pieces—and finally adjudged as being wildly extravagant. The figures then came out, gathered by a care-

ful statistician, that of the young men in business in New York City only sixty per cent. were earning \$1000 per year, twelve per cent. had an income of \$2000, and only five per cent. commanded salaries in excess of the latter figure. The great majority of young men in New York City—that is, between the ages of twenty-three and thirty—were earning less than thirty dollars per week. On the basis, therefore, that a young man must be established in his life profession by his thirtieth year, it can hardly be said that the average New York young man in business is successful. Of course, this is measured entirely from the standpoint of income; yet, after all, is not that point of view a tolerably fair one? A young man may not, in every case, receive the salary his services merit, but, as a general rule, his income is a pretty accurate indication of his capacities.

Now, as every young man naturally desires to make a business success, it is plain from the above statement that something is lacking; either the opportunities, or the capabilities in the young men themselves. No one conversant with the business life of any of our large cities can, it seems to me, even for a single moment, doubt the existence of the chances for young men. Take New York as a fair



One of the men who have surmounted obstacles and achieved responsible position at an early age and whose decided talents are recognized in the publishing world, is Mr. Edward W. Bok, the editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Mr. Bok was born in Holland from whence his family removed to this country when he was five. Beginning his career in the office of the Western Union he subsequently entered the service of a publishing house and later achieved the position of advertising manager with Charles Scribner's Sons. This position he retained until he was twenty-five, when he accepted the difficult and responsible position of editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. He is now a part owner in the famous journal to whose success he has so largely contributed, and in addition to this is, with his brother, proprietor of a prosperous syndicate press agency.

example. Here exist more opportunities than there are young men capable of embracing them. The demand is far in excess of the supply. Positions of trust are constantly going begging for the right kind of young men to fill them. But the material doesn't exist, or, if it does, it certainly has a most unfortunate way of

hiding its light under a bushel, so much so that business men cannot see even a glimmer of its rays. Let a position of any real importance become open, and it is the most difficult kind of problem to find anyone to fill it satisfactorily. Business men are constantly passing through this experience.

* * *

IN order that, in this article, I might deal with facts rather than with theories, I made a personal canvass of a dozen of the largest houses in five different

commercial and professional lines of business to see to what extent there existed openings for young men. In only two of the houses approached were the heads of the firms sat-

isfied that the positions of trust in their houses were filled by capable men. And in both of these instances I was told that "of course, if the right sort of a young man came along who could tell us something about our business we did not already know, we should not let him slip through our fingers. Positions can always be created." In the remaining ten cases, one or more opportunities presented itself in each instance; in fact, in four of the houses positions had been open for six

months or more, and the sharpest kind of a lookout kept for possible occupants. These positions commanded salaries all the way from two to five thousand dollars per year. Take in that particular profession, the publishing business, with which I am naturally most conversant, I know, personally, of not less than six positions actually yawning for the men to come and fill them—not clerical positions, but positions of executive authority. Young men are desired in these positions because of their progressive ideas and capacity to endure work; in fact, "young blood" as it is called, is preferred in nine positions out of every ten nowadays.

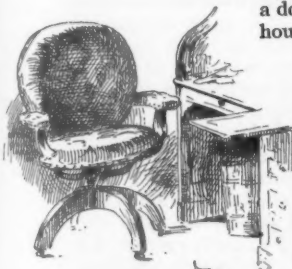
I have dwelt upon this phase of the question because I wished to make it as clear as it is given me to do, that the chances for business success with any young man are not wanting. The opportunities exist, plenty of them. It is simply that the average young man of today is incapable of filling them, or if he be not exactly incapable (I am willing to give him the benefit of the doubt), he is unwilling, which is even worse. That exceptions can be brought up to controvert this statement I know, but in this article I shall deal with the many and not with the few.

* * *

THE average young man in business today is nothing more or less than a plodder—a mere automatic machine. He comes to his office at nine o'clock in the morning; is faithful in the duties he performs; goes to lunch at twelve,

comes back at one; takes up whatever he is told to do until five, and then goes home.

His work for the day is done. One day is the same to him as another; he has a certain routine of duties to do, and he does them day in and day out, month in and month out. His duties are regulated by the clock. As that points, so he points. Verily, it is true of him that he is the same yesterday, today and forever. No special fault can be found with his work. Given a particular piece of work to do, he does it just as a machine would. Such a young man, too, generally considers himself hard-worked—often over-worked and under-paid, wondering all the time why his employer doesn't recognize his value and



advance his salary. "I do everything I am told to do," he argues, "and I do it well. What more can I do?"

This is simply a type of a young man which exists in thousands of offices and stores. He comes to his work each day with no definite point or plan in view; he leaves it with nothing accomplished. He is a mere automaton. Let him die, and his position can be filled in twenty-four hours. If he detracts nothing from his employer's business he certainly adds nothing to it. He never advances an idea; is absolutely devoid of creative powers; his position remains the same after he has been in it for five years as when he came to it.

Now, I would not for a moment be understood as belittling the value of faithfulness in an employé. But, after all, faithfulness is nothing more nor less than a negative quality. By faithfulness a man can hold a position a life-time. He will keep it just where he found it. But by the exercise of this single quality he does not add to the importance of the position any more than he adds to his own value. It is not enough that it should be said of a young man that he is faithful; he must be something more. The willingness and capacity to be faithful to the smallest detail must be there, serving only, however, as a foundation upon which other qualities are built.



ALTOGETHER too many young men are content to remain in the positions in which they find themselves. The thought of studying the needs of the next position just above them never seems to enter into their minds. I believe it is possible for every young man to rise above his position, and I care

not how humble that position may be, nor under what disadvantages he may be placed. But he must be alert. He must not be afraid of work, and of the hardest kind of work. He must study not only to please, but he must go a step beyond. It is essential, of course, that he should first of all fill the position for which he is engaged. No man can solve the problem of business before he

understands the rudiments of the problem itself. Once the requirements of a position are understood and mastered, then its possibilities should be undertaken. It is foolish, as some young men argue, that to go beyond their special position is impossible with their employers. The employer never existed who will prevent the cream of his establishment from rising to the surface. The advance of an employé always means the advance of the employer's interests. Every employer would rather pay a young man five thousand dollars a year than five hundred. What is to the young man's interests is by far greater to the interests of his employer. A five hundred clerkship is worth just that amount and nothing more to an employer. But a five thousand dollar man is fully worth five times that sum to a business. A young man makes of a position exactly what he chooses: a millstone around his neck, or a stepping-stone to larger success. The possibilities lie in every position; seeing and embracing them rests with its occupant. The lowest position can be so filled as to lead up to the next and become a part of it. One position should only be the chrysalis for the development of new strength to master the other just above it.



SUBSTANTIAL business success means several things. It calls, in the first place, for concentration. There

is no truth so potent as that which tells us that we cannot serve God and Mammon. Nor can any young man successfully serve two business interests, no matter how closely allied; in fact, the more closely the interests the more dan-

gerous are they. The human mind is capable of just so much clear thought, and generally it does not extend beyond the requirements of one position in these days of keen competition. If there exists a secret of success it lies, perhaps, in concentration more than in any other single element. During business hours a man should be in business. His thoughts should be on nothing else. Diversions of thought are killing to the best endeavors. The successful mastery of business questions calls for a personal interest, a forgetfulness of self that can only come from the closest application and the most absolute concentration. I go so far in my belief of concentration to business interests in business hours as to argue that a young man's personal letters have no right to come to his office address, nor should he

receive his social friends at his desk. Business hours are none too long in the great majority of our offices, and with a rest of one hour for luncheon, no one has a right to chop off fifteen minutes here to read an irrelevant personal letter, or fifteen minutes there to talk with a friend whose conversation distracts the mind from the problems before it. A young man cannot draw the line between his business life and his social life too closely. It is all too true of thousands of young men that they are better conversant during the baseball season with the batting average of Roger Connor, or the number of men "put out at second" by "Buck" Ewing, than they are with the discounts of their business, and this useless knowledge too many of our young men allow themselves to their own detriment.

* * *



DIGRESSION is just as dangerous as stagnation in the career of a young man in business. There is absolutely no position worth the having in business life today to which

a care of other interests can be added. Let a man attempt to serve the interests of one master, and if he serves him well he has his hands and his head full. There is a class of ambitious young men who have what they choose to call "an anchor to the windward" in their business. That is, they maintain something outside of their regular position. They do this from necessity, they claim. One position does not offer sufficient scope for their powers or talents; does not bring them sufficient income, and they are "forced," they explain, to take on something in addition.

I have known such young men. But as far as I have been able to discern, the trouble does not lie so much with the position they occupy as with themselves. When a man turns away from the position he holds, to outside affairs, he turns just so far away from the surest path of success. To do one thing perfectly is better than to do two things only fairly well. It was told me once of one of our best known actors, that outside of his stage knowledge he knew absolutely nothing. But he acted well—so well that he stands today at the head of his profession, and has an income of five figures several times over. All-around geniuses are rare—so rare that we can hardly find them. It is a pleasant thing to be able to talk well on many topics; but, after all, that is but a social accomplishment. To know one thing absolutely means material success and commercial and mental superiority. I dare say that if some of our young men understood the needs of the positions they occupy more fully than they do, the necessity for outside work would not exist.

* * *



STAGNATION in a young man's career is but a synonym for starvation, since there is no such thing as standing still in

the business world of today. Either we go backward or we go forward; we never stand still. When a young man fails to keep abreast of the possibilities of his position, he recedes constantly, if unconsciously perhaps. The young man who

progresses is he who enters into the spirit of the business of his employer, and who points out new methods to him, advances new ideas, suggests new channels and outputs. There is no more direct road to the confidence of an employer than for him to see that any of his clerks understands his business even better than himself. That young man commands the attention of his chief at once, and when a vacancy occurs he is apt to step into it, if he does not forge over the shoulders of others. Young men who think clearly, can conceive, create and carry out, are not so plentiful that even a single one will be lost sight of. It

is no special art, and it reflects but little credit upon any man to simply fill a position. That is expected of him; he is engaged to do that, and it is only a fair return for a certain payment made. The art lies in doing more than was bargained for; in proving greater than was expected; in making more of a position than has ever been made before. A quick conception is needed here; the ability to view a broad horizon, for it is the liberal-minded man, not the man of narrow limitations, who makes the success of today. A young man showing such qualities to an employer does not remain in one position long.



TWO traps in which young men in business often fall are a disregard for small things, and an absolute fear of making mistakes. One of the surest keys to success lies in thoroughness. No matter how great may be the enterprise undertaken, a regard for the small things is necessary. Just as the little courtesies of every-day life make life the worth living, so the little details form the bone and sinew of a great success. A thing half or three-quarters done is worse than not done at all. Let a man be careful of the small things in business and he can generally be relied upon for the greater ones. The man who can overcome small worries is greater than the man who can override great obstacles. When a young

man becomes so ambitious for large success that he overlooks the small things, he is pretty apt to encounter failure. There is nothing in business so infinitesimal that we can afford to do it in a slipshod fashion. It is no art to answer twenty letters in a morning when they are, in reality, only half answered. When we commend brevity in business letters, we do not mean brusqueness. Nothing stamps the character of a house so clearly as the letters it sends out.

The fear of making mistakes keeps many a young man down. Of course, errors in business are costly, and it is better not to make them. But, at the same time, I wouldn't give a snap of the finger for a young man who has never made mistakes. But there are mistakes and mistakes; some easy to be overlooked, others it is better not to blink at in any employé. A mistake of judgment is possible with us all: the best of us are not above a wrong decision. And a young man who holds back for fear of making mistakes loses the first point of success.



A YOUNG man in business now-a-days with an ambition to be successful must also be careful of his social life. It

is not enough that he should take care of himself during the day. To social dissipation at night can be traced the downfall of hundreds upon hundreds of young men. The idea that an employer has no control over a young man's time away from the office is a dangerous fallacy. An employer has every right to ask that those into whose hands he entrusts responsibilities shall follow social habits

which will not endanger his interests upon the morrow. So far as social life is concerned, young men generally run to both extremes. Either they do not go out at all, which is stagnating; or, they go out too much, which is deadly. Only here and there is found one who knows the happy medium. A certain amount of social diversion is essential to everybody, boy, man, girl or woman. And particularly so to a young man with a career to make. To come into contact with the social side of people is broadening: it is educative. "To know people," says a writer, "you must see them at play." Social life can be made a study at the same time that it is made a pleasure. To

know the wants of people, to learn their softer side, you must come into contact with their social natures. No young man can afford to deny himself certain pleasures, or a reasonable amount of contact with people in the outer world. It is to his advantage that people should know he exists: what his aims and aspirations are. It is well for a young man to keep himself honorably in the eyes of the public. His evening occupations should be as widely different from those which occupy him during the day as possible. The mind needs a change of thought as well as does the body a change of raiment. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" contains a vast amount of truth.

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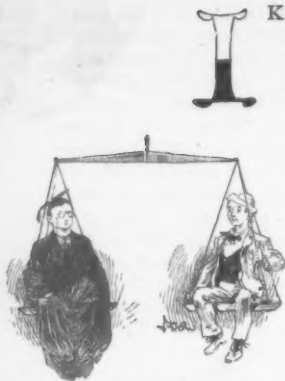


AT the same time, nothing is more injurious to the chances of a young man in business than an over-indulgence in the pleasures of what, for the want of a better word, we call "society." It is a rough but a true

These cannot be retained under social indulgences. The dissipation of a night has its invariable influence upon the work of the morrow. I do not preach total abstinence of any habits to which human nature is prone. Every man ought to know what is good for him and what is injurious to his best interests. But an excess of anything is injurious, and a young man on the threshold of a business career cannot afford to be excessive in a single direction. He should husband his resources. He will need them all.

saying that "a man cannot drink whisky and be in business." Perhaps a softer and more refined translation of this is that a man cannot be in society and be in business. This is impossible, and nothing that a young man can bear in mind will stand him to such good account as this fact. No mind can be fresh in the morning that has been kept at a tension the night before by late hours, or befogged by indulgence of late suppers. We need more sleep at twenty-five than we do at fifty, and the young man who grants himself less than eight hours' sleep every night just robs himself of so much vitality. The loss may not be felt or noticed at present, but the process of sleeping is only Nature's banking system of principal and interest. A mind capable of the fulfilment of its highest duties should be receptive to ideas, quick to comprehend, instantaneous in its conception of a point. With a fresh mind and a clear brain, a young man has two of the greatest levers of success.

For no success is easily made nowadays. Appearances are tremendously deceptive in this respect. We see men making what we choose to regard and call quick success, because at a comparatively early age they acquire position or means. But one needs only to study the conditions of the business life of today to see how impossible it is to achieve any success except by the very hardest work. No young man need approach a business career with the idea that its achievement is easy. The histories of successful men tell us all too clearly the lessons of the patience and efforts of years. Some men compass a successful career in less time than others. And if the methods employed are necessarily different, the requirements are precisely the same. It is a story of hard work in every case, of close application and of a patient mastery of the problem in hand. Advantages of education will come in at times and push one man ahead of another. But a practical business knowledge is apt to be a greater possession.



I KNOW there are thousands of young men who feel themselves incompetent for a business career because of a lack of early education. And here might come in—if I choose to discuss the subject, which I do not—the oft-mooted question of the exact value of a college education to the young man in business. Far abler pens than mine have treated of this: it is certainly not for me to enter into here. But I will say this: a young man need not feel that the lack of a college education will stand in any respect whatever in the way of his success in the business world. No college on earth ever made a business man. The knowledge acquired in college has fitted thousands of men for professional success, but it has also unfitted other thousands for a practical business career. A college training is never wasted, although I have seen again and again five-thousand-dollar educations spent on five-hundred-dollar men. Where

a young man can bring a college education to the requirements of a practical business knowledge, it is an advantage. But before our American colleges become an absolute factor in the business capacities of men, their methods of study and learning will have to be radically changed. I have had associated with me both kinds of young men, collegiate and non-collegiate, and I must confess that the ones who had a better knowledge of the practical part of life have been those who never saw the inside of a college and whose feet never stood upon a campus. College-bred men, and men who never had college advantages, have succeeded in about equal ratios. The men occupying the most important commercial positions in New York today are self-made, whose only education has come to them from contact with that greatest college of all, the business world. Far be it from me to depreciate the value of a college education. I believe in its advantages too firmly. But no young man need feel hampered because of the lack of it. If business qualities are in him they will come to the surface. It is not the college education: it is the young man. Without its possession as great and honorable successes have been made as with it. Men are not accepted in the business world upon their collegiate diplomas, nor on the knowledge these imply.

* * *



THE young man engaged in business today, in this country, has advantages exceeding those of any generation before him. He lives in a country where every success is possible; where a man can make of himself just what he may choose; where energy and enterprise are appreciated, and a market is always ready for good wares. And he lives at a time when more opportunities are open to him than at any period in the history of our land. Young men have forged to the

front wonderfully during the past ten years. Employers are more than ever willing to entrust great responsibilities on their shoulders. Salaries are higher than ever; young men never before earned the incomes which are received by some today. All success is possible. But—and it's a big word in this connection—he must remember a few very essential truths, and these are:

Above all things, before a young man attempts to make a success, he should convince himself that he is in a congenial business. Whether it be a trade or a profession—both are honorable and productive—let him satisfy himself, above everything else, that it enlists his personal interest. If a man shows that he has his work at heart, his success can be relied on. Personal interest in any work will bring other things; but all the other es-

entials combined cannot create personal interest. That must exist first ; then two-thirds of the battle is won. Fully satisfied that he is in the particular line of business in which he feels a stronger, warmer interest than in any other, then he should remember :

First—That, whatever else he may strive to be, he must, first of all, be absolutely honest. From honorable principles he can never swerve. A temporary success is often possible on what are not exactly dishonest, but "shady" lines ; but such success is only temporary, with a certainty of permanent loss. The surest business success—yes, the only successes worth the making, are built upon honest foundations. There can be no "blinking" at the truth or at honesty, no half-way compromise. There is but one way to be successful, and that is to be absolutely honest ; and there is but one way to be honest. Honesty is not only the foundation, but the cap-stone as well, of business success.

Second—He must be alert, alive to every opportunity. He cannot afford to lose a single point, for that single point might prove the very link that would make complete the whole chain of a business success.

Third—He must ever be willing to learn, never overlooking the fact that others have long ago forgotten what he has still to learn. Firmness of decision is an admirable trait in business. The young man whose opinions can be tossed from one side to the other is poor material.

But youth is full of errors, and caution is a strong trait.

Fourth—If he be wise, he will entirely avoid the use of liquors. If the question of harm done by intoxicating liquor is an open one, the question of the actual good derived from it is not.

Fifth—Let him remember that a young man's strongest recommendation is his respectability. Some young men, apparently successful, may be flashy in dress, loud in manner, and disrespectful of women and sacred things. But the young man who is respectable always wears best. The way a young man carries himself in his private life oft-times means much to him in his business career. No matter where he is, or in whose company—respectability, and all that it implies, will always command respect. And if any young man wishes a set of rules even more concise, here it is :

Get into a business you like.

Devote yourself to it.

Be honest in everything.

Employ caution ; think out a thing well before you enter upon it.

Sleep eight hours every night.

Do everything that means keeping in good health.

School yourself not to worry ; worry kills, work doesn't.

Avoid liquors of all kinds.

If you must smoke, smoke moderately.

Shun discussion on two points—religion and politics.

And lastly, but not least : Marry a true woman, and have your own home.





BY FRANK CRANE.

THERE came a rap at my study door and before I had time to say "Come in" there entered a lean looking gentleman with a smooth, dark beard, a quick, darting eye, sallow skin, and a scanty frame on which a well-worn suit of ministerial black hung loosely.

"Peckinpaw's my name," he said. "Peckinpaw, Erasmus J. Peckinpaw. Thank you. Yes, I'll sit down. May I put my valise there on the table? Thanks! There is something in that there valise, reverend, that's going to make you open your eyes after a while as soon as I kind o' get my breath. That name of Peckinpaw you want to rivet to your mind,

'cause it's going to be a name, not bragging at all, that will outshine every name of this grand and glorious age."

"It is certainly a striking name, Mr. Peckinpaw."

"That's a true word, reverend. And it's going to strike this day and age kerflap one of these days. Reverend, I have come to you as a minister to impart to you a secret. I know you will not take undue advantage of me. You will not rob me of the fame I have so justly earned and go and get a patent on my idea yourself.

"I feel I must tell somebody. For years, reverend, I have studied over this thing and at last, at last I am successful; I have evolved my thought and here we are."

Mr. Peckinpaw looked around him and I assured him that this was unquestionably true.

"Now, reverend, I know your time's precious and I'm not going to detain you long. May I tell you my discovery in my own language?"

"I am all attention, Mr. Peckinpaw."

"Well, sir, I might begin and kind o' generalize on how the great curse of the human race is gluttony, and so on, and lead by gradual steps of logic up to the particular point I have in view, but I regard that as useless. My invention speaks for itself. Reverend, you see before you the man who has abolished eating."

"Indeed!"

"Abolished eating, sir, with all the attendant evils consequent and hanging thereto and thereon. Instead of the process of mastication and swallowing, hereafter mankind will take one of Peckinpaw's pills, and as the poet says, 'Tis done, the great transaction's done'—You don't follow me. I don't blame you. The thought comes to you as a sudden blaze of



"THERE ENTERED A LEAN-LOOKING GENTLEMAN."

noontide splendor. To me it was the dawning twilight and the growing day."

Here my visitor unlocked his valise and drew from it a good-sized pill. He held it up to me.

"What do you think of that?" he asked.

"It looks like a pill," I replied.

"A pill it is, reverend; but, ah! how different is the meaning of that word pill to you and to me. To you it means sickness, doctors, hurt, darkened room, drug stores, perhaps death. To me it means life and sustenance. It is a pill, but it is one of *Peckinpaw's pills*."

Here he fell to musing with his eyes fixed upon the pill, as he held it up before him clasped in his thumb and forefinger. After a little his gaze wandered to me; he looked steadily in my face, then he said in a low voice—

"It is now half-past eleven in the morn-



"THINK OF THE TIME SAVED BY BUSINESS MEN AND CLERKS."

ing. You have not had your dinner. Will you take this pill?"

I begged to be excused.

"Very well, reverend, very well," he said, regaining his vivacity; "no offense meant, I assure you, and none taken. I cannot expect your actions to outrun your convictions. I had forgotten that you do not yet know of its marvelous properties. Now, although I have not very many of these, yet I shall take this one to illustrate my point. May I trouble you for a glass of water? Ah, thank you—There! I have now had my dinner. You think I have taken some quack nostrum. Here, sir, is what it is."

He took from his valise a bundle of cards and handed me one which was like this:

Peckinpaw's Pills.

Pill B 32.

Soup—Ox-tail.

Meat—Roast Duck with Mushrooms.



"THERE IS SOMETHING IN THAT THERE VALISE,—"

Vegetables—

Lettuce. Cucumbers.
Sliced Tomatoes.
Cabbage. New Potatoes.
Coffee.
Ice Cream. Assorted Cake.
Imported Havana Cigar.

"I do not understand," I said.

"What I mean, sir, is that the pill I took was B 32 and

contained the essential nutritive element of that bill of fare, which, with the glass of water, comprises my dinner.

"Now, reverend sir, I think you comprehend me. My marvelous discovery has just begun to break like the rising sun upon the darkness of your mind. A man of your intelligence will not need to be told of the many ways in which this idea can be applied.

"Take it in the case of picnics. What trouble to prepare lunch! Think of the cumbersome carload of baskets, the sitting down upon custard pies, the infestations of ants and the time taken from the play in order to eat. Why, with this pill M 23, which I call my 'picnic pill,' each one of the whole company could carry his luncheon in his or her pocket as the case may be.

"Think of the time saved by business men and clerks. Now they must take an hour or more, run to the restaurant, wait for their food to be cooked, and lose so many precious moments. Why, if they would just take my 'business pill A 14,' with a glass of water, they need hardly look up from their desk. Just the saving of that hour of lunch-time would be worth to the business interest of Chicago alone untold millions every year.

"We spend too much time over food, like brutes. Man was made for higher, for intellectual purposes. Peckinpaw will relegate the banquet to the beasts and introduce the conversation. The sensual gratification of the appetite has too



"WHAT I MEAN, SIR, IS—"

much place among our society. Even at gatherings of statesmen and ministers they must eat like the animals. Sir, if they will just take my 'banqueting pill B 83' it supplies all the needed stimulus and hilarity and leaves them the whole time for rational social pleasures worthy the dignity of man."

"But," I asked, "how can you get enough nutriment in so small a compass to sustain life?"

"A practical question, sir, to be plainly answered. You are aware that the larger part of all foods is water. After that has all been taken out a large part yet is mere waste, not food at all. After this is withdrawn the pure nutritive matter can yet be condensed by patent processes of my own. You can get into the space of a small pill all the real nutriment that a man can assimilate from two pounds of lean beef. It is the waste, the extra lumber taken into the stomach at meals that causes that heavy feeling after a hearty meal. John Wesley, you remember, cau-



"MAN WAS MADE FOR HIGHER, FOR INTELLECTUAL PURPOSES."

tioned his preachers against this heaviness after eating, and, indeed, it is the cause of much looseness of morals. So you see my discovery has its moral bearings, and Peckinpaw's pills will revolutionize the field of ethics.

"Appetite is not to be the gauge of satiety, but reason, when men shall have adopted my pills. You will know

when you have eaten enough by the figures on the formula of the pill and not by feeling. There will therefore be no overeating, with consequent dyspepsia and other alimentary troubles. Why, sir, two-thirds of human ailments come from overloading the stomach. My pills will revolutionize the practice of medicine."

"But how," I inquired, "are you going to give the people sufficient guarantee of the purity of the ingredients?"

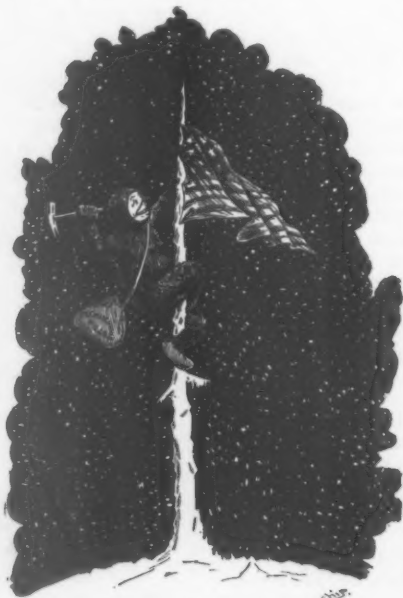
"Government, sir, government. The government must take hold of this matter and make pills as it now coins money. Counterfeiters must be punished severely. No pill genuine without the eagle and 'E Pluribus Unum' stamped on it. Note the aptness of that motto to my pills, sir.

"This will revolutionize the labor problem, also. I have a laboring man's pill. It can be purchased cheap. No more crying for bread. If my system had been in vogue, one carload of official 'working-man's pill X 60' sent to the famine district in Russia would have relieved the distress at once.

"Think of the advantage of my pill on long journeys. It will revolutionize exploration. With a bag full of Peckinpaw's pills the explorer shall yet nail the stars and stripes to the north pole. On long sea voyages and distant expeditions you see at once the value of my idea.

"Think what a blessing to housewives. No more cooking and stewing. The servant girl problem is cut like the Gordian knot. Peckinpaw is greater than Alexander.

"When my invention shall have become universal, as it must in time, even man himself shall be changed by it. Teeth are the remnants of the brute. By ages of disuse they shall disappear. As



"THE EXPLORER SHALL YET NAIL THE STARS AND STRIPES TO THE NORTH POLE."

only absolute nourishment is taken in my pill the human body shall cease to be unclean. Man shall one day, sir—" and here Mr. Peckinpaw arose to his feet and extended his right arm in an eloquent gesture—"Man shall one day cast off the heritage of the brute. Peckinpaw's pills shall assist him to make the final rung upon the ladder of evolution. The sensual, the bodily, the animal shall be forgotten. We shall live in the eternal luster of intellectual and spiritual enjoyments. Did not Paul look forward with prophetic eye to Peckinpaw when he wrote, that, the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God? I would not be profane, sir, but I ask you if what I say is not reasonable. Is it too much to say, looking at all the misery in this world, the sickness caused by improper food, the famine because of insufficient food, and the disorders arising from too much food, and then looking on the other hand at a temperate and grateful world consuming Peckinpaw's pills, that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now?



"FIN DE SIECLE
PILL X 14."

"But I am no enthusiast," and here Mr. Peckinpaw sat down. "These lofty sentiments are all well enough for you, being a minister, but you put them before the people and they'll set you down as a crank. So I have adapted my idea to the times. I am a man of expedients, sir, a rare thing for an inventor to be. For in-

stance: here is what we call 'fin de siecle pill X 14.' That is for the gay and festive young blood who wants a high time. It contains the cavorting essence of one basket of champagne and thirty-two cigarettes.

"You see, what is known as a 'time' can be had at much less expense than by visitingsaloons. Thus, incidentally, with a sort of a side wipe, as it were, I shall revolutionize the saloon question. The time is coming, sir, when there will be a Peckinpaw plank in every political platform."

Here we were interrupted by another knock on the study door.

"I pray you," cried Mr. Peckinpaw in confusion, as he hastened his pills and formulas into his valise, "do not admit any one for a moment."

"Certainly not; whoever it is can wait on such a remarkable man as yourself, Mr. Peckinpaw."

"Thank you, sir; thank you! But pardon me, could you lend me a dollar for a few hours? I am expecting remittances every moment from some eastern capitalists I have interested in my scheme, and will be back, say at two o'clock this afternoon, and repay you."

"With pleasure!" I responded.

He took his leave and the dollar. I write this after the lapse of some days in the hope that if it meets the eyes of Mr. Peckinpaw he may be reminded that he has been so absorbed in his wonderful scheme that he has neglected to return to me my dollar.



"HE TOOK HIS
LEAVE AND THE
DOLLAR."





GOD'S WILL AND HUMAN HAPPINESS

EVOLUTION.

BY ST. GEORGE MIVART.

COULD one of the last of those flying reptiles, the pterodactyls, at the close of the secondary geological epoch, have been miraculously gifted with intellect, he might have lamented the cessation of the "age of reptiles," not for himself only, but on account of the whole world's future.

The sea which had swarmed with huge-snouted ichthyosauri and gracefully long-necked plesiosauri was ceasing to bear individuals of either kind. The enormous land-dragons that lived by rapine were also becoming extinct, and iguanodons and their allies had ceased to browse peacefully in multitudes, as once they did in Walden woods! What is to take the place of all these wonderful beings? our reflective reptile might have asked. There were certainly a few creatures with long tails, and some with short ones, which soared in the air by the aid of feathers, but were they ever likely to replace the noble but vanishing army of pterodactyls? Then what was to take the place of the huger land-reptiles of the past? Poor little beasts, allied to opossums or to hedge-hogs, had indeed made their appearance, but what would the world hope to gain from creatures so insignificant? The earth was coming to a day of "little things;" its woods and waters, its seas and plains would soon be tenanted by nothing but a set of inferior dwarfs! Yet we know that our supposed prophetic

pterodactyl would have been but a much mistaken pessimist, and his lament needless indeed!

Even in mere size, our whales surpass the largest secondary reptiles, while the glory of our avian life with its melodious songsters its gemmed humming birds, could never have been dreamed of in a world whose air vibrated to the leathern wings of flying reptiles.

Land beasts have also waxed and deservedly dominated. Herds of beautiful antelopes and noble deer exceed in attractiveness all we know of life before the chalk. But something far greater than size, strength and material beauty, then also came to be developed; for with augmenting brains and sense-organs of increased delicacy, psychical power so increased as to fitly pave the way for the advent of the greatest thing known to human experience — namely, self-conscious intellect. And not only the intellect, but the higher emotions and the tenderest sentiments of human nature, had their material basis prepared for them by the instinctive feelings of the parental and conjugal relationships of many kinds of beast and bird.

There can be no question then but that the process of evolution which replaced the "world of reptiles" by a "world of beasts and birds," was a movement of ascent, a step toward a higher degree of harmony and beauty, and one prefacing

that immeasurably greater step which took place in this planet with the first advent of man. With each step in such an ascent, an increased degree of pleasure and happiness, becomes possible. To the mere pleasure of unimpeded, vigorous organic life, succeeds first the increase of pleasurable emotion and ultimately, in man, a happiness which is augmented by its own consciousness. May we not then say with Pope ?

"God in the nature of each being founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds ;
But as he formed the whole the whole to bless,
On mutual wants built mutual happiness :
So from the first eternal order ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man."

These words we believe to be true fundamentally, and they embody the essence of Aristotle's philosophy as to the purposes latent in nature. They will, however, not fail to arouse opposition on the part of many amiable and estimable persons who are very painfully affected by the idea of "nature red in tooth and claw."

It is also true that with increased susceptibility to pleasurable sensations, there may, and probably will, be increased susceptibility to painful ones also. Nevertheless, as death is ever mercifully close at hand to cut short the sufferings of wild animals, it seems to us reasonable to think that, on the whole, the process of evolution has much more augmented their pleasures than their pains. As to the latter, space will allow us here to say very little and the reader must be referred to what we have said elsewhere.*

Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, however, —than whom no better or more careful observer of nature exists amongst us—has strongly expressed his conviction that the lives of wild animals are full of enjoyment and that sentimental regrets about them are misplaced and wasted. Certainly, unlike ourselves, they at least do not look forward with misgivings to the approach of age and infirmity. Still less have they a suspicion of coming annihilation—of an "eternal night"—or dread of any evils which may come to them in a life beyond the grave. But when, at last, man appeared, a being came into existence whose greater powers carried with them the penalty of greater suf-

ferings, for which no mere sweep of evolution such as the world had up to that time been the theater of, could possibly provide a remedy.

His self-conscious, reflective intellect was a cause of suffering before unknown. The mere animal could feel pain, but man could know that he felt it, could reflect on it, recall it to memory, and so, through past experience, dread that which might be yet to come. For man alone is reserved that bitter sadness, the memory of bygone happiness forever lost.

There is, indeed, a fearful amount of physical and mental suffering—it may be on account of the distress and wretchedness of those we love, or the cruelty and injustice of foes, or the failure of our best-meant efforts, or, worst of all, the consciousness that our own sins have wrecked a life we most desired to cherish.

It is true that we are too apt to advert to our small discomforts and annoyances, while taking no heed of our every day pleasurable experiences, which we accept as a simple matter of course. Yet that abiding, though vague, sense of physical comfort which attends mere healthy life should not be left out of account when considering happiness in connection with evolution. How numerous, also, are our ordinary emotional satisfactions! Most men and women have ties of kindred and affection which they would never relinquish in order to spare themselves such pain and distress as they may sometimes occasion. No devotee of science, again—no one who has actively followed any intellectual pursuit—can fail to have experienced some of that calm satisfaction which normally accompanies the activity of the intellect in fields of its choice. The mass of men, indeed, are compelled to follow some pursuit towards which they feel no clamorous internal call. But habit makes many a thing tolerable which was at first unwelcome, and what has become habitual often grows to be even pleasurable. The effects of enthusiasm, again, may be so great that even severe bodily injuries pass unnoticed during excitement, while, not rarely, zeal for some high ideal will cause serious disadvantage to be borne with willing cheerfulness. Life has also, now and then, such passages of transcendent

* See "On Truth," 1889, p. 471.

happiness that, to obtain them, not a few men would gladly undergo many a toilsome effort and no little suffering.

Nevertheless, there are, after all, such evils in human life as demand for their assuagement some process of evolution different in kind from any that had taken place before the advent of man. That advent, indeed, marked a new epoch in the world's history, a fresh starting-point in evolution—an evolutionary process at once intellectual and moral. It is to one most critical and important stage of that process that the present essay is devoted.

In the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* for 1892 we endeavored to point out the harmony which exists between the philosophy of evolution, properly understood, and the highest ethical teaching the world has yet known. Our desire now is to show, by a special and flagrant example, how evolution, of a novel and intellectual kind, has, in ways quite unsuspected and unforeseen, also ministered to human happiness. Our opening parable, showing forth beneficent effects of evolution in the world of mere animal life, may serve to illustrate the beneficent, undreamed effects of evolution in the world of moral and intellectual life. Our aim is to depict the latter kind of evolution in the act of producing some of the most essential characteristics of that complex civilization the benefits of which we at present enjoy, which is, so far, the culminating product of the whole process of evolution as regards this planet, and which sustains and promotes the happiness of its highest inhabitants.

The approaching destruction of the great Roman empire was foreseen and dreaded by clear-sighted observers long before its consummation. Its dissolution was dreaded by them, not for themselves only, but on account of the whole world's future. What, they might well ask, could replace that unifying power which had made most of the known world into one estate and had diffused the "*pax romana*" throughout it? But, besides political and social organization, what would happen, should its prized literature—its poets, orators and historians—disappear? The very art of rhetoric itself seemed threatened with destruction. How could barbarians from beyond the Rhine and Danube ever sup-

ply the world with all that had been carried to such perfection by Roman civilization? Must not, then, so great a ruin result in a permanent diminution of human welfare and happiness?

Again and again in the history of mankind, have gloomy prognostications as to the future been happily falsified by the result. This result is only what might be expected if the process of human, as well as of merely prehuman, evolution is good in its fundamental source and origin. Only if such is the case can that great process end in increased happiness; for only so can be satisfactorily solved those doubts and problems which have come into existence with the intellect of man and which have so tried and distressed it. All men instinctively seek happiness; yet the most certain declarations of man's reason affirm that the proper end of life is what *ought* to be its aim, while the idea of "*ought*" is inseparable from that of "*duty*." Thus, the true end of life must be the fulfilment of the moral law.

Does, then, the fulfilment of that law necessarily result in happiness? If so, harmony becomes established between the dictates of our intellect and the fundamental instinctive promptings of our nature.

The worth and dignity of human reason, and that paralysis of the intellect which necessarily results from any real doubts as to its fundamental and evident declarations, have been already pointed out.* But one of its evident and fundamental declarations is, as just said, the supremacy for us of the idea of duty.

But another evident and fundamental declaration of our reason is that the universe, even if eternal, must have had a competent and no less eternal cause for all the wonderful complexities and harmonies it exhibits. This is certain, because, as there is but one "*universe*," it can never have come into being or gained its present condition by any process of "*natural selection*." A "*competent*" cause must be one adequate to produce what we see existing, and we know that in ourselves a certain "*goodness*" exists as well as a certain degree of "*knowledge*" and of "*power*." Therefore, that eternal cause must have been the origin of all the

* See *Cosmopolitan Magazine* for August, 1892, p. 288.

intellect, power and virtue which we know: in other words, it was God.*

Thus our intellect assures us that "Unreason" cannot be lord of the universe; neither can any mere "blind necessity" so be, but only a supreme power at once moral and intelligent.†

But such a power could never have eternally divorced happiness from virtue, and, therefore, those who are the greatest slaves to duty for its own sake, must be the most certain of happiness. It follows, therefore, that all who pursue happiness, pursue some "good," of however inferior an order; while with increase of intelligence and of good volition, their aim must and will become higher and higher.

Thus the instinct, implanted in man, which leads him necessarily to seek happiness of some kind, is and must be a Divine instinct. God could not be God—could not be "good"—did He not desire the welfare and happiness of the creatures who owe their very being to His will.

Happiness then, not only *is*, but *should be* "our being's end and aim," seeing that it is essentially inseparable from that goodness which our reason sets before us as the true end of life. Such happiness does not, of course, consist in pleasure to be procured by the gratification of the senses, but by acting in conformity with right reason.

Theism cannot possibly be upheld if it be shown that happiness is impossible of attainment both here and hereafter, or that if diminished here, there is not a future happiness such as will more than compensate for any present disappointment.

We have spoken freely of a life hereafter, but we cannot attempt here to draw out the reasons which justify that belief.

We must, perforce, content ourselves by once more referring our readers to what we have elsewhere ‡ said on that subject.

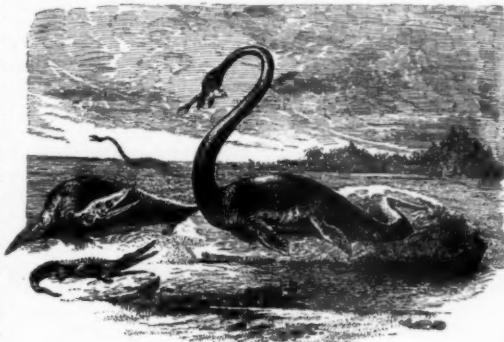
Unless we could reasonably hold a confident belief in a future life, it would be impossible for us to attempt "to justify the ways of God with man."

Distressing doubt on this subject is one of those painful results of human intellectual power, which demands a process of evolution other than that of the physical and merely sentient world. No one can deny that (1) to be provided with a firm conviction that a happy eternity may succeed the trials of this life, is one great source of comfort and happiness. (2) Another source of happiness is gained by

those who have acquired a conviction that there is a supreme, all-holy ruler of the universe with whom (3) they can enter into the closest personal relation, and freely open their hearts in spontaneous, informal prayer. (4) Yet another

benefit results from definite religious teaching—essentially the same for all men—of truths regarded as absolutely certain and (5) of a character to raise the mind towards the most elevated forms of devotion, instead of the mere quest of personal advantage. (6) Lastly, an organization formed and suited for diffusing such popular instruction as widely as possible, must be one likely to promote human happiness.

Armed and animated by a system embracing the six advantages just enumerated, the whole of human life becomes transfigured, and the question "Is life worth living?" is seen to be an utterly absurd one. Thereby, the character of all our sufferings—mental and bodily—becomes entirely changed. Such a belief does not, of course, cause suffering not to be suffering, but it renders possible, nay



IN THE AGE OF REPTILES.

* See "On Truth," Chap. xxvi, pp. 450-499.

† See "On Truth," pp. 470-490.

‡ See *Cosmopolitan Magazine* for Sept. 1892, p. 625.

it makes certain, the assurance that however great may be the pain which must inevitably be endured, the sufferer will one day look back on it with so great a satisfaction that he will not be able to wish it had been less.

Now whatever can give men the most confident trust in a future compensation for all unmerited ills, at the same time holding out the greatest inducements to virtue by setting before men's eyes, as an absolute reality, the highest possible moral ideal, must be the most powerful aid and support to human happiness even on earth. It must constitute the most solid basis for good acts and aspirations and the most powerful auxiliary of philanthropic effort.

Such a function is performed in the highest conceivable way by Christianity. The great "object lesson" of Calvary, serves, in the most admirable manner imaginable, as the consolation, the hope, the stimulus and the support for those striving and struggling millions of mankind who raise willing eyes to that sign which is the augury of victory amidst seeming defeat in the battle of life, and a symbol of peace on earth, to men of good will.

But what was this beneficial system which appeared in the world nearly nineteen centuries ago?

Was it, as so many have supposed, purely a direct, divine emanation, entirely novel, and simply breaking with and more or less entirely reversing, the previous course of history?

Was it, on the other hand, nothing but a modified and blended combination of antecedent Judaism and Paganism?

Our object is to show two truths of which we have become profoundly convinced:

(1) One of these is that a process of moral and religious evolution had prepared the way for the successful advent of Christianity;

(2) The other is, that no continuation of that process of moral and religious evolution as it developed itself in and through paganism and Judaism, could have succeeded in giving to the world a source of happiness comparable with that which it gained in Christianity—a system which contains an essential novelty due neither to anything in paganism, on the one hand, nor to Judaism on the other.

A second question here naturally suggests itself. Did Christianity come at a time especially favorable to its success or not?

What were, then, the circumstances which preceded the advent of Christianity? For ages mankind had struggled, and on the whole, struggled upward, though helped by most imperfect religious aid. The barbarous creeds of barbarous races had, indeed, taught men to practice a certain degree of morality by bidding them restrain some of their desires for the sake of their fellow-citizens, and to serve with piety those gods to whose protection their city looked for safety and succor. But these religions were not intentionally moral. Morality was not their business, which consisted in trying to gain supernatural aid by actions and rites, some of which, as the reader knows, were, in certain localities, atrociously immoral, cruel or licentious, or both. Nevertheless, if such practices were performed, not for the sake of any pleasure felt in performing them, but for the common good, there was a certain form of morality even in them. Then we must not omit to note how, in the long process by which our modern civilization has been evolved, practices in themselves worthless or positively bad, have been made to serve as agents for scattering the seeds of morality—the morality of the city and the tribe—destined to germinate, to blossom and to bear their full fruit under more auspicious influences.

Very remarkable is it that the Semitic section of the human race, which, in Phœnicia and Carthage, developed such revolting forms of polytheistic idolatry, should have been chosen to make manifest that highly moral monotheism which was exhibited to the world by the Hebrews.

Even Judaism, however, was quite unfitted to furnish what was wanted for the happiness of mankind; for, in the first place, its views as to a future were very indistinct. There was, indeed, but very little dogma in it beyond the assertion of God's unity and the fact that the Hebrews were his chosen people. Jews themselves will admit that their sacred formula—"Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one God"—contains the essence of Judaism. Moreover, Judaism was, as it still is, an essentially *racial* religion and, therefore, incapable of world-wide extension.

It was, indeed, but the dawn, which by its increasing brightness, announced the rising splendor of that sun of justice, whose effulgent rays shed on multitudes of souls a happiness and consolation such as mankind had never known before.

The modern world is the direct outcome of the ancient Roman empire, of the civilization it spread over its many conquered provinces, and of the unification it effected between them. But that ancient Roman civilization was modified by antecedent Greek culture and also influenced by the different religions of the East. Nevertheless, those modifications and influences were received into minds which were either Roman or saturated with the Roman spirit, which reacted upon them. Thus, Judaism apart, we are, as regards our civilization, essentially the inheritors of imperial Rome, from the break-up of whose wide domain, the various modern nations of Europe arose.

To theists who look on the world as an arena for providential action, the working together of the various diverse elements which preceded the advent of Christianity, must be deemed providential indeed. The fermentation which Paganism began, as it were spontaneously, to undergo cannot but be a matter of deep interest to the mere historian as well as to the Christian. Even in the days of the republic, in the time of Cicero, Roman religion bore within it the seeds of its own destruction, and of better principles and ideas in harmony with that system which was destined to replace it.

The ancient Roman religion was very different from that of Greece, with whose poetical legends we are all of us more or less fully acquainted. Compared with the Greeks, the Romans were a serious, practical, prosaic people, much occupied with the troubles of the present life, and very apprehensive as to the possibilities of the life to come. In spite of their valor in war they were more given to fear than to hope, they dreaded as well as respected their Gods, and the worship they offered them consisted mainly of expiations and timid supplications.

The primitive Italians adored the powers of nature, deified heroes and various singular, personified abstractions. The Romans seem to have originated a variety of remarkably prosaic deities—the Indigita-

menta—who were supposed to preside over the various actions of life. Thus the god Vaticanus caused the new-born infant to emit its first cry, and Vabulinus to pronounce its first word. Educa taught it to eat, and Potina to drink; Cuba presided over its repose, while no less than four goddesses protected its first footsteps. About such divinities there would be no legends. They were invoked, in each family, at the appropriate moment and then disregarded. The Romans had relatively but a moderate tendency to humanize their divinities, and their temples seem to have been devoid of statues till they began to follow the example first of Etruria and then of more distant regions.

Many of the Roman gods arose by a process of abstraction or analysis, and not through the enthusiasm of a poetic imagination.

Any event or action which was so striking as to seem to them what we should call "providential," gave rise to the institution of a new name and cultus. Ultimately the most singular abstractions came sometimes to be worshipped, such even as, "The security of the eye," and "The indulgence of the emperor."

It might well seem that a people so pious, and who needed divinities for every event of human life, must needs have grown into a theocracy governed by a priesthood. But it was the very contrary.

As the Roman religion was so largely generated by the deliberate action of the intelligence, it was also governed by it. Powerful and respected as it was, it was subject to, or rather it was incorporated with, the state. Roman paganism was essentially a lay religion. Not the least incompatibility existed between civil and sacerdotal functions. There was no need of an ecclesiastical education, save as to the modes of performing ceremonies, nor of any quasi-clerical disposition of mind, in order to become an augur or a pontiff. A certain gravity of demeanor was expected of such persons, but neither their morals nor their beliefs required to be taken into account. Indeed, C. Valerius Flaccus was said to have been chosen Flamen of Jupiter on account of his youthful immorality, and disbelief in the gods did not prevent Cæsar from becoming Pontifex Maximus, any more than

Cicero's mockery of divination hindered his being made an augur.

Such considerations had no importance, because religion consisted in nothing but external acts of worship. Piety consisted in a man's presenting himself in the temples, properly dressed, assuming proper attitudes, making due offerings and repeating requisite formulæ.

The god, appropriate to the request to be made, having been ascertained, the petitioner was often careful to have two priests beside him while he prayed, one to dictate the words he should pronounce, while the other followed them with his eyes on a book, so that no syllable should be accidentally omitted. But it was the petitioner who prayed, the priests were merely his assistants and not men whose sacred character enabled them to act as efficient intercessors.

On public occasions it was often the duty of the consul to pray for the state, and the official priests (*sacerdotes publici*) acted more as mere masters of the ceremonies than anything else. When some public monument had to be dedicated to a deity, the pontiffs indicated the rites, dictated the formula and laid hands on the doors of the edifice. But it was the magistrate chosen for the occasion who really performed the dedication. Thus it is not wonderful that no conflict between the state and the pagan church ever took place either under the republic or the empire.

In the formulæ words were multiplied (just as in our old legal forms) as a precaution against any invalidity of expression, while, on the other hand, the petitioner was careful not to engage himself unduly or unwittingly by any verbal slip.

This legal spirit pervaded the religion, which, on the other hand, left men's minds free as to their thoughts and beliefs. There were no dogmas and only external acts were demanded of them.

Thus it was that men of all shades of opinion could remain faithful to the national worship, so that Cicero might affirm the Romans could not be surpassed, or even equalled, as regards the worship then rendered to the gods.

But the Romans were an eminently practical people, and mystic contemplation and enthusiastic devotion were regarded with suspicion and dislike, as being opposed to that calm regularity which

they admired. At critical times the augurs performed their functions, but only at the bidding of the consuls. They deemed that piety gave a first claim to good fortune, and that the rich, not the poor, were the friends of the gods.

If the divinities did not perform their part of a bargain, it was so much the worse for them. Thus, when the people heard of the death of Germanicus, for whom they had offered so many sacrifices, altars were overthrown, stones thrown into the temples, and the statues cast out.

What was due to the gods having been settled by law, to give more, was "superstitio"—a fault no less than impiety, and it tended to "spoil the market" for other citizens and to disturb the public calm. What was required, however, had to be given, though it was often avoided by ingenious fictions. Thus, in declaring war, it was necessary that a priest should cast a javelin across the enemy's frontier. When war had to be declared against Pyrrhus, it was impossible to send a priest to the coast of Epirus. So a captive soldier of Pyrrhus was made to buy a small piece of land to represent the hostile territory and receive the javelin.

It was their practice in war, when besieging a city, to try and gain over its gods to their side, and there was a formula of evocation for this purpose, and promises of temples, games, etc., were made. Thus, after the conquest of Veii, the Romans advanced to its patron, Juno Regina, with great respect (on account of her having defended the city against them for ten years). On perceiving some sign they took to be assent to their request that she would follow them, she was carried to Rome and there installed.

When they carried away captive the population of any region they were careful to leave behind a certain number of families to secure the continuance of the local deities' customary worship.

On the other hand they desired to keep their own gods for themselves, and when some allied powers, full of admiration for Jupiter Optimus Maximus, begged to sacrifice to him at the capitol, the senate only permitted it, as a great favor, to those who had most faithfully and efficiently furthered Roman policy.

The Greek religion was far more imaginative than that of Rome, and full of

more or less poetic legends of its thoroughly anthropomorphic gods and goddesses, and was, on that very account, less moral.

The Greeks were greatly edified by the importance given to religion at Rome, and by the way it was there practised. Sensible of those evils which had ruined their own country, they were the more impressed by the order and dignity of private life and the intense public patriotism of the Romans.

Accustomed to the many sensual disorders and superstitions of Greece, they were struck with admiration at an elaborate formalism which enchained life in bonds that were mainly salutary. They deemed the Roman religion much more moral than their own, and to it they attributed the comparative rarity of theft in that city. Jupiter's title was Greatest and Best, while Vesta was the goddess of purity, and many a divinity watched over the domestic hearth. In a word, the gods had, as it were, descended from Olympian heights to preside over the daily life of a nation of law-abiding citizens.

To the Greeks, the Roman religion appeared especially admirable on account of its prosaic character and the absence of those legends which, in modern eyes, form one of the charms of the religion of Hellas. When once the Greeks had lost the ancient naïve simplicity of their faith, those legends had become to them a source of embarrassment, giving rise to the mockery of the profane, and a painful sense

of incongruity on the part of the pious.

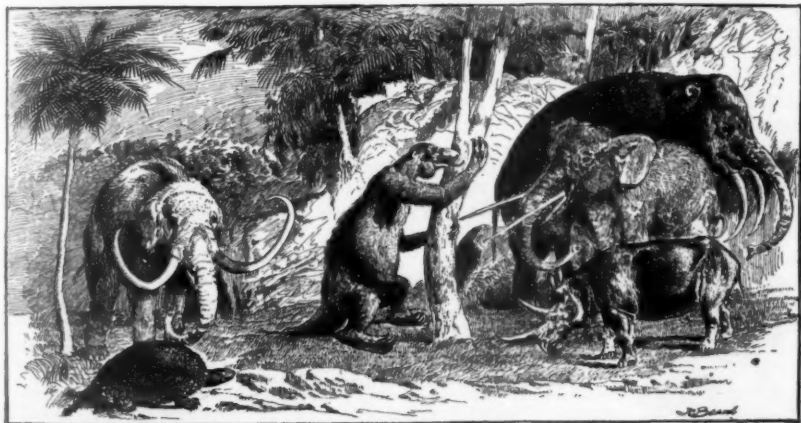
The Roman religion was free from such scandals. Great was the contrast between Jupiter and Zeus, while Virgil could boast that his native land had not been declared the theater of absurd marvels such as those of Grecian mythology.

"Hæc loca non tauri spirantibus naribus
ignem

Invertère, satis immanis dentibus Hydri;
Nec galeis densisque virum seges horruit
hastis."

It would be a great mistake to suppose that charity and alms-giving did not co-exist with paganism in Rome, but this will be spoken of later, as also slavery, concerning which we will only now observe that the Roman religion was not hard on the slave. It did not close its temples against him nor exclude him from its feasts. It recognized that he had a soul and that his future fate did not differ from that of his master.

Such was the general character of the religion of ancient Rome; but it underwent various modifications between the conquest of Carthage and the age of the Antonines. Not only did it undergo internal changes through legislation and the development of ethics and philosophy, but it was greatly affected by the introduction of different forms of worship from the East. Our next effort will be to endeavor to point out some of its characteristics during the latter days of the Roman republic and the earlier days of the empire.





MISS ROYSTON'S GLOVES.

BY RICHARD HENRY SAVAGE.

THERE is no pleasanter corner in America for a guest, than the reception-room of the officers' mess at West Point. Cosy chairs, a generous hospitality and a circle of charming fellows gather around the great mahogany table. It was there, on a summer evening, over a good cherooot and a bottle of primemess claret, Major Hallett told me this story of Miss Royston's Gloves.

Said the major with a sigh and a pull at his glass: "Ah, my boy! The old days of the regency in Arizona. Good old days! I was a captain in Blake's Light Horse—the dear, steady old First cavalry! We had gone through the darkest early days of

the territory, and in '67 and '68 I was stationed at Fort McDowell. Two infantry and two cavalry regiments held the territory. We had a Department Commander, and there was no railroad, no fuss and feathers, no worrying from Washington. Four companies of infantry and four troops of "Ours" gave us a good garrison, and from our mountain nest we scouted and harried the Hualpais, the Tonto Apaches, White Mountain Apaches and the Chiricahuas.

"Arizona was then a strange, sad land of blood and gold, great parched deserts, with gray sands sifted deep over the ruins of the beautiful work of the old Aztecs; gloomy gorges fanged with ledges of rock, whose shadows hid the red devils;



Richard Henry Savage, the author of *My Official Wife*, *For Life and Love*, and other romantic novels, was born in Utica, N. Y., in 1846. He was educated at West Point, graduating as lieutenant of engineers in 1868. Mr. Savage resigned from the army in 1872 after serving as aide-de-camp to General Thomas, and in various ports on the Pacific coast. Years of roving and travel as a railroad and practical engineer followed, including service in the Egyptian army with Gen. C. F. Stone, diplomatic duties under the U. S. State department, and later travels in China, Japan, Corea and Siberia. Until recently, Mr. Savage's literary work was chiefly confined to lectures and technical writing. For the past two years he has been a resident of New York city and in that time has published no less than seven popular novels, and now his writings are published simultaneously in the United States, Germany and England.

rolling, arid mesa, where the coyotes roamed at will, and tall cacti pointed from a hell on earth to a heaven above! Treeless, waterless, barren, and with a strange suggestiveness of a lost land, a land of abandoned hopes and forgotten histories. Heavy spinal ridges hid beyond their summits fathomless mysteries of danger and dark adventure.

"On the heights at night, baleful glittering Indian fires told us of the movements of our troops ere they left the reserve. Thornbush and mesquit groves hid the mean, stunted, shock-headed wretches, whose name is the synonym for craft, thirst of blood and devilish ingenuity. For many weary miles we skirmished over the old battle grounds, where for two hundred years the Apache had fought the mail-clad Spaniard, the daring Mexican, and had butchered in sad succession, peaceful Jesuit fathers, the weary emigrant and the lonely scout or mail-carrier.

"Thankless our task, indeed! The territory was peopled with the border refuse of the war, most of the old-timers had fallen under the hand of the Indian, and succumbed to private fray, or the unerring stroke of frontier whisky. A few hardy prospectors even then were hunting for the hidden treasures I have often galloped my troop over.

"Cut off from home, forgotten and isolated, I used to gaze at Montezuma's grand sleeping profile in the western mountains and sigh for the orders which would take us to the 'buffalo country.' Deserters, stragglers, bushwhackers, 'retired from the active exercise of their profession,' and wanderers with the red brand of Cain, were the usual loungers around the little adobe 'stations.'

"Weary trains, under heavy escort, dragged our supplies from Yuma. Save the Vulture mine at Wickenburg, and the dim traditions of the Mowry, lode mining was in its infancy! From our hill fort we could easily reach Date creek, Mohave, Prescott, Maricopa Wells, Camp Thomas and Tucson. Our 'Fort' was the usual squatty quadrangle of adobes, sheds and corrals, and little was there to exhibit the dignity of a great nation, but the fluttering war flag on the parade, and the stout-hearted, spirited garrison.

"Yes, it was a strange life! Still, there were a few ladies with us. It is one of the

most charming and inconsequential features of the fair sex, that officers' wives will do and dare what can hardly be dreamed of. Unreasoning affection takes delicate women where their presence is often a desperate responsibility.

"It was a relief, a blessing, and an unmerited privilege, to see a few pleasant faces, and some lovely ones, in that far-off stronghold in the old days. The service is sadly changed now, for there's not a spice of danger left to relieve its humdrum weariness. Danger there was enough and to spare then!

"Our gloomy post commander, 'Black Bill,' passed his lonely days in nursing his wrath, overpunishing the enlisted men, and systematically ignoring the pink and white lady commanders, who, awed by his distant manner, could only vainly urge 'Aiguellettes,' our handsome adjutant, not to detail popular married officers or their petted 'subs' on dangerous scouts! The serious duty, as usual, was done by two or three case-hardened captains, not of a society turn, and a dozen of as bright-hearted troop lieutenants as ever backed a bucking horse.

"Some of them were gay lads, fresh from cadet buttons and pipe-clay (some, alas! now sleeping where 'Boots and Saddles' will never wake their last slumbers); several, rejoicing in euphonious titles, such as 'Mad Burke,' 'Hard-Riding Hennessey,' 'Poker James,' and 'Whisky Reilly,' were legacies of our great war,—or, by dint of hard fighting and desperate pluck, with years of service in the ranks, had changed the chevron for the yellow shoulder-strap.

"We had one or two 'transiers' from the east, among them Arthur Snodgrass Jawkins, a long, placid youth from civil life, who had a thin neck, a watery eye, played the flute, and regularly fell off his horse at drill. Poor Jawkins was a little loose-jointed for the cavalry, but he died like a man, some years later, 'a bad rider, but a good fellow,' and his scalp is to be



HANDMASTER HORNBLOWER.

credited to the yet unpaid account of Mr. Crazy Horse.

"Such were our surroundings. What was our daily life? Stables, drill, fatigue, the mess-room, chat, the stir of arriving trains, the mild excitement of the mail, dull poring over dog-eared novels, a little expensive poker, and much consumption of bad whisky at the sutler's. Those who did not go in for scouting, went in for mental dry-rot, or revolved aimlessly—poor, useless satellites—around the over-petted ladies of the post.

"As usual, we had the 'literary clique,' the 'swell family,' the 'gossip headquarters,' and the 'flirtation center' of our small world. The enlisted men were overworked at 'fatigue' and cordially hated the harsh post régime. Half were old soldiers, and the rest, the bad class of men who had drifted into the army after the war, and represented every description of unpunished crime, bounty-jumping, skulking, and all the usual moral looseness following a long period of hostility.

"It was on a pleasant afternoon in September, 1867, that Dick Grahame, my first lieutenant, a sterling young fellow, called out, gaily: 'By Jove, Captain, here's an ambulance and a lady!' This unexpected break in the monotony of our life was caused by the advent of Harold Royston, of New York, a wealthy backer of the local owners of the Vulture mine, who appeared, toil-worn and dusty, to claim our hospitality, on his weary way to Wickensburg.

"The thrill of excitement caused by the advent of Miss Agnes, his daughter, will never be forgotten at Fort McDowell. The father had vainly objected to his spirited child accompanying him on a long western journey. It was soon known that Miss Agnes would remain for some weeks with Mrs. Major Merri-field, while her sire pursued his business at the Vulture.

Years have gone by; but I can yet recall Agnes Royston, as she stood

next morning watching our guard mount. Our ambitious bandmaster, Hornblower, essayed 'Then-You'll Remember Me,' during 'inspection of arms,' as a compliment to this bright and lovely bird of passage. Don't ask me to tell you of the graces of form and feature which set us all weaving bright romances, from trim Major Hatch, of the infantry—well-to-do and next for promotion,—up and down, to McSawbones, our Scotch surgeon, whose hair was the real vermillion dye, and whose accent was as broad as his shoulders!

"I'll say nothing about myself; but I've seen Dick Grahame take a rattling volley across a cañon more calmly than his introduction to the goddess. He was the new 'officer of the day' and was asked at once by the visitor why they "all marched around in such a funny way." Leaving Dick with his interesting military pupil, I will only say that in a week Agnes Royston had captured all our hearts. Her sunny face, dainty figure, and that polished, yet delicate elegance which distinguishes the New York girl, 'to the manner born,' were a revelation to some, and a reminiscence to others. She came upon us, a beautiful stranger, to recall a bright world, where 'Apaches,' 'sandstorms,' 'roughing it,' and 'frontier manners' were unknown. Croquet, riding parties under escort, music, and a round of ceremonial garrison 'teas' caused our social Sahara to blossom like a suddenly enriched oasis. She became a general favorite, and even visited the men's quarters, where her graceful presence was like a stray sunbeam.

"It was known in two weeks that she had conquered even the irascible 'Black Bill,' who had condescended to release, at her majesty's request, 'Hard-Headed Sidney,' our most rebellious recruit, from ornamentally parading before a sentinel, with a fifty-pound mesquit log on his shoulders. Sidney, a raw-boned, defiant American castaway, looked with a



ARTHUR SNODGRASS JAWKINS.



MISS ROYSTON'S ARRIVAL.

grateful flash in his cool, wicked eyes at this pretty, patrician girl, who begged an unasked boon for a stranger.

"Poor Dick Grahame! He messed with me. I had always liked the lad since I drilled him, a lithe, bright-eyed cadet, at the Point, and saw him take 'Rabb' over the pole-fence at Roe's hotel, in that particularly neat style of his, on his graduating ride. It was evident that Dick was hard hit, and his particular form of the mild lunacy called 'Love' was moping, smoking many pipes, and very shyly dropping his blue eyes, under the wavy brown hair, when the fair divinity asked him even the most trifling question. Still, I thought I recognized an unusually knowing knotting of the bunch of red neck ribbon which our troop affected, and a peculiarly careful grooming of his big roan charger 'Strideaway.'

"These dangerous symptoms were supplemented by the reckless wearing of his 'best blouse,' and certain literary researches in a well-thumbed volume of Lucile, which, I am ashamed to own was a gift of some soft-eyed, but absent charmer of his cadet days. Yet, with all these signs of imminent inflammation of the heart, I was not a little surprised to be officially addressed by him, one day, at troop drill, as 'Miss Agnes,' instead of the customary, though less romantic

appellation of 'Captain'! I was obliged to gallop the troop around the parade to regain my official composure, and to sternly reprove Sergeant Mike Mulrain for 'losing distance with his platoon,' when that respectable Hibernian soldier's real crime was roaring in amazement, as he heard the words which paralyzed several files of the best troop (as I fondly imagined) in the service.

"And now you have my young friends in the circle of your acquaintance. Burning days gave way to glorious moonlight nights, when fun was rife, or dark evenings, when a doubled guard protected us from the deviltry of the Indians, who would sneak up almost to our sentinels' posts. If there is any spot on earth where a sweet stranger will receive the united devotion of all hearts, it is a frontier post—or, at least, it *was* in those now forgotten days.

"Time wore on, and Dick's infatuation proportionately increased, as the days of the stay of our 'one fair goddess' grew less, and painfully small to the many gallant suitors, whose readiness was characteristic of 'cavalry gallantry.' The infantry were by no means distanced by their mounted brethren, and the respectable 'staff' kept up a sly attack. Never did the different arms of the service meet 'on detached duty' with more praiseworthy zeal.

"There seems to be a fatality about nice girls—and occasionally heiresses—marrying in the service. I often wondered if lovely Agnes Royston would leave us and pass away forever, a bright memory, and be vainly regretted over our flowing cups. Fate ordained otherwise,—and it fell about in this manner:

"But two weeks remained of Miss Royston's visit, when the post was startled by the desertion of 'Hard-Headed Sidney,' whose genial company was not regretted as much as the loss of his horse, arms and accoutrements. He left us, one night, accompanied by 'McCarty the malingerer,' a sly and astute milesian shirk, who had shown, through several infantry enlistments, a great capacity for swallowing liquor and being duly court-martialled. McCartney's stories of the ante-bellum days kept his mess-squad in a roar, and often saved himself from the non-com.'s vengeance. It was, therefore, awkward

enough for Dick Grahame that he was ordered to take ten men, with two week's rations, and scout the mesa and cañon toward Maricopa, and arrest these delinquents. Peculiarly awkward, as the grand ball given to Miss Agnes Royston was to dazzle us in a week.

"It was, indeed, hard; for had not Dick sent to distant San Diego for the prettiest pair of white gloves, with innumerable buttons, as a payment of a wager lost to our young 'Queen Bright Eyes' at croquet? The vivacious 'sub,' who would have gladly welcomed his dangerous detail at any other time, used words which would have curled the hair of a regulation chaplain, with holy horror. Some *other* fellow would have the first waltz; some *other* fellow would get the old regimental extra, 'The Blue Danube,' while our forlorn lover would be camping on the bleak, stony plains, and, uselessly perhaps, hunting two desperate rascals. Visions of *other* fellows pressing that pretty hand annoyed the love-lorn youth, who sadly mourned the loss of an opportunity to present his token and feel the loss of his wager richly repaid in fastening Miss Royston's gloves around those pretty blue-veined wrists. Well, Dick's grumbling had, perforce, an end, when his sergeant reported the detachment. Strideaway looked fit for a race for life, and, after galloping across and reporting departure, Dick came over and said good-by to me. 'All's for the best, dear boy,' said I, as I shook his hand, and gave him my commissions for Maricopa.

"It was a gloomy face which met mine as he rode away and sent his detachment down the road. For the first time since Dick joined, he was not at the head of his command, for he rode across the parade to where Mrs. Merrifield and her attendant ladies were gathered upon the major's porch. Poor Dick! The news of this sudden detail was not generally known, and our charming visitor was not at home. It was small solace to our hero to know of her riding out with Major Hatch in that particularly

neat trap which was the envy of the opposing heroes who sported no team. Across the parade the gallant roan sped at the full run, as the despairing lover threw his hand up in a last salute to me, and I watched him sadly 'fall in' at the head of his little band, and the dark gorge swallowed them from my sight.

"Days passed, and I will pass over the 'grand ball.' It is yet chronicled in McDowell, how 'Black Bill' opened the ball with sweet Agnes Royston, and looked like the 'stern old Baron Rudiger' capturing a fairy; how the married ladies nearly died with envy; how our soon-departing friend had to laughingly retreat before our earnest pleadings for 'just one more turn;' of the grand culinary triumphs of the supper; of how the mess of the 'First' made Miss Agnes an honorary member; how McSawbones solemnly inserted a stately minuet in the Virginia reel, which closed this memorable ball. Memorable? Yes! For did we not all feel a sense of personal loss, as 'Home, Sweet Home' softly breathed to us of the dear, far-away home *she* was going back to, and from which we were yet to be exiled for years? Gentle, gracious, and lovely, the loss of her presence was a general calamity to us, and I felt complimented when the dear child said: 'Captain Hallett, as you don't dance, you shall see me home!'

"It was a silent walk across the dark parade; her dear little hand closed nervously on mine, and her sweet voice trembled, as she said: 'And you'll remember

me most kindly to Lieutenant Grahame; and tell him not to forget he owes me a visit at New York on his leave.' The bright Arizona stars—the very brightest in the world—hung over us; but the brightness seemed all to go out with her as she left me. I thought sadly of my poor boy in his lonely camp, and of how often runs the course of true love in devious paths.

"It was with heavy hearts, best wishes, and much waving of handkerchiefs, that the little cor-



"JAWKINS KEPT US ALL AWAKE."

tege drew out of the fort, some days later. Mr. Royston had returned; the last farewells had been spoken. The travel-stained ambulance, packed with every comfort, drew away on the long road, stretching bleak and drear, to San Diego; the Roystons were to go to San Francisco, and thence home by rail. It was easy to see from the lowering brow of Major Hatch, and the dejected visage of McSawbones, that neither of them hoped to hear that sweet voice ever say, 'Auf Wiedersehen!' Dignity, coldness and reserve wrapped Harold Royston as an icy mantle; and that judicious parent congratulated himself on his departure, for he was thunderstruck at the royal sway of his bright girl over the whole garrison. He had no idea of becoming socially interested in the Army Register.

"Escorted by five stout cavalymen, the ambulance rolled away, and we were left lamenting, while our bird of bright plumage left us, 'like Alexander, to spread her conquests further.' There was much stirrup-cup drinking that night, at mess. Jawkins kept us all awake with the melancholy 'tootle' of his flute, showing how hard hit his gentle nature was. McSawbones played chess, in a savage frame of mind, with Major Hatch, —he soon got angry, was beaten, and skulked off to bed. So passed away from us that bright presence, which made us all men of heart and feeling again, not sullen machines of every-day life, bored, and boring others more deeply yet.

"Down into the fastnesses of McDowell cañon went our little train, freighted with well-wishes, and what happened there shall be told in Dick Grahame's own words. He told it to me with certain additions, charming interpolations, and one or two pretty tear drops, and a sob now and then, from the sweetest woman in the world, who at that time was nursing a very good-looking young cavalry officer. She wore at her ivory throat a knot of saucy scarlet ribbon and a pair of pretty gold cross-sabers, with a figure '1,' as a mark of the regiment and troop she had determined to 'reinforce.'

"'You see, Hallett,' said Dick, 'I had scouted up and down the cañon and the mesa. I went over to Salt river, and down as far as Maricopa. I looked along the Gila; found no one. After executing your commissions at Maricopa and get-

ting forage, I started up into the back country, intending to strike the McDowell road half-way. I felt blue enough. I got those famous gloves at Maricopa. I slipped them in the breast-pocket of my blouse. I was rather 'cut up' when I thought of the ball and of 'somebody'—(here an interruption),—and I declared that if I got those two deserters, I'd tie them up for an hour or two, just for spite.

'Well, I struck their trail about forty miles from Maricopa, and followed it into the cañon. I knew at once, from their



'MISS AGNES.'

doubling, that they were out of water and had to make for Salt river. I pressed the trail and followed it quickly, as I wanted to catch them before they could hole on the other side of the river. We were winding down hill into the cañon, when we saw an ambulance and escort coming down the McDowell road. I jumped at the idea that I might, after all, say good-by. I pushed the men on and struck the road. Just then I heard sharp firing. I put the men at the run, for I knew that the red devils had attacked the escort. I could tell the crack of the cavalry carbine. My heart was in my mouth. I could hear the dropping fire of the Indians, when, suddenly, the regular ring of two heavy Springfields was added.

'By Jove, Hallett, when we got up, there was Sidney and old McCarty in the rocks,



"IT WAS A SILENT WALK ACROSS THE
DARK PARADE."

practicing on the Indians, who had already killed Duffy, Stacy and Maloney. The deserters had seen the attack, pitched in like two heroes, and were 'standing them off.' I never shall forget Sidney—just as cool as if on parade; old McCarty, too, was 'the man for Galway.' Well, you know the team was upset and Mr. Royston wounded; and that's about all, for when we got up we finished the thing off quickly!"

"Now, that's *not* all!" said Somebody; 'for all I remember of that dreadful hurry and horrid five minutes is those two brave men helping us, and hearing the clatter of horses' feet. I saw Richard, like in a dream, on that darling old roan horse, come flying around the bend, and with his splendid fellows dash after these fearful Indians. I screamed to you, and you rode up like a flash, and then I saw you fall so heavily from your horse. When the sergeant said, 'It's all right, Miss,—it's all over,' there you were, lying in the road, and your breast was covered with blood. Some took care of my father, while I opened your coat; and I found in your breast-pocket this pair of gloves, with a gaping ball-hole in them.' And the

beautiful brown eyes were filled with happy tears, as she showed us the package which had helped to keep an Indian bullet out of a loving and manly heart.

"Well, all stories must have an end. Dick's severe flesh wound healed quickly, for the Apache's ball had glanced. The presence of two soft brown eyes watching his sleep, and disturbing his waking hours, 'incited fever;' so said the great McSawbones, as he divided his attentions between Lieutenant Grahame's wound in the breast and Papa Royston's shattered arm. Poor McSawbones was under fire as he exercised his grim art; but he made ample amends for all the necessary pangs he caused, by his elegant and appropriate present of massy silverware at the wedding.

"After the grand ball, and this exciting ride for a dear one's life, the culminating glory of that never-to-be-forgotten year was the jolliest cavalry wedding in the world. The bride looked her very loveliest, as, in the old mess-hall, given cheerfully by the hand of her grateful, but polar parent, to my dear boy, she changed her rank from an honorary to an active member of the First cavalry mess. We were all in full dress. The band was proud of the applause bestowed upon their rendition of 'Then You'll Remember Me' (played at Dick's special request), to commemorate that first guard-mount. The married ladies—dear souls!—in the usual womanly sympathy with a wedding looked their very prettiest, and distributed their smiles upon the cavalry, infantry and fragmentary 'staff,' with judicious and friendly fervor. The hall was decked with banners, and the silken guidon of dear old 'E' troop had the post of honor, neatly tied up with its bridal favors of white satin. Even 'Black Bill' was amiable!

"The men all had a grand dinner, which was inspected by the wedding party, and the health of Agnes Royston was drunk by the gallant boys who rescued her from the fate, worse than death, which lurked in McDowell's cañon. The wedding supper was jolly to a degree, and Jawkins's speech, in proposing the health of the bride, was a marvel of classic diction. It was accompanied with much redness of his honest face. It was a proud day for the post, and when dear old Dick and his

darling left us and walked across the parade, under the sweet shining stars, to the pleasant quarters tendered them by Major Merrifield, our hearts went out with them in fervent prayers for a peace and happiness which, thank God, has been since realized.

"Shall I tell you of the ball which followed the reception—how Jawkins actually waltzed; how Black Bill complimented all the ladies in turn, with official impartiality; how McSawbones giddily threw himself into the wild mazes of the dance, and made several matrons' cheeks tingle with his flowery phrases; how, as we went home in the morning, the stars were sloping in the west, and a faint flush hinted of the sweet singing bugles of reveille; how it seemed as if an era of happiness had dawned upon McDowell? Everyone took on a more pleasant and brotherly feeling, for had we not the very best of reasons? A sweet and gracious womanly presence was added in that lovely bride, who passed part of her time petting her soon departing father, hover-

ing over her wounded husband, and feeding a certain gallant roan charger more lump sugar than was good for him, out of the prettiest dimpled hand in the Territory.

"It is, indeed, true that a miracle occurred; for, when Sidney, the recalcitrant, and the wily McCarty, were tried for desertion, were they not acquitted by a vote, which was not intended to be a precedent in the service? By the way, that's the same sergeant Sidney, who saved Jimmy Hawkins's life on the Rosebud. He says Captain Grahame's lady chased the devil out of him with her smile.

"Ah, yes, you say it's strange that I never married. . . . Well," said the major, as he called for a petit cognac and lit a fresh cheroot, "find me another woman on God's footstool like Agnes Royston, and I might be tempted; but," added the major, with a sigh, "I think my godson, Philip Hallett Grahame, will fall heir to my small savings and my couple of old swords."



PROPOSING THE HEALTH OF THE BRIDE.

As I walked up to Roe's hotel after a cordial "Good-night!" from the major, I sorrowed for the tenderhearted and lonely man who stood there, stern and military, waving the friendly beacon of his cigar.

I said to the major, next day: "My dear friend, I don't see much in your little narrative about Miss Royston's gloves."

"Right you are, my dear boy; but, you see, the folded gloves stopped the Indian's ball and thus prevented a mortal wound. I did not tell you that sweet Agnes Roy-

ston wore that very pair at the cavalry wedding, and no one criticised a ball hole in the sleeve of one, nor a dark spot on the other, telling of the manly, headlong devotion of the gallant boy whose heart's blood tinged the purity of the dainty kid. . . . Still, you are right," said the major. "I rather dwelt a little too much on lovely Agnes Royston."

And he walked musingly away to his lonely quarters, to dream of the old days in distant Arizona.

A DANCER.

BY ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

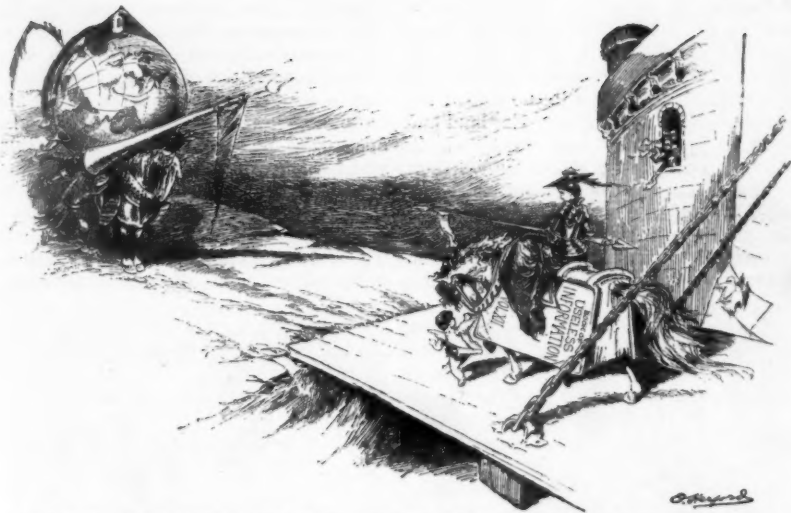
In the lamplight's glare she stood,
The dancer—the octoroon—
On a space of polished wood
With glittering sand-grains strewn;
And a rapid, rhythmic tune,
From the strings of a mandolin,
Leaped up through the air in viewless flight
And passed in a strident din.

Her eyes like a fawn's were dark,
But her hair was black as night,
And a diamond's bluish spark
From its masses darted bright;
While around her figure slight
Clung a web of lace she wore,
In curving lines of unhidden grace,
As she paused on the sanded floor.

Then the clashing music sprang
From the frets of the mandolin,
While the shadowy arches rang
With insistent echoes thin.
And there, as the spiders spin
Dim threads in a ring complete,
A labyrinthine wheel she wove
With the touch of her flying feet.

To the right she swayed—to the left,
Then swung in a circle round,
Fast weaving a changing weft
To the changing music's sound;
As light as a leaf unbound
From the grasp of its parent tree,
That falls and dips with the thistledown,
Afloat on a windy sea.

And wider the music spell
Swept on in jarring sound;
Advanced and rose and fell,
By gathering echoes crowned;
And the lights whirled round and round
O'er the woman dancing there,
With her Circe grace and passionate face,
And a diamond in her hair.



THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE GOES FORTH FROM THE CASTLE OF LEARNING TO DO BATTLE WITH THE WICKED WORLD.—*Life*.

HUMOR: ENGLISH AND AMERICAN.

BY AGNES REPPLIER.

NATIONS, like individuals, stand self-betrayed in their pastimes and their jests. The ancient historians recognized this truth, and thought it well worth their while to gossip pleasantly into the ears of attentive and grateful generations. Cleopatra playfully outwitting Anthony by fastening a salted fish to the boastful angler's hook is no less clear to us than Cleopatra sternly outwitting Cæsar with the poison of the asp, and we honor Plutarch for confiding both these details to the world. Their verity has nothing to do with their value or our satisfaction. The Mediæval chroniclers listened rapturously to the clamor of battle, and found all else but war too trivial for their pens. The modern scholar produces that pitiless array of facts known as constitutional history; and labors under the strange delusion that acts of Parliament, or acts of Congress, reform bills, and political pamphlets represent his country's life. If this sordid devotion to the concrete suffers no abatement, the intelligent

reader of the future will be compelled to reconstruct the nineteenth century from the pages of *Punch* and *Life*, from faded play-bills, the records of the race-track, and the inextinguishable echo of dead laughter.

For man lives in his recreations, and is revealed to us by the search-light of an



IN THE FIFTH AVENUE STABLES—"Say, Mike, what's the matter with Bonsie, he's the best horse we've got."

"Well, yer see, that new man went an' give 'im a pint er oats all in a lump, an' it's overloaded his stummick."—*Life*.

epigram. Humor, in one form or another, is characteristic of every nation; and reflecting the salient points of social and national life, it illuminates those crowded corners which history leaves obscure. The laugh that we enjoy at our own expense betrays us to the rest of the world, and the humorists of England and America have been long employed in pointing out with derisive fingers their own, and not their neighbors' shortcomings. If we are more reckless in our satire, and more amused at our own wit, it is because we are better tempered, and newer to the game. The delight of being

which he has striven, with some degree of success, to make clear to the rest of mankind. Add to them our less justifiable diversion at official corruption and mismanagement, our glee over the blunders and rascalities of the men whom we permit to govern us, and we have that curious combination of keenness and apathy, of penetration and indifference which makes possible American humor.

Now Englishmen, however prone to laugh at their own foibles, do not, as a rule, take their politics lightly. Those whom I have known were most depressingly serious when discussing the situa-



MORE NOVELTY. The Misses Weasel think crinoline a preposterous and extravagant invention, and appear at Mrs. Roundabout's party in a simple and elegant attire.—John Leech in *Punch*.

a nation, and a very big nation at that, has not yet with us lost all the charm of novelty, and we pelt one another with ridicule after the joyously aggressive fashion of school-boys pelting one another with snow-balls. Already there is a vast array of seasoned and recognized jokes which are levelled against every city in the land. The culture of Boston, the slowness of Philadelphia, the ostentation of New York, the arrogance and ambition of Chicago, the mutual jealousy of Minneapolis and St. Paul,—these are themes of which the American satirist never wearies, these are characteristics

tion with friends, and most disagreeably violent when by chance they met an opponent. Neither do they see anything funny in being robbed by corporations; but, with discouraging and unhumorous tenacity, exact payment of the last farthing of debt, fulfilment of the least clause in a charter. Our lenity in such matters is a trait which they fail to understand, and are disinclined to envy. One of the most amusing scenes I ever witnessed was an altercation between an exceedingly clever Englishwoman, who for years has taken a lively part in public measures, and a countrywoman of my

own, deeply imbued with that gentle pessimism which insures contentment and bars reform. The subject under discussion was the street-car service of Philadelphia (which would be primitive for Asia Minor), and the Englishwoman was expressing in no measured terms her amazement at such comprehensive and unqualified inefficiency. In vain my American friend explained to her that this car-service was one of the most diverting things about our Quaker city, that it represented one of those humorous details which gave Philadelphia its distinctly local color. The Englishwoman declined to be amused. "I do not understand you in the least," she said gravely. "You have a beautiful city, of which you should be proud. You have disgraceful streets and trams, of which you should be ashamed. Yet you ridicule your city as if you were ashamed of that, and defend your trams as if you were proud of them. If you think it funny to be imposed on, you will never be at a loss for a joke."

Yet corruption in office, like hypocrisy in religion, has furnished food for mirth ever since King Log and King Stork began their beneficent reigns. Diogenes complained that the people of Athens liked to have the things they should have held most dear pelted with dangerous banter. Kant finds precisely the same fault with the French, and even the history of sober England is enlivened by its share of such satiric laughter. "Wood was dear at Newmarket," said a wit, when Sir Henry Montague received there the white staff

which made him Lord High Treasurer of England, for which exalted honor he had paid King James the First full twenty thousand pounds. The jest sounds so light-hearted, so free from any trouble-

some resentment, that it might have been uttered in America; but it is well to remember that such witticisms pointed unerringly to the tragic downfall of the Stuarts. Indeed, the lightest laugh occasionally rings a death-knell, and so our humorists wield a power which could hardly be entrusted into better hands. Punch has the cleanest record of any



Nurse, washerwoman and general housekeeper (looking through "Kitchen Guide"). — "Oh, bother such a cook book! I've been all through it twicet, an' it don't give no fancy dishes wot kin be made of bread and water!"—*Life*.

English journal. It has ever—save for those perverse and wicked slips which cost it the friendship of stout-hearted Richard Doyle—allied itself with honor and honesty, and that sane tolerance which is the basis of humor. Life has fought an even braver fight, and has been the active champion of all that is helpless and ill-treated, the advocate of all that is honorable and sincere. The little children who crawl, wasted and fever-stricken, through the heated city streets, the animals that pay with prolonged pain for the pleasures of scientific research—these hapless victims of our advanced civili-



DROPPING THE PILOT—Sir John Tenniel in Punch.

zation find their best friend in this New York comic paper. The girl whose youth and innocence are bartered for wealth in the open markets of matrimony, sees no such vigorous protest against her degradation as in its wholesome pages. It is scant praise to say that *Life* does more to quicken charity, and to purify social corruption than all the religious and ethical journals in the country. This is the natural result of its reaching the proper audience. It has the same beneficent effect that sermons would have if they were preached to the non-churchgoing people who require them.

When we have learned to recognize the fact that humor does not necessarily imply fun, we will better understand the humorist's attitude and labors. There is nothing, as a rule, very funny in the weekly issues of *Punch*, and *Puck*, and *Life*. Many of the jokes ought to be explained in a key like that which accompanied my youthful arithmetic, and those which need no such deciphering are often so threadbare and feeble from hard usage that it is scarcely decent to exact further service from them. It has been represented to us more than once that the English, being conservative in the matter of amusement, prefer those jests which, like

"old Grouse in the gun-room," have grown seasoned in long years of telling. "Slow to understand a new joke," says Mrs. Pennell, "they are equally slow to part with one that has been mastered." But there are some time-honored jests—the young housekeeper's pie, for example, and the tramp who is unable to digest it—which even a conservative American, if such an anomaly exists, would part with, dry-eyed and smiling. It is not for such feeble waggery as this that we value our comic journals, but for those vital touches which illuminate and betray the tragic farce called life. *Punch's* cartoon depicting Bismarck as a discharged pilot, gloomily quitting the ship of state, while overhead the young emperor swaggers and smiles derisively, is in itself an epitome of history, a realization of those brief bitter moments which mark the turning-point of a nation, and stand for the satire of success. *Life's* somber picture of the young wife bowing her head despairingly over the piano, as though to shut out from her gaze her foolish, besotted husband, is an unflinching delineation of the most sordid, pitiful and common-place of all daily tragedies. In both these masterly sketches there is a grim humor, softened by kindness, and this is the key-note



THE ARTISTIC (!) STUDIO. "*Love, Pride, Revenge*."—The group represents a young minstrel of humble origin, declaring his passion to a lady of noble parentage. Her haughty brother, as may be seen from his menacing attitude, is about to avenge the insult offered to his family.—*John Leach in Punch*.



A DANGEROUS REFLECTION. *Ryestraw*: What's the matter with ye there?
Dolan: Oi doan' know av oi be drowned or hanged.—*Puck*.

of their power. They are as unlike as possible in subject and in treatment, but the under-current of human sympathy is the same.

Is it worth while, then, to be so contentious over the superficial contrasts of English and American humor, when both spring from the same seed, and nourish the same fruit? Why should we resent one another's methods, or deny one another's success? If, as our critics proudly claim, we Americans have a quicker perception of the ludicrous, the English have a finer standard by which to judge its worth. If we, as a nation, have more humor, they have better humorists, and can point serenely to those unapproached and unapproachable writers of the eighteenth century, whose splendid ringing laughter still clears the murky air. It is true, I am told now and then, with commendable gravity, that such mirth is unbecoming in a refined and critical age, and that, if I would try a little harder to follow the somewhat elusive satire of the modern analyst, I should enjoy a species of pleasantries too delicate or too difficult for laughter. I hesitate to affirm coarsely in reply that I like to laugh, because it is possible to be deeply humiliated by the contempt of one's fellow-creatures. It is possible also to be sadly confused by new theories and new standards; by the people who

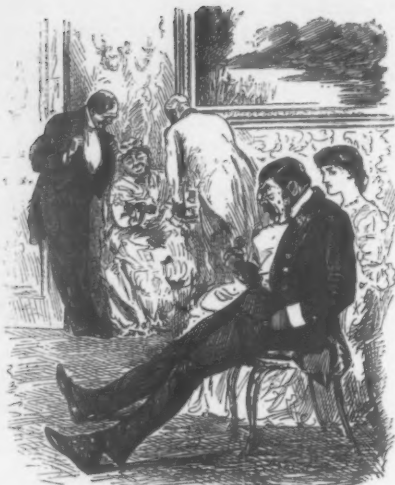
tell me that exaggerated types like Mr. Micawber and Mrs. Gamp are not amusing, and by the critics who are so good as to reveal to me the depths of my own delusions. "We have long ago ceased to be either surprised, grieved, or indignant at anything the English say of us," writes Mr. Charles Dudley Warner. "We have recovered our balance. We know that since 'Gulliver' there has been no piece of original humor produced in England equal to Knickerbocker's 'New York'; that not in this century has any English writer equalled the wit and satire of the 'Biglow Papers.'"

Does this mean that Mr. Warner considers Washington Irving to be the equal of Jonathan Swift; that he places the gentle satire of the American alongside of those trenchant and masterly pages which constitute one of the landmarks of literature? "Swift," says Dr. Johnson, with reluctant truthfulness, "must be allowed for a time to have dictated the political opinions of the English nation." He is a writer whom we may be permitted to detest, but not to undervalue. His star, red as Mars, still flames fiercely in the horizon, while the genial luster of Washington Irving grows dimmer year by year. We can never hope to "recover our balance" by confounding values, a process of self-deception which misleads no one but ourselves.

Curiously enough, at least one Englishman may be found who cordially agrees with Mr. Warner. The Rev. R. H. Haweis



THE HERO OF THE HOUR.—The muscular masher eclipses the dainty dude.—*Puck*.



THE EXCEPTION THAT CONFIRMS THE RULE. *Sir Peter (who is of a moralizing turn of mind):—*It's an odd thing, Lady Midas, but what people admire most in those they really love, is the very beauty that is most conspicuous by its absence!
*Lady Midas:—*Not always, Sir Peter! For instance, I dote on my son, Gorgy, over there, better than anything on earth, but I see no particular beauty in him, beyond his looking like a gentleman, you know!—*Du Maurier in Punch.*

has enriched the world with a little volume on American humorists, in which he kindly explains a great deal which we had thought tolerably clear already, as, for example, why Mark Twain is amusing. The authors whom Mr. Haweis has selected to illustrate his theme are Washington Irving, Dr. Holmes, Mr. Lowell, Artemus Ward, Mark Twain and Bret Harte; and he arranges this somewhat motley group into a humorous roundtable, where all hold equal rank. He is not only generous, he is strictly impartial in his praise, and manifests the same pleasant enthusiasm for Boston's "Autocrat" and for "The Innocents Abroad." Artemus Ward's remark to his hesitating audience: "Ladies and gentlemen! You cannot expect to go in without paying your money, but you can pay your money without going in," delights our kindly critic beyond measure. "Was there ever a wittier motto than this?" he asks, with such innocent exultation that we have a vague sense of self-reproach at not being more diverted by the pleasantry.

Now Mr. Haweis, guided by that dan-

gerous instinct which drives us on to unwarranted comparisons, does not hesitate to link the fame of Knickerbocker's "New York" with the fame of "Gulliver's Travels," greatly to the disadvantage of the latter. "Irving," he gravely declares, "has all the satire of Swift, without his sour coarseness." It would be as reasonable to say, "Apollinaris has all the vivacity of brandy, without its corrosive insalubrity." The advantages of Apollinaris are apparent at first sight. It sparkles pleasantly, it is harmless, it is refreshing, it can be consumed in large quantities without any particular result. Its merits are incontestable; but, when all is said, a few of us still remember Dr. Johnson—"Brandy, sir, is a drink for heroes!" The robust virility of Swift places him forever at the head of English-speaking satirists. Unpardonable as is his coarseness, shameful as is his cynicism, we must still agree with Carlyle that his humor, "cased, like Ben Jonson's, in a most hard and bitter rind," is too genuine to be always unloving and malign.

Mr. Haweis, who has a turn for classification, has analyzed American humor, and satisfied himself that it springs from three great sources, which, it seems, are sufficient to supply the wit of a nation:

"First, there is the shock between business and piety.



ANYTHING TO OBLIGE. *Hostess:* Are you fond of Kipling?
Mr. Gaiman (of Chicago): Never played it; but I'd just as soon take a hand as not. I s'pose I could pick it up easy enough!—*Puck.*

"Second, the shock of contrast between the aboriginal and the Yankee.

"Third, the shock of contrast between the bigness of American nature and the smallness of European nature, or, as for the matter of that, human nature itself outside America."

This sounds both simple and conclusive, and is in every way worthy of the man who begins his lectures by lamenting the time he has spent in reading "long and tiresome essays by Hazlitt." But when we test Mr. Haweis' rules by apply-

est enjoyment, and our keen appreciation of a jest serves materially to modify our national magniloquence, and to lessen our national self-esteem. We are good-tempered, too, where our sense of humor is aroused, and so the frank ignorance of foreigners, the audacious disparagement of our fellow countrymen are accepted with equal serenity. Newspapers deem it their duty to lash themselves into patriotic rage over every affront, but newspaper readers do not. Surely it is a generous nation that so promptly forgave Dickens for the diverting malice of "Martin Chuzzlewit."

I heard last summer a young Irishman, who was going to the World's Fair, ask a young Englishman, who had been, if the

**The FOX
sends the
GOOSE
a
VALENTINE**



streets of Chicago were paved, and the question was hailed with courteous glee by the few Americans present. Better still, I had the pleasure of listening to a citizen of Seattle, who was describing to a group of his townspeople the glories of the Fair, and the magnitude of the city which had brought it to such a triumphant conclusion. "Chicago, gentlemen,"

—From *Life*.

ing them to the masterpieces of American humor, to Bret Harte's earlier stories, or to the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," we see that stronger, subtler forces are at work to yield us inspiration. Even a masterly trifle, like Mr. Frank Stockton's "Lady, or the Tiger," is built up on somewhat surer foundations than any with which Mr. Haweis accredits us; and the riotous fun of Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad" is so far from magnifying "American nature" that it sends its sharpest arrows home. In fact we are always ready to laugh at ourselves with non-

said this enthusiastic traveller in a burst of final eloquence, "Chicago is the Seattle of Illinois." The splendid audacity of this commended it as much to one city as to the other; and when it was repeated in Chicago, it was received with that frank delight which proves how highly we value the blessed privilege of laughter.

Perhaps it is our keener sense of humor which prompts America to show more honor to her humorists than England often grants. Perhaps it is merely because we are in the habit of according to all our men of letters a larger share of public esteem than a more critical or richly en-

dowed nation would think their labors merited. Perhaps our humorists are more amusing than their English rivals. Whatever may be the cause, it is undoubtedly true that we treat Mr. Stockton with greater deference than England treats Mr. Anstey. We have illustrated articles about him in our magazines, and incidents of his early infancy are gravely narrated, as likely to interest the whole reading public. Now Mr. Anstey might have passed his infancy in an egg, for all the English magazines have to tell us on the subject. His books are bought, and read, and laughed over, and laid aside, and when there is a bitter cadence in his mirth, people are disappointed and displeased. England has always expected her jesters to wear the cap and bells. She would have nothing but foolish fun from Hood, sacrificing his finer instincts and his better parts on the shrine of her own ruthless desires, and yielding him scant return for the lifelong vassalage she exacted. It is fitting that an English humorist should have recently written the most somber, the most heart-breaking, the most beautiful and consoling of tragic stories. Du Maurier has taught to England the lesson she needed to learn.



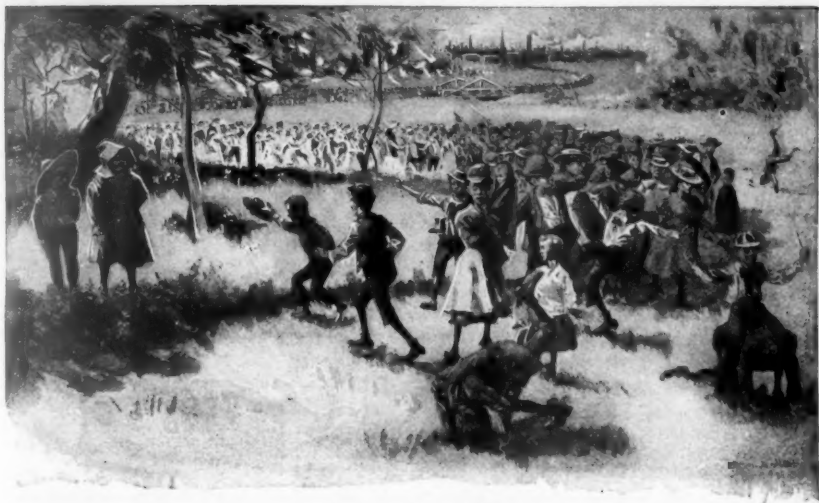
A HORRIBLE TERROR. *Boston Mother:*—Now, Emerson, if you are not a good boy whilst I am perambulating, you shall not practice your logarithms and trigonometry this evening, nor will you be allowed to read your Browning or your Ibsen for a week.—*Puck.*



A CURE FOR IT. *Friend:*—One of your clerks tells me you raised his salary and told him to get married, under penalty of discharge.

Business-man:—Yes, I do that to all my clerks when they get old enough to marry. I don't want any of your independent, conceited men around my place.—*Puck.*

The best-loved workers of every nation are those who embody distinctly national characteristics, whose work breathes a spirit of wholesome national prejudice, who are children of their own soil, and cannot, even in fancy, be associated with any other art or literature save the art or literature of their fatherland. This was the case with honest John Leech whom England took to her heart and held dear because he was so truly English, because he despised Frenchmen, and mistrusted Irishmen, and hated Jews, and had a splendid British frankness in conveying these various impressions to the world. What would Leech have thought of Peter Ibbetson watching with sick heart the vessels bound for France! What a contrast between the cultured sympathy of Du Maurier's beautiful drawings, and the real, narrow affection which Leech betrays even for his Staffordshire roughs, who are British roughs, be it remembered, and not without their stanch and sturdy British virtues. He does not idealize them in any way. He is content to love them as they are. Neither does Mr. Barrie endeavor to describe Thrums as a place where any but Thrums people could ever have found life endurable; yet he is as loyal in his affection for that forbidding little hamlet as if it were Florence the fair. Bret Harte uses no alluring colors with which to paint his iniquitous mining camps, but he is the brother at

GOOD-BY, CITY !—*Life*.

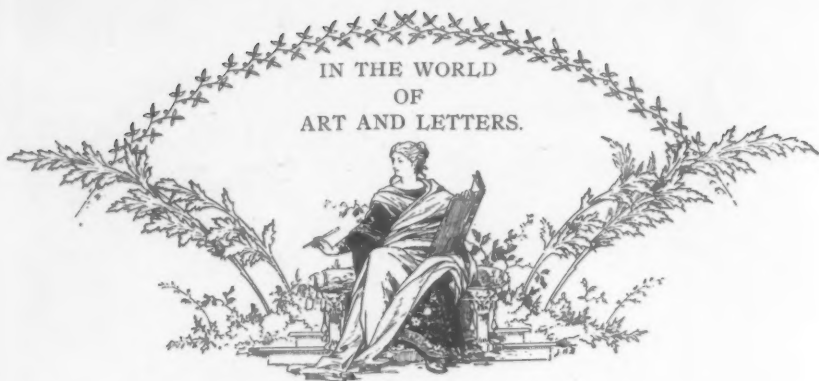
heart of every gambler and desperado in the diggings. Humanity is a mighty bond, and nationality strengthens its fibers. We can no more imagine Bret Harte amid Jane Austen's placid surroundings, than we can imagine Dr. Hoimes in a mining-camp, or Henry Fielding in Boston. Just as the Autocrat springs from Puritan ancestors, and embodies the intellectual traditions of New England, so Tom Jones, in his riotous young manhood, springs from that lusty Saxon stock, of whose courage, truthfulness, and good-tempered animalism he stands the most splendid representative. "The old order is passed and the new arises;" but Sophia Western has not yet yielded her place in the hearts of men to the morbid and self-centered heroine of "The Heavenly Twins." Truest of all, is Charles Lamb who, more than any other humorist, more than any other man of letters perhaps, belongs exclusively to his own land, and is without trace or echo

of foreign influence. France was to Lamb, not a place where the finest prose is written, but a place where he ate frogs,—“the nicest little delicate things—rabbit-flavored. Imagine a Liliputian rabbit.” Germany was to him little or nothing, and America was less. The child of London streets,

“Mother of mightier, nurse of none more dear,”

rich in the splendid literature of England, and faithful lover both of the teeming city and the ripe old books, Lamb speaks to English hearts in a language they can understand. And we, his neighbors, whom he recked not of, hold him just as dear; for his spleenless humor is an inheritance of our mother tongue, one of the munificent gifts which England shares with us, and for which no payment is possible save the frank and generous recognition of a pleasure that is without a peer.





EVERYONE who watches with an intelligent glance the literatures of modern civilized peoples must see that, like the children of the Vicar of Wakefield, they all have a strong family resemblance. For is not the literature of every nation, at every moment, the reflection of its intellectual condition, and is it not quite evident that the degree of culture to which these different nations have attained, stands just now at nearly the same level? Do not all endeavors aim at an identical end: the making of this earth—that for so many is a step-mother—a true mother for all who bear the human shape?

If this is unquestionable, it is equally certain that, in the analysis of the separate features which collectively prove the resemblance of all literatures to each other, we come upon more or less important differences; just as the level of culture, in spite of the fact that it is ever tending to become equal, is by no means borne everywhere with equal strength by the same pillars. In one nation, the upholding forces are the natural wealth of the soil, the resources of centuries-old literary and artistic traditions—as in France. In another, the genius for self-government early developed by favorable local circumstances and historical conditions—as in England; in another, perhaps, on the contrary, the very meagerness of natural resources became a motive to replace what was lacking in outer advantages by redoubled striving after ideal acquisitions—this last has been the case with us Germans.

Germany came out of the Thirty Years war an impoverished land, politically helpless and thrown centuries backward in art and sciences. Its whole history from that time is the record of the efforts of the people to lift themselves out of this threefold beggary. They succeeded first, as was to be expected, and most completely, in the intellectual field which had suffered least from the material distress—in speculative philosophy, in ideal poetry. Progress was more slow and less satisfactory in the economic direction; even with the most persistent industry a country can scarcely wholly overcome unfavorable natural conditions and geographical situation. Last of all, success has come also in matters political, owing to the irresistible impulse toward union which, in the course of time, was felt with almost equal strength in the various German lands, and to the incomparable genius of the men who at the right moment gave the impulse the right direction.

Thus, we Germans are now about as far advanced as other nations have long been, that were more favored by fortune. Still, we suffer from various disadvantages that weigh down our culture more heavily than that of our rivals. The metamorphosis of dissevered, powerless Germany into the united and commanding German empire

was accomplished too rapidly. The edifice that came up in one night, however firm it may be, is every day, on account of its very newness, creaking and jarring in ways that disturb even its boldest inhabitants. Speculative philosophy and ideal poetry had soared too high to be followed by the mass of the people, and between this mass and the cultivated upper ten a wide gulf existed. Besides, these upper ten had, apparently, contributed nothing to the securing of the nation's political greatness, and on this account had become discredited in the minds of a generation that felt its whole energy must be spent in that direction. Add a third reason: German pedantry and excessive thoroughness, that so often lead to hesitation and delay, make us slow to resolve and, as an unavoidable consequence, often dangerously hasty in action, in our determination to recover lost time.

All these factors necessarily affect our present literature. We see an image of our political hothouse-forcing in the political radicalism, popularly called social democracy, to which our young literary men, with scarce an exception, pay their allegiance. We detect the consequences of the discrediting of our classic philosophy and poetry, in the excessive realism and naturalism to which our young authors, almost to a man, subscribe, and in the no less extreme servility they show toward modern science, especially Darwinism and the kindred tendencies. We recognize the timidity to which I have referred above as a marked feature of German character, in the influence so readily allowed to foreign literatures, and in the enthusiasm with which we hail as chiefs their foremost representatives—Zola and Maupassant, Tolstoi and Dostoievsky, Ibsen and Björnson—at the expense, it is needless to add, of our own writers, even though they were, virtually and really, the pathfinders of the new method.

To sum up: Radicalism in politics, naturalism in art, necessary results of our literary evolution, together with a disposition to depend upon foreign models which in most cases are foreign indeed but by no means models—here you have, in broad lines the features of the present literary movement in Germany.

FRIEDRICH SPIELHAGEN.



FRENCH art was represented at Chicago not only by shipments from France, of some hundreds of works intended to give an idea of our current production of paintings and sculpture, as seen in our annual Salons, but an attempt was made to exhibit a resumé of foreign art, and our artistic history since the close of the last century was especially set forth by this endeavor.

Miss Sarah Hallowell was the chief organizer of this special exhibition, and much gratitude is due her for the zeal and taste she manifested. The original feature in her plan was that to obtain specimens for this interesting international show she applied to America. It was American collectors, those liberal purchasers at the art

sales of Europe, that were called upon to furnish the materials, and they responded with excellent grace. From New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, Boston and many other cities, loans came promptly and freely. These were displayed in two halls of the Fine Arts building, and the exhibition was entitled in the catalogue "Loan Collection. Foreign Masterpieces Owned in the United States. World's Columbian Exposition, 1893."

England, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Sweden, Italy and Spain are represented in this catalogue by less than twenty names—Constable, Bonington, Morland, Swan, Watts, Josef Israëls, Jacques Maris, Antonin Mauve, Alma Tadema, Leys, Knaus, Von Uhde, Zorn, Michetti, Fortuny. I will not dwell on them, since the subject of this letter from France is French art—represented by fifty names and a hundred works.

Among these I will endeavor to make a new choice, selecting examples characteristic of certain tendencies in French art during the present century. The close of the eighteenth century is represented by Greuze alone, who marks the transition between the *fêtes galantes* that formed the staple of painting in the age of Louis xv., and the sentimental, poetic manner peculiar to the Revolution and the Empire. But David, the leader of the academic reaction, undeniably the chief of the French school under the Republic and Napoleon, is missing. The following period is set forth by Géricault; then comes Ingres and Delacroix, two different natures, two different interpreters of the beauty of the universe. Ingres, when taken apart from his professional dogmatism and adopted tastes, stands forth as a rugged and passionate nature, worshipping the real, overpowered by emotion when he contemplates life, but his masterly art forces his mind to patience, his hand to calmness. His masterpieces are faces—figures at rest. Yet, if you look carefully, you see how lovingly wrought the artist's hand, how he forgot formulas and strove to represent living beauty. He is not seen in the loan exhibition in one of those characteristic works, but in a historical picture, "Cardinal Bibbiena Introducing Raphael and his Niece."

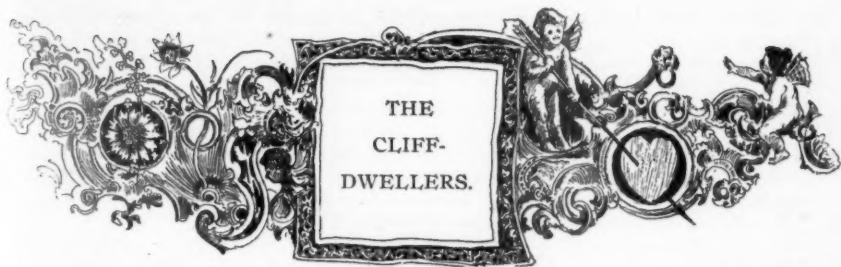
Delacroix, on the other hand, can be better judged by his three paintings: "Christ at the Tomb," "Tiger Quenching his Thirst," "Turks Abducting a Girl." You recognize in these his melancholy, his thorough intelligence of passionate gestures, of physiological science. Unlike Ingres, he sees life in action; he seeks to interpret the inner life by intense gestures and significant attitudes.

But the largest space in this collection of French pictures is held by the group of naturalistic landscape painters. Theodore Rousseau is represented by four canvases, Dupré by three, Troyon by four, Corot by twelve, Daubigny by three, Courbet by one, Michel by two, Millet by eight, etc. Influenced by the works of English artists, themselves under the influence of eighteenth century French artists, our landscape painters decided, in full romanticism, to resort to direct vision, to the careful observation of the fields, woods, rivers, skies of their native country. They refused to start for the land of chimeras; they insisted upon travelling at home, upon making discoveries in their own midst. To this decision we owe a new orientation of the art of painting—a rich flowering of native poetry.

The movement then begun did not come to an end with the generation that started it. It has been continued, enlarged and incomparably enriched by men long disdained among us, but at length repaid for past neglect and sneers by an admiration soon to be universal. I mean the Impressionists. Their works were seen in the loan exhibition. Among landscape painters Claude Monet, Pissarro, Renoir, all of whom have proclaimed the beauty of the earth, the changing poetry of the hours, the diversity of luminous phenomena. Among the artists of this same independent group who have more especially endeavored to express the social aspects of their time, are Edouard Manet, Degas, Raffaelli, all three chroniclers of Paris.

After naming, in addition, Fantin-Latour, Puvis de Chavannes, Ribot, Cazin and that admirable sculptor, Rodin, and regretting the absence of Eugène Carrière, I must stop. I have in these few lines, I trust, clearly indicated the importance of the artistic manifestation at Chicago.

GUSTAVE GEFFROY.



CHICAGO has never asserted a place in literature at all commensurate with her vastness. With the exception of Eugene Field's clever sketches, I know of nothing which can properly be called Chicago literature. But here we have for the first time, in "The Cliff-Dwellers," by Henry B. Fuller, a serious study of the social conditions of the western metropolis. For many years I have been looking for such a book; for it would have been a wonder if in a country so overrun with authors in search of material, so rich a field were allowed to lie fallow. For it is all nonsense to say that the Chicago environment, or, for that matter, any environment, is inimical to literature. Chicago has always seemed to me to be crying aloud for her chronicler; and she has, at last, found an able, though scarcely a sympathetic one, in Mr. Fuller.

What primarily impresses me in "The Cliff-Dwellers" is the author's exact and detailed knowledge of his subject. To the romantically inclined reader his exhaustive study of the climatic conditions and their effect upon temperament, business methods, social ambitions, etc., might furnish an excuse for skipping. But to the lover of wholesome realism it is of absorbing interest. For it is needless to say that these reflections are not obtruded in marginal comments, but are inextricably interwoven with the warp and woof of a strong, typical, western story. Every good novel should, in my opinion, have its sociological bearing, should project the fates and doings of its characters against a background, distinctly felt and realized, of the larger civic and social life. It is this requirement which Mr. Fuller so admirably satisfies. We breathe, from the first chapter to the last, the atmosphere of Chicago; we quiver and tingle with a perpetual sub-consciousness of its intense activity and tremendous metropolitan uproar, and without any moralizing we become aware of the vital connection between the city and the types which it produces.

I fancy Chicagoans will object to these types; and Mr. Fuller has anticipated their objections. Mr. Erastus Brainard, the swindling banker, who lives for business only, and regards all human relations and domestic ties as mere incidents to business, is not an attractive figure, but he has the flavor of the soil, and is an inevitable product of the feverish commercial activity, which discards the safeguards approved by experience in more conservative communities. Distressing and typical are also the two flimsy Chicago girls, Jessie Bradley and Mamie Brainard, one of whom ruins herself, and the other her husband, by headstrong frivolity and thoughtlessness and an utter incapacity to restrain the ambition enkindled by an insane social rivalry. Equally characteristic of a new civilization, though somewhat exaggerated, is Cornelia McNabb who, beginning her career in a kitchen, climbs the ladder of success rung by rung, and by a bare chance misses becoming a great social leader. No less interesting than these indigenous characters are the eastern sojourners who look upon Chicago as a place of exile which only odious necessity compels them to put up with. To this order belong D. Walworth Floyd of the Massachusetts Brass Company, a rather worthless scion of a great Boston family, and his Boston wife who prides herself on her inability to learn the names of the Chicago streets, and hardens herself against all information. Most cleverly individualized is the fashionable architect, Atwater, who establishes the most delightful social relations with his clients, draws designs for houses, as if it were a personal favor, and sends bills which make their hair stand on end. George Ogden, who figures in an obtrusive way as the hero,

is a trifle commonplace, and too dimly realized to deserve the prominence which is accorded him. He is the ordinary hero of modern fiction, and is by that fact shielded from the witty satire which the author dispenses with a lavish hand in his treatment of his secondary characters.

The plot, toward the end, develops an unexpected violence and even smacks a little of melodrama. But there is enough good strong work in the book to redeem whatever concessions the author may have made to romantic tradition. His style is particularly worthy of commendation. It is mature, vigorous, and at times brilliant. I am tempted to quote the following from a colloquy between a Bostonian and a Chicagoan on the one inexhaustible theme of the city's greatness:

"Does it seem unreasonable that the state which produced the two greatest figures of the greatest epoch of our history and which has done most during the last ten years to check alien excesses in American ideas, should also be the state to give the country the final blend of the American character and its ultimate metropolis? 'And you personally—is this your belief?'"

"Fairchild leaned back his fine old head on the padded top of his chair and looked at his questioner with the kind of pity that had a faint tinge of weariness. His wife sat beside him silent, but with her hand on his, and when he answered she pressed it meaningly, for to the Chicagoan—even the middle-aged female Chicagoan—the name of the town, in its formal, ceremonial use, has a power that no other word in the language quite possesses. It is a shibboleth as regards pronunciation; it is a trumpet-call as regards its effect. It has all the electrifying and unifying power of a college yell.

"'Chicago is Chicago,' he said. "'It is the belief of us all. It is inevitable; nothing can stop us now.'"

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.



A FEW days since, I had a call from Mr. Heller, the foreman of the delegation of workmen sent by the French government to the Chicago Exposition. He is a friend of mine; I made his acquaintance in About's house. The author of the "King of the Mountains" and of so many other delightful works held Heller in great esteem. He is an engraver of the first rank and, moreover, a thorough gentleman and full of excellent sense. As he is of Alsatian origin, he speaks German as well as French, and as he spent some years of his youth in America, the English tongue is familiar to him, though he does not speak it as easily as the other two. These qualifications naturally recommended him to the government as fit to head and to direct the workmen sent to Chicago to study the progress of American industry.

"Well!" I said to him, as soon as he appeared, "it seems that the Chicago Exposition is a failure."

"Not at all," he replied. "People here in Paris are under that impression; but they are quite mistaken."

I was somewhat startled. All those who had gone to Chicago had come back so disillusioned, had given us so woful or so comical descriptions of the hubbub of the Fair, of its vast spaces intersected by muddy gullies, into which rare visitors ventured from time to time; they had expressed their disappointment in so pathetic terms that, without pursuing our investigations any further, we had accepted the fact of the failure of the enterprise, simply adding this reflexion: "Well, if it is so, how lucky that we did not go!"

A few papers, for appearance's sake, continued to publish letters from Chicago. Nobody read them. We are, as you know, all one thing or the other—either full of enthusiasm and lyric frenzy, or of the worst of disdain, that which is founded on indifference and forgetfulness. As I pen these lines, the Russian sailors who have been visiting us have just taken their departure. Paris, during their stay, presented an amazing spectacle—that of an entire population which, in its delirious joy, would have, if it could, stifled the whole Russian fleet in the warmth of its affectionate embrace. Our guests have left us charmed, indeed, but fairly worn out by such intense welcome. We seldom keep within bounds.

Once it was settled here that the Chicago Exposition was a fiasco, and a terrible one, it was as if it had never been; nobody spoke of it. Poor Heller and his companions, who returned from America full of warmest admiration, coming into this chill, sceptical Parisian atmosphere, felt like men who from a hot vapor-bath plunge into ice-cold water.

"You come back, then, enchanted?" I asked.

"Enchanted? Yes; but also somewhat anxious. Those people, you know, are going to devour us. No doubt of it. They work on a larger scale and at lower rates."

"You speak," I said, "merely from an industrial point of view. Our old Europe must always retain an artistic superiority, greater refinement of taste. You, who are so delicate and finished an artist, can least fail to see this."

"Well, even on this point I do not feel so secure. They have formed their taste. We can no longer ship to them our shop remnants, as of old. In furniture and in jewelry, in all that concerns the art of ornamentation, they are learning to appreciate fine lines; they are fast becoming excellent judges. But the most wonderful thing among them is that, thanks to the power and perfection of their machinery, they can reproduce at will the purest and most elegant models."

While conversing thus, we were breakfasting. In my dining-room is a buffet in Henri II. style, the work of Sauvrezey. This artist, who died a few years ago, was one of the first cabinet-makers of our day, a sort of crank, who ruined himself by manufacturing perfect articles which he could not always dispose of, as he had to charge exorbitant prices for them. I remember discussing with him the price of a wardrobe which I considered too costly for my purse. He showed me the back of it.

"Look!" said he, pointing to some letters cut into the wood.

"It is your name," I answered. "What of it?"

"Sir," said he, "this article is signed!" Then, stepping back two steps and pointing his index toward me, he added: "With this signature you can, two hundred years hence, sell it for ten times what it cost you!"

The prospect was certainly alluring. Yet I feared that I might have to wait too long to get my money back, and I bought only the buffet. Heller examined it en connaisseur.

"Well," he said, "I know more than one establishment in New York which, once in possession of this piece of furniture, would sell you dozens, nay, if you wished it, hundreds, thousands of copies of it, at a low rate—all cut, shaped and carved by machinery."

"What? Even the carvings in the solid wood?" I asked.

"Yes. Of course, they would not have the finish of yours, that plainly shows the hand of the artist himself. But, short of examining them closely, you would yourself be deceived. We were, all of us, amazed and really dismayed at this extraordi-

nary power of reproduction. I do not know whether the government will publish the reports we are going to send it, each of us for his section. If you read them, you will detect in them all a mingled feeling of wonder and anxiety. We are overwhelmed by the grandeur of their conceptions, by the vastness of establishments which start up on that soil in one night, as it were, like prodigious mushrooms. Doubtless, you know and have admired the Petit Journal printing-presses, patented by Marinoni. You should see those of the New York Herald! It is as if one compared the Seine and the Amazon river! Such monstrous engines, moving with such ease and perfection, really confound the imagination."

Heller had brought several albums of photographic views, which we turned over and which he explained as they passed under our eyes. He grew more and more excited as he spoke, until his voice fairly rang, and I felt myself slowly won over to his admiration for that land from which he returned with mind more open and larger ideas.

I avoid giving details—it would be fatuous on my part to attempt to reveal to Americans the marvels of America. But I have thought it might please you to read the impressions of a Frenchman, a man of taste and an artist, talking freely with another Frenchman, of matters in your country and of the Chicago Exposition.

FRANCISQUE SARCEY.

* * *

J'AI eu ces jours-ci la visite de M. Heller, le chef de la délégation ouvrière qui a été envoyée par le gouvernement français à l'exposition de Chicago. Heller est de mes vieux amis; je l'ai connu chez About, l'auteur du *Roi des Montagnes*, qui l'avait en grande estime. C'est un artiste graveur de premier mérite; et de plus un parfait honnête homme et un homme de bon sens. Comme il est Alsacien d'origine, il parle la langue allemande aussi bien que la langue française; il a passé quelques unes des années de sa jeunesse en Amérique, de sorte que l'anglais lui est également familier, bien qu'il s'exprime dans cette dernière langue avec moins de facilité et d'aisance. Tant de qualités le désignaient naturellement au choix du ministre pour diriger et conduire les ouvriers que l'on envoyait à Chicago pour y étudier le progrès de l'industrie américaine.

—Eh bien! lui dis-je, aussitôt que je le vis, l'exposition de Chicago, il paraît que c'est un four.

—Mais pas du tout, me répondit-il; c'est une idée que je trouve partout répandue à Paris. Elle est fautive absolument fautive!

Je restai un peu étonné. Tous ceux qui étaient partis pour Chicago nous en étaient revenus si désenchantés; ils nous avaient fait des peintures si affreuses ou si plaisantes du tohu-bohu de l'exposition et de ses vastes espaces coupés des foudrières où s'aventuraient de rares visiteurs; ils nous avaient conté en termes si émus leur étonnement et leur déception, que, ma foi! sans pousser plus avant la curiosité, nous avions pris notre parti de l'insuccès de l'entreprise, et nous nous étions contentés de faire cette réflexion—Ah, c'est ainsi! nous avons joliment bien fait de n'y pas aller.

Quelques journaux chez nous continuaient, par acquit de conscience, de nous servir des lettres de Chicago. Personne à Paris ne les lisait plus. Chez nous c'est, comme on dit, tout l'un ou tout l'autre. Si l'on ne s'enthousiasme pas, si l'on ne déborde pas de lyrisme, c'est le pire des dédains, le dédain de l'indifférence et de l'oubli. Au moment où je vous écris, les marins russes qui avaient été envoyés à Paris pour nous faire visite, viennent de nous quitter. Rien n'a été plus étonnant que le spectacle qu'a offert Paris durant cette période, celui d'un peuple en délire qui eût, s'il avait pu, dans l'excès de sa sympathie et de sa joie, étouffé l'escadre tout entière dans ses embrassements. Nos hôtes s'en sont allés ravis mais moulus de ce charmant et terrible accueil. Nous sommes rarement dans la juste mesure.

Une fois qu'il fut convenu ici que l'exposition de Chicago était un four, et un four noir, il n'en fut pas plus question que si jamais elle n'avait existé. Ce pauvre Heller et ses camarades, qui arrivaient d'Amérique tout chauds d'admiration et qui tombaient dans cet air froid de la blague parisienne, sentaient l'étonnement que l'on éprouve au hammam, lorsque au sortir du sudarium on se jette dans la piscine d'eau glacée. Ils en avaient comme un frisson.

—Et vous revenez enchanté? lui demandais-je.

—Enchanté, oui; mais surtout un peu inquiet. Vous savez ces gens-là nous dévoreront; cela n'est pas douteux du tout. Ils font plus grand que nous et à meilleur marché.

—Vous ne parlez, sans doute, lui dis-je, qu'au point de vue industriel. Il restera toujours dans notre vieille Europe une supériorité de goût en art, que vous ne pouvez méconnaître, vous qui êtes un si fin et si délicat artiste.

—Eh bien! là-même je ne suis pas rassuré. Ils se sont formé le goût; on ne leur passe plus comme autrefois les vieux *roisgnaux* de nos fonds de magasin. Dans les meubles, dans l'orfèvrerie, dans tout ce qui est art d'ornementation ils commencent à aimer les belles lignes; ils commencent à s'y connaître—et fort bien. Mais ce qu'il y a d'admirable chez eux, c'est que grâce à la puissance et à la perfection de leurs machines ils reproduisent à l'infini les modèles les plus purs et les plus élégants.

Nous déjeunions tandis qu'il me parlait ainsi. Il y a dans ma salle-à-manger une assez belle crédence, style Henri II, qui est l'œuvre de Sauvrezzy. Sauvrezzy, mort depuis quelques années, a été un des premiers ébénistes de notre temps, une espèce de toqué, qui s'est ruiné à établir des meubles impeccables, dont il ne trouvait pas toujours à se défaire, car il était obligé de les vendre à un prix exorbitant. Je me souviens qu'un jour je discutais avec lui le prix d'une armoire que je trouvais trop coûteuse pour ma bourse. Il me fit passer derrière l'armoire:

—Regardez-moi cela, me dit-il, en me montrant quelques lettres gravées dans le bois.

—C'est votre nom, lui dis-je; je vois bien.

—Oui, monsieur, me dit-il, ce meuble est signé!

Il recula de deux pas, pointa son index vers ma poitrine, et d'une voix forte:

—Vous pourrez, avec cette signature, le revendre dans deux siècles dix fois ce qu'il vous aura coûté!

Cette perspective était bien séduisante. Mais je craignais d'avoir trop longtemps à attendre pour rentrer dans mon pauvre argent. Je n'achetai que la crédence. Heller l'examinait en connaisseur.

—Eh bien, me dit-il, je sais telle maison de New York qui, une fois en possession de ce modèle, nous en

livrera des douzaines—si vous voulez, des centaines et des milliers—à bon compte. Tout sera coupé, taillé, sculpté à la machine.

—Même les sculptures, lui demandai-je, qui sont faites en plein bois ?
—Oh, dame ! elles n'auront pas, bien entendu, le fini des vôtres qui sentent le ciseau de l'artiste même. Mais, à moins d'y regarder de près et avec attention, vous vous y tromperiez vous-même. . . . Nous avons tous été émerveillés ensemble et effrayés de cette puissance extraordinaire de production. Je ne sais si le ministère publiera les rapports que nous allons lui envoyer, chacun pour sa section ; si vous les lisez vous y retrouverez partout ce double sentiment de stupeur et d'inquiétude. On est accablé de la grandeur de leur conceptions, des installations colossales qui poussent sur leur terre, en une nuit, comme de prodigieux champignons. . . . Vous connaissez et vous avez sans doute admiré les machines à imprimer du *Petit Journal*, auxquelles Marinoni a donné son nom. J'aurais voulu que vous vissiez fonctionner celles du *New York Herald* ; c'est comme si l'on comparait la Seine au fleuve des Amazones. De si monstrueux engins, se mouvant avec tant d'aisance, confondent l'imagination !

Il avait rapporté plusieurs albums de photographies ; nous les feuilletions ensemble, et il me les expliquait à mesure que les images passaient sous nos yeux. Il s'animait en parlant et sa voix prenait une vibration plus forte, et je me sentais peu à peu gagné à son admiration pour ce pays d'où il revenait, l'esprit plus ouvert et les idées plus larges.

Je me gardai bien d'entrer dans le détail . . . ce serait une singulière fatuité de ma part de prétendre révéler aux Américains les merveilles de l'Amérique. Mais j'ai pensé que vous auriez plaisir à lire les impressions d'un Français, homme de sens et artiste, causant à cœur ouvert avec un autre Français, des choses de votre pays et de l'exposition de Chicago.

FRANÇOIS SARCEY.



PLENTY of new books are coming out. Nevertheless, the critic would prefer to read some old books. Colonel Hawkers's "Diary" (Longmans) is full, indeed, of good mixed reading, of sport, travel, society, natural history. The colonel had an endless grudge against the Stockbridge trout, as hard to catch, lazy when hooked, large, but flabby. I have found them excellent at table, but very difficult to beguile. The colonel's is a book for men and boys.

For poetry, I can recommend to families Mrs. Richard Strachey's "Nursery Lyrics." (Bliss, Sands & Foster.) Children like them, so do the elders ; they are essentially happy poems—not gay, nor facetious, nor fantastic, but happy, kind, good-humored, and often skilfully and daintily fashioned. Even where we might expect sentiment, as in verses on Anglo-Indian parents rejoining their children, Mrs. Strachey does not give us sentiment, but a happy kind of family banter.

Mr. Keary has written a novel, "The Two Lancrofts," and I know it is somewhere among my books ; but as I cannot find it, I cannot review it. The libraries, or some of them, decline to circulate it, for some mysterious reason. It is wholly out of the question that Mr. Keary should write an immoral work ; has he not written on Primitive Religion ? That is not the kind of man to write immoral works.

Mrs. Newton Crossland's "Landmarks of a Literary Life" (Low) prove that she has met a number of interesting people. Either she has forgotten a good deal, or they only had a name to be interesting. About the Brownings she talks pleasantly ; Miss Mitford gave her a very bad luncheon, and she did not care for Miss Mitford. She believes in spiritualism, but she does not say much about it. A young lady medium succeeding in shaking a house, just like an Eskimo Angekok. But nothing came of it in particular ; somehow nothing ever does. The work is very sedate and harmless.

Eskimos suggest Dr. Nansen's "Eskimo Life" (Longmans), translated admirably by Mr. William Archer. Dr. Nansen thinks that education, missionaries, coffee, brandy and rum are playing mischief with the Eskimo. Soap, by all accounts, is what they need most ; civilization destroys their skill as sportsmen. I think Dr. Rink's book is at least as valuable as Dr. Nansen's ; but certainly education is a great influence for evil. Most British sportsmen seem unravaged by the plague ; but it riots, like measles, among a new people, who have not learned to shake it off. The Eskimos were a kind of socialists, on the Aristotelian principle, "the property of

friends is common property;" they were very peaceful, kindly, dirty people, and were convinced spiritualists. The missionaries, Dr. Nansen says, have not improved their morals, and have somewhat unfitted them to struggle for existence. But, in fact, their numbers do not seem to decline, and, at worst, they have been better treated than red Indians, or our wretched Australians, who, to be sure, are neither a moral nor an amiable set of mortals.

Really, there are very few new books worthy of a line; certainly none are epoch-making.

The death of Sir William Smith deprives the Quarterly Review of an editor who made it wonderfully readable and lively, for so venerable and stout a serial.

Mr. Stead's second number of *Borderland*, a quarterly review of the unusual, does not contain one single new ghost, but gives quite a wrong account of a ghost three hundred and fifty years old. The apparition has retired from business.

The Athenæum announces that we must say "Catreeōna," not "Catriōna." That is the chief item of literary gossip.

ANDREW LANG.

TWENTY BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

FICTION.—A MOTTO CHANGED, by Jean Ingelow. Harper & Brothers.

THE SOUL OF THE BISHOP, by John Strange Winter. J. Selwin Tait & Sons. \$1.25.

TRAVEL.—A WILD SHEEP CHASE: NOTES OF A LITTLE PHILOSOPHIC JOURNEY IN CORSICA, translated from the French of Emil Bergerat. Macmillan & Co. \$1.75.

MY DARK COMPANIONS AND THEIR STRANGE STORIES, by Henry M. Stanley, D.C.L. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.

MY ARCTIC JOURNAL, by Josephine Diebitsch-Pearry. Contemporary Publishing Co., New York. \$2.00.

AN OLD TOWN BY THE SEA, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.

HISTORICAL.—MASSACHUSETTS: ITS HISTORIANS AND ITS HISTORY, by Charles Francis Adams. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.

THE RISE OF OUR EAST AFRICAN EMPIRE, by Captain F. D. Lugard, F.R.G.S. 2 vols. Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 42s.

SEVENTY YEARS OF IRISH LIFE, being anecdotes and reminiscences by W. R. Le Fanu. Macmillan & Co. \$1.75.

A TRUE STORY BOOK, edited by Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.00.

BIOGRAPHICAL.—LETTERS OF ASA GRAY, edited by Jane Loring Gray. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$4.00.

MADAME: MEMOIRS OF HENRIETTA, DAUGHTER OF CHARLES I., by Julia Cartwright. Contains ninety unpublished letters of Charles II. Seeley & Co. 16s.

MEMOIRS, by Charles Godfrey Land (Hans Breitmann). D. Appleton & Co. \$2.00.

HEINRICH HEINE'S LIFE, told in his own words. Edited by Gustav Karpelès; translated by Arthur Dexter. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.75.

ESSAYS.—NATURAL HISTORY OF INTELLIGENCE, AND OTHER UNPUBLISHED PAPERS, by Ralph Waldo Emerson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

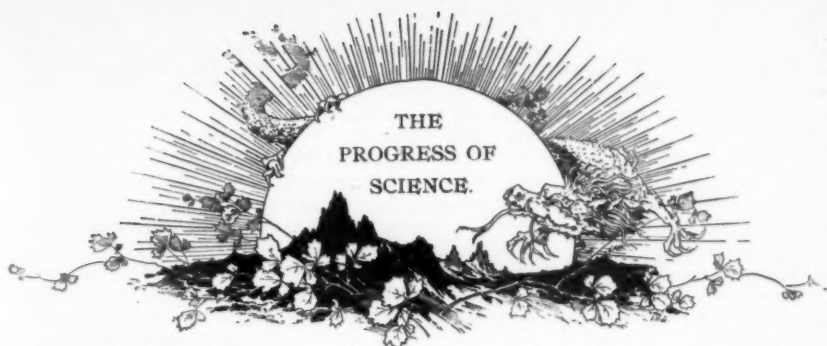
METHODS AND RESULTS, by Thomas H. Huxley. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.

ART.—INIGO JONES AND WREN; OR, THE RISE AND DECLINE OF MODERN ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND, by W. J. Loftie. Macmillan & Co. \$4.50.

MUMMY: CHAPTERS ON EGYPTIAN ARCHÆOLOGY, by E. A. Wallis Budge, Litt.D. Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d.

SECESSION, being reproductions of works of artists of the Vereins Bildender Künstler Münchens. In four parts. Berlin Photograph Co. 25M. each.

POETRY.—PASTOR SANG, being the Norwegian drama Over Ævne, by Björnsterne Björnson; translated by William Wilson. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.50.



MAN feeds on nitrogenous food, such as meat and cereals, but he cannot absorb directly the nitrogen contained in the atmosphere, for, unlike oxygen, nitrogen refuses to combine directly, especially at an ordinary temperature. Meat furnishing animals are no better adapted than man to fix nitrogen directly; oxen and sheep get it from the grass of our meadows and pastures. It is then from the vegetable world finally that man and animals obtain the nitrogen in their system.

But plants themselves seem equally unable to fix directly free nitrogen. All experiments that have been carried on to study the action of leaves upon the atmosphere, have ended by proving that they take no nitrogen from it.

Thirty years ago, after long discussions, it was concluded that nitrogen can be introduced into plants only in a state of combination; for example, in the form of manure saturated with stable liquids, of night soil, of guano, and of various débris and residua, always of animal origin; or else in the form of sal ammoniac and of nitrate. Everyone knows the commercial importance of the deposits of nitrate and guano in the Pacific ocean.

The use of manures seems indispensable in intensive agriculture, but plays no part in the spontaneous vegetation which has been kept up on the surface of the earth ever since the origin of life. Each year the grass of the natural meadows is removed, and no manure is spread over them; the grass goes to feed the cattle either on the spot or in stables; still the nitrogen thus removed and carried off with the annual crops reappears next year in the newly-mown grass. The same thing formerly took place in the case of cereals, before manure was employed. At the most, the soil was allowed to rest one year out of three to restore its fertility—this was called letting the land lie fallow. The efficacy of this system proves that there must exist some secret cause that fixes nitrogen. But until recent years this cause had escaped observation. There had been indeed many endeavors to find a satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon. Some had sought it in the accidental matter contained in the atmosphere. Rain water holds certain traces of nitric acid produced by electric discharges, which acid changes to nitrate when it penetrates the soil, but these traces are so feeble that they cannot play an important part. Other observers called attention to the ammonia contained in the air, but in infinitesimal doses. This ammonia, it used to be said, was exhaled by the sea and absorbed by the earth and by plants, but more exact investigation has proved that in nature an inverse course is followed. The earth and the plants and animals on its surface constantly give out ammonia in larger doses than they can absorb it, and the sea takes it from the air and uses it to feed the living beings it contains. And at most, such ammonia exists in quantities even smaller than nitric acid and plays but an insignificant part in agriculture.

The origin of the nitrogen necessary to plant and animal life is wholly different. Though normal atmospheric electricity constantly at work seems to have a real influence in this matter, yet the fixation of nitrogen belongs in larger part to a more mysterious order of phenomena, which I discovered eight years ago by a long series of experiments, that I have kept up ever since.

Vegetable earth is not inert and purely vegetable matter. It is peopled by vegetable beings of a lower order, bacteria and microbes; among these some have the power

of directly fixing the nitrogen contained in the atmosphere. They thus constitute nitrogenous organic principles and serve as food for plants of a higher order. It is even possible, as Messrs. Hellriegel and Willfarth have observed, to inoculate these microbes upon the roots of certain plants, the legumina for example: in this milieu their activity is increased, they live at the expense of the plant and introduce into it the nitrogen whose fixation they determine. The result of this collaboration is a considerable increase of combined nitrogen in cultivated leguminous plants, increase that fits them to serve in their turn as manure for other plants. But direct absorption by the soil constitutes a more important and more universal phenomenon.

To sum up then: bacteria and the lower vegetable growths within the soil fix the nitrogen and furnish living beings on the surface of the earth with the nitrogen necessary to their subsistence. This is the fundamental source of nitrogen in plants and animals.

BERTHELOT.

* * *

A LOOK BACKWARD.



ERY often the drift of modern industrial progress becomes more interesting and more intelligible by a retrospective glance at the first simple handicrafts which alone made such progress possible. Such inquiry carries us back to the rude flint implements of war and the chase discovered in the caves and the gravel-drifts of quaternary Europe, and to a time compared with which the events of the earliest history are but as yesterday. For supposed contemporary implements of perishable materials we are obliged to have recourse to those still used by primitive people.

Of arts traceable to their pristine form our space permits only brief notice. In the drilling and flaking processes of weapon-shaping, the sparks, falling on dry grass or other ignitable matter, would produce fire. The production of fire, ushering in a new industrial epoch, obviously made possible a host of valuable arts, cooking, metallurgy, etc. Arms of offense would be followed, at a later period, by arms of defense—helmets, shields, etc. Meanwhile the women, endowed with the mother's childward care would, during the long winter evenings, busy themselves in parching and bruising the harvest of roots, acorns, etc., thus inaugurating the milling industry.

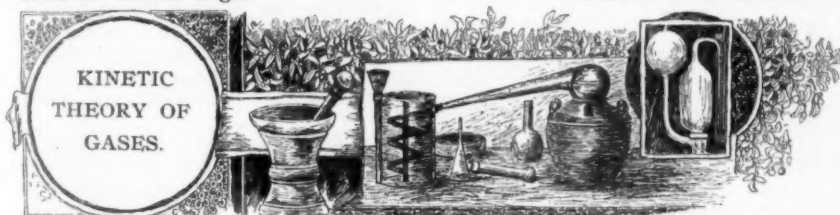
To plaited or woven shields of bast or cane can be traced some of the most notable of the industrial arts. In order that they shall be missile-proof such shields, so closely woven as to be water-tight, are molded into a dish-like form.* Hence, in the brief peaceful interludes of savage life, such shields may and do serve a variety of uses—trays, basins, pans, children's cots, etc. Such a shield, containing water raised to the boiling point by a heated stone, becomes a cooking vessel, and ushers in the important saucepan family. Being clay-coated and placed over a fire, the coating becomes baked, and an earthenware vessel is the result, the precursor of the useful and beautiful ceramic art. To such humble origins are referable the infinite variety of hollow ware, from the tiniest coffee cup to the steam generator of an ocean passage ship. Such a shield, molded more deeply, gives us the basket, and such a basket, when woven open-meshed, becomes a sieve or cullender. A large and strong basket, encased in a hide, furnishes the primitive water-craft known as the "coracle," which some have thought represents the most ancient form of boat. Otherwise modified, the basket becomes a pail or tub, which a little further elaboration converts into a cask, and gives us the craft of cooorage. Woven flat, the plaited shield becomes a mat, of which the weaver's art is a manifest elaboration, and hence the endless variety of textile fabrics, from a lady's veil and the pictured miracles of the Jacquard loom to the canvas of a mammoth circus-tent. Pliny, in describing the papyrus manufacture of his day, speaks of it as a "weaving" process, and, indeed, the plaited

* See initial at beginning of this article, from collections in the Upper Congo country, by Mr. Wm. Stamps Cherry, exhibited at the Columbian Exposition, 1893.

pith-sliver work of the art which suggested and gave the name to the great industry of paper making, might very easily have been suggested by the mesh-work of the mat.

Devices still found in use among semi-barbarous tribes in like manner enable us to trace all musical instruments to a few war-worn prototypes, thus: We are able to trace the step by step development from the Bojesman's musical bow upward through the harps, virginals, spinets, clavichords, etc., to the grand piano-forte. In conch-shells, horns, pipes, etc., of barbarous warfare, we detect the embryos of our wind instruments, while the war-drums and other instruments of rhythmical percussion still retain their archaic forms. Finally, the rude battle pictures of many savage tribes, and such more elaborate inscriptions as those of ancient Egypt (from which the gradual development of our alphabet can be distinctly traced) seem to have originated in attempts to place on record the achievements of conquering armies, so that the pen, which "in the hands of men entirely great, is mightier than the sword," is itself of warlike origin.

GEORGE H. KNIGHT.



THE December number of *The Cosmopolitan* contained reference to the present accepted ideas as to the atoms and molecules of matter. When matter is conceived as made up of molecules, the condition of these molecules is almost involuntarily asked: Are they at rest, rotating on axes, revolving in orbits, or moving in right lines; or, have they two or more of these motions combined?

The kinetic theory asserts that the molecules of matter are in perpetual relative motion. This theory, as applied to gases, is not new, but it has only recently been developed with some mathematical exactitude and generally accepted. It is considered as one of the most brilliant and important acquisitions, in physics, of the latter half of our century.

The theory pictures the molecules of a gas as constantly moving about with great velocity, colliding with each other and striking the sides of the containing vessel. It is this incessant bombardment that constitutes the pressure of the gas against the vessel. If the temperature of the gas be raised, the molecules of the gas move faster, strike harder and oftener, and the pressure is greater. It is this molecular energy which constitutes the temperature of the gas. If the amount of gas in a given space be increased, a greater number of molecules join in the fusillade, and the pressure again rises. It is this great activity that causes gases to expand in all directions and to mingle uniformly, and to this is due the perfect homogeneity of our atmosphere, no matter where taken.

The lighter the gas, the swifter move its molecules. Hydrogen molecules, accordingly, have the greatest velocities and the longest free paths—that is, move farthest without colliding with other molecules.

At 0° , and under ordinary pressure, the molecules of this gas move with a velocity of one and one-seventh miles per second, and in the same time make about one hundred and seventy-five million collisions with other molecules. The average distance which one of these molecules travels without colliding with another is about one twenty-fifth of a millionth of an inch. When a gas is rarified, the collisions are less frequent and the free paths longer. With heavier gases, as nitrogen and oxygen, the velocities of molecules, number of collisions in a second, and length of free paths between collisions, are all less.

The vibratory space and time constants of the molecules of a particular gas are the same wherever it is found. From whatever source we procure hydrogen on this earth,

the molecules have the same set of vibrating periods. This same set is shown by the spectroscope to come from Sirius and the sun. This is why we are led to believe that some of our terrestrial elements are present in the most distant portions of the visible universe, and that they are the same there as here. S. E. TILLMAN, COL. U.S.A.



FROM the earliest times bold men possessed with that spirit of adventure that led them to cross the seas, must have asked themselves whether it were not possible for man to imitate the bird, rise above the surface of the earth and soar in the air. Classical legends relating such attempts abound, of which those about Dædalus are best known.

Since the invention of balloons, which it must be conceded, have not yet yielded all the results one might expect from them, inventors in different parts of Europe have been engaged in devising flying-machines, *heavier than the air* and propelled by machinery combining great power with utmost lightness.

After numerous attempts in this direction there has been a general giving up of helicopter machines, that is of the horizontal screw moving at great speed, and attention is mainly directed to aeroplanes, or inclined planes moved by vertical screws in a horizontal direction and maintaining themselves in the air as does the bird when soaring.

An Englishman, Mr. Philipps of Harrow, has just constructed a machine of this type that is worthy of notice. Its principle is similar to that in Mr. Maxim's aeroplanes, but instead of plane surfaces it uses curved ones for the elevator. Mr. Philipps' aeroplane is propelled by screws, it moves on the ground on a smooth surface with increasing swiftness and at length rises slightly in the air. A somewhat similar result had been attained by Mr. Tatin with the aeroplane constructed by him at Chalais-Meudon. Mr. Philipps is continuing his experiments, trying to secure lighter motive power. It is apparent that we are still very far from the desired apparatus, that shall move freely in the atmosphere carrying together with its motor the man to direct it.

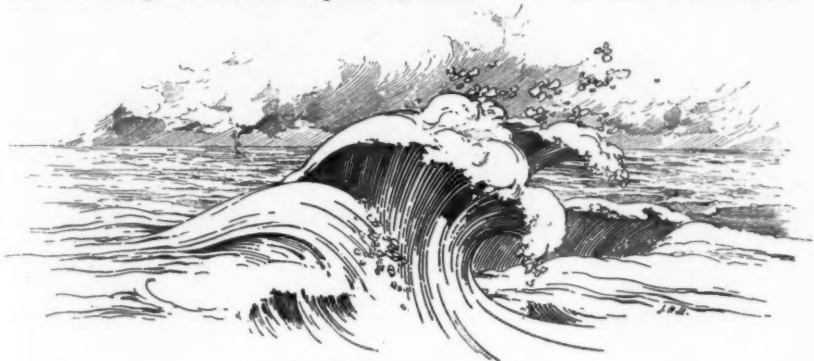
Another investigator is Mr. Otto Lilienthal, who in his experiments has gone back to the flying apparatus. He has devised artificial wings which he fastens to his arms and with which is connected a light tail acting as a rudder. Mr. Lilienthal has erected near Berlin a wooden tower which he uses as a platform from which to leap into space. Instantaneous photographs seen by us show that he has succeeded in moving through space at a moderate height. The framework of his apparatus is of osier; its total surface is fourteen square meters and its weight does not exceed twenty kilograms. These experiments have excited considerable interest, but they are still very far from solving the problem of aviation. We have in them a simple fall, deadened or lessened by plane surfaces; there is nothing in them that can be called mechanical flight.

Aerial navigation is a big problem. We believe that balloons provided with light yet powerful motors and dirigible, offer more chances of success than methods of aviation, for which modern mechanics do not yet offer adequate means.

It has often been said that the elongated and dirigible balloon could not find a fulcrum in the atmosphere; that statement is wholly false; the air-immersed balloon finds there its fulcrum just as the submarine boat finds it in water. The only difference is one of density, and this necessitates for the balloon propellers of larger sur-

face than the screw of the submarine boat. Balloons have already yielded important results; some have actually returned to the point of departure after an ascent of several kilometers. By devising powerful yet light motors, we are sure that elongated balloons can be given a speed sufficient to ascend air-currents of medium intensity—that is to work in almost all kinds of weather. The first aerial ship once constructed, progress would gradually but surely be made. We must keep on experimenting, for it is thus that great scientific conquests are made.

GASTON TISSANDIER.



ONE-SIDED TRAINING.

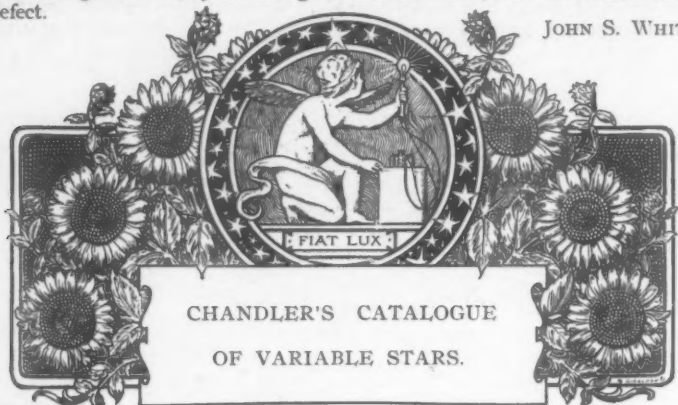
THE financial disturbances of 1893 have brought more vividly than ever to the masters of preparatory schools the conviction that the present requisitions for admission to the leading colleges render, perforce, the training of the preparatory curriculum unsymmetrical, and unsuited to the business of life, in the case of every student who may, for financial or other reasons, be compelled to abandon his course before its completion. It is a sort of "tontine" system of education, in which the many who fall by the wayside are heavy losers, while the few only who persevere to the end reap the benefits. The proportion of boys in the public high schools of the country preparing for college who come under this category is startling even to the professional educator. Every system of education ought to be built up, like a cone or pyramid, with its foundations broad and strong—always a structure self-sustaining, whether complete or incomplete, and not balanced upon its point, so to speak, like an inverted cone, carrying in itself the very elements of its overthrow up to the time of its completion, when it shall be held in place by the superstructure of the college education, of which it is the support. It is an amazing fact that most of the colleges set no examination for admission in the four principal subjects requisite for the ordinary business of life—spelling, penmanship, elocution and the English language—and Harvard university asks no examination in a fifth subject—*arithmetic*, which it must be conceded is of vital importance in all elementary training. No wonder that these fundamental branches are crowded out, for the colleges have gone on increasing their requisitions until the most thoroughly prepared student finds it difficult to pass a creditable examination upon the eighteen or twenty subjects pursued during the five or six years of his school course, unless that examination be divided between two successive years.

President Eliot himself once said in an address to the students of Smith college, that "the great object of all education was to learn how to speak and write well the mother tongue."

In my intercourse with business men I am constantly met with the declaration that the majority of college-bred men, and of boys from the preparatory schools, who are applicants for positions in business, cannot write a decent hand, compose an effective letter, spell the difficult words in ordinary use, read English fluently and well, or add columns of figures with facility and accuracy. The responsibility for

this defect in our educational system rests with the colleges, for the schools respond almost instantly to any change in their requisitions; and champion, as I am, of the classics and higher mathematics as elements of the best training, I feel that the time has come when something of the ornamental must be sacrificed to the useful, and when the colleges should, by the change in their demands, force the schools to remedy this defect.

JOHN S. WHITE.



THE subject of variable stars is one of great interest and scientific importance, but our present knowledge of it is very imperfect both as regards the phenomena themselves and their causes. Some of the variations in the light of stars can be perfectly explained as true eclipses, and some as more or less regular eruptions of hydrogen and other gases, such as, with the spectroscope, we see in miniature upon our sun. Some are perhaps due to collisions between the atmospheres of stars which brush each other as they sweep past the perihelion of their orbits, and some may possibly be caused by the swift rush of a star through a nebulous cloud. But many cases still defy every attempt to reduce them to rule or reason, and in nearly all something remains obscure. Obviously, the first step toward the mastery of the problem must be a thorough marshalling of facts. From this point of view Mr. Chandler's "Second Catalogue of Variable Stars" is a publication of extreme importance. It is a revised edition of a work first issued five years ago, and unpretending as it is (covering only twenty-two pages), it embodies nearly all that is really known upon the subject, and represents an enormous amount of labor in actual observation, in the thorough ransacking of astronomical literature, and in the computations required to reach the results so succinctly stated; it seems to be defective only in not presenting the spectroscopic results which have been obtained in a few cases.

The list of variables is not a long one; only two hundred and sixty stars are surely known to vary out of the eighty thousand which equal or exceed the ninth magnitude in brightness; and just one hundred more are given as "suspected." Of the two hundred and sixty, sixty-two are naked-eye stars, or about one per cent. of those that can be seen without the telescope. This makes it certain that longer observation of the fainter stars will in time greatly swell the list, to say nothing of the fact that as our means of observation improve we shall be able to take account of slight variations which now escape our notice. One hundred and ninety stars are reasonably regular in their behavior, so that Mr. Chandler has been able to give mathematical formulæ which represent their changes, and furnish the means for their prediction; ten of them are of the so-called "Algol type" which suffer distinct eclipses at intervals of a few days or hours. Of the remaining seventy, half are certainly irregular and unpredictable in their changes, including the twelve "new stars" which have burst out and vanished since the days of Tycho; as to the other thirty-five the nature of their variations is still uncertain.

C. A. YOUNG.

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Drawn by L. Marold

"LET ME TRY TO DESCRIBE HER TO YOU."